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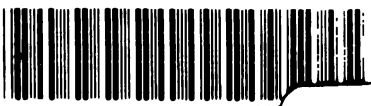

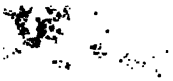

SANTO SEBASTIANO:

OR, THE

YOUNG PROTECTOR.

C. Robinson, Printer,
Bell-Buildings, Fetter-Lane, London.

SANTO SEBASTIANO:

OR, THE

YOUNG PROTECTOR.

A Novel.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

SECOND EDITION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"THE ROMANCE OF THE PYRENEES."

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR GEORGE ROBINSON,

25, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1809.

249. S. 186.

SANTO SEBASTIANO:

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CHAPTER I.

EARLY one morning in November, 1800, a gentleman looking out of a hackney coach to learn what impeded his driver's progress, in Great Russel-Street, Bloomsbury, London, beheld a crowd of people thronged round a hearse.

"No accident, I hope, has happened?" said the gentleman to his coachman.

"Why, yes, your honor, rather a rumish sort of a one," replied the fellow unfeel-

ingly; "two sharks have nabbed the same prey at once — Death and a *bailey !*"

"What do you mean?" exclaimed the gentleman impatiently.

"Only, your honor, a corpse seised for debt!"

The gentleman's exclamation of pity and concern was now delivered in a tone so expressive of humanity, that it instantly drew close to the coach window Mrs. Leek, a green grocer, who had been standing at her shop door to observe the commotion.

"It is the *copse* of a *widor*, sir," said Mrs. Leek, addressing the gentleman. "She lodged, poor lady! for some months past at Goodwin the bookseller's, and only died this morning for fright, on being arrested. The *baileys* have brought this hearse and a shell, to take the scarce cold body away, sir. I *hears* too, that it is not a just debt, but all through the spite of an enemy who *seduced* her, from living lady-like, to want almost the common *necessities* of life; and during her illness — for she has been very bad a long time — it would have gone hard enough with her (for I don't think

she would have even had doctor's stuff), only for the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin, who can ill afford to assist any one, having such an *exorbitant* family of their own."

Tears had started to the gentleman's eyes ere he could get the coach door open; and, without waiting to let the step down, he leaped upon the pavement.

"Hillo! your honor!" exclaimed the alarmed coachman, hastily dismounting; "I *hopes* no offence—but sure as how you *does* not mean to bilk me!"

"Unfeeling savage!" replied the gentleman, throwing money to him; and then hastening to Goodwin's shop door (for to the private one the mob rendered a passage impossible), he loudly knocked, waited impatiently the twentieth part of a second, and then knocked again; when a neat, pretty-looking, female domestic, with eyes swollen by excess of weeping, unbolted the door, and cautiously let him in.

"I want to see Mr. Goodwin immediately," said he.

"Faith! and you must want it, sir;" re-

plied the young woman in a strong Hibernian accent, rendered almost inarticulate by a new burst of tears. "Sorrow one of the master can you see, at all, at all!—Sure it's he that is standing guard over the dead corpse, Heaven preserve us! to save it from those d—ls in grain who *kilt* the poor *ould* lady, and now want to bring her away."

"But I will not detain Mr. Goodwin a moment; or, if my seeing him is wholly impossible, Mrs. Goodwin may surely allow me to speak to her."

"Is it to speak to her now, when it's she that's supporting, and preventing from dying, the lifeless body of poor, dear, sweet, darling Miss *Julee*; and crying over her for all the world as if she was one of her own *childer?*"

"Some other of the family, then, may let me speak to them."

"Why, sorrow one of the family, then, but myself but what are all in fits.—Oh! then, more grief to me for not being in fits too, and having more nature for the *misfortunate*, than to bear all this so hard-heart-

edly!" and she burst into a new flood of tears.

"But, my good compassionate girl! you can better evince your kindness to the unfortunate, by allowing me to see some one of Mr. Goodwin's family. Go and tell them a person who can assist them is here, anxious to have his services accepted"—and he now offered the almost-howling girl some money, to insure compliance.

"No, no, thank you!" she replied, disdainfully recoiling from the offered money—"You may be after belonging to that old white-livered fellow Laroche; 'tis like enough, you are his *spalpeen* of a son, for I hear he is as beautiful a young man as ever two looking eyes were clapt upon; and I am sure, if you are any of that cruel crew, and were to offer me all the golden guineas that ever were coined, I would not touch one brass farthing of them!"

This importunate young man assured her, "he was not in league with the cruel crew." But Biddy O'Connor (so was this honest simple girl named) would not take his money; who, after retiring a few

steps to go on his embassy, suddenly returned.

"May be," she exclaimed, "I ought not to leave you in the shop where all the master's and poor childer's property is (although you do look like a gentleman bred and born): so myself is after thinking you had better wait in the parlour, where there is nothing at all, at all, to take, unless you open the buffet and pocket the little modicum of plate there, which you might soon do—I'll tell no lie; and as for the Londoners, they are up to any thing of that kind. People think themselves mighty clever in disparaging poor Ireland, when all the rogues that are there come here; for this is the soil for rogues to thrive in: and such pilaver too about Irish blunders and bulls! But what bigger blunder could an Irish bailey make, myself would be mighty glad to know, than to seise a dead body to pay it's debts? I am sure, if that was not a tiger in a bull's hide, my name is not Biddy O'Connor!"

By the time Biddy had completed her oration, which had been interrupted by many sobs, she had conducted the stranger

to a neat parlour, where he beheld an uncommonly fine youth, of about fifteen years of age, administering water to, and striving to compose, his sister, a most beautiful girl, just entered on her teens, who was sobbing hysterically, whilst he himself was weeping piteously.

"Master *Charless*," said Biddy, "I believe this is a gentleman, and he wants to see the master about Madam St. Clair."

"St. Clair!" repeated the stranger in extreme and visible emotion—"St. Clair!" Then suddenly collecting his self-possession, and advancing to Charles Goodwin, gracefully and benignly said—

"Aecidentally I heard of the calamity your family are now unfortunately doomed to witness, and have taken the liberty of thus intruding to offer my services to Mr. Goodwin."

"Will you have the goodness to be seated, sir?" said Charles Goodwin, motioning to the stranger to take a seat, but still persevering in his attentions to his sister: "My sister is quite subdued, sir; she is so fondly attached to Miss De Clifford."—

Again the stranger's emotion was extreme and visible; but Charles, unmindful of it, continued — "So indeed are we all, for who can help loving Miss De Clifford? but, even were we not attached to her, our hearts must be hard indeed, could we see her present distress unmoved." — Charles here hastily wiped his eyes, and, by every exertion, strove to resume a steady voice — "The servant said, sir, you wished to see my father; but I fear it is not now in his power to wait upon you, for he is guarding the body of Mrs. St. Clair, until my uncle returns with money to redeem it."

"At whose suit was Mrs. St. Clair arrested?" asked the stranger, in a voice tremulous from suppressed emotion.

"At the suit of a wicked, very wicked man, named Laroche, sir, a *supposed* friend of her husband's, the late General St. Clair. He arrested her once before, and sent her (he did indeed, sir, if you'll believe me), old and infirm as she was, to prison. Some unknown friend then set her free, and she came immediately from prison, with her granddaughter to lodge with us. — Poor old lady!

she had but few comforts left when most she wanted them: she had little money, and not one servant, no, not one; but very soon the sweetness and goodness of Miss De Clifford made us all her willing servants. It was, indeed, a pleasure to oblige her, but very hard to assist Mrs. St. Clair in any way, she was so proud; but my father and mother soon loved, as well as pitied, Miss De Clifford, and, in spite of all the struggles of Mrs. St. Clair's pride, did all they could to serve her; — but indeed, sir, that was not much, for my father is not rich, and has ten children. Mrs. St. Clair's health was in a very declining state when she came here — it grew every day rapidly worse. My uncle, who is considered a skilful apothecary, attended her carefully, and obtained other, and as he thought better, advice for her — but all would not do; and my uncle was of opinion she could not hold out many days longer. She was very restless all last night, and about seven this morning fell into a deep sleep; my mother, Miss De Clifford, and Biddy, watching by her easy chair (as for many weeks she could not rest in bed),

but, oh, sir! sir! think how her sleep was broken! four bailiffs rushed in through the shop while the shutters were taking down this morning, and, finding their way to her chamber, arrested her, oh! sir, as she slept! Their touch awoke her; the shock was too much for her feeble frame to endure, and she almost immediately expired, as poor Miss De Clifford, nearly frantic with horror and distress, strove to rescue her from the unfeeling ruffians; but since Miss De Clifford could not melt their cruel hearts, nothing could. My father offered bail: but it was a malicious arrest, and they would have the money instantly, or the body; for which, to add to their barbarity, they immediately brought a shell from a neighbouring undertaker's. My father was greatly distressed at their rejection of his bail. My mother urged him to pay the money out of a little legacy lately bequeathed to him by a man who had once been shopman to my father, in more prosperous times;—a legacy my father had determined not to touch, but to leave for my mother's use and ours, when he, alas! should be called from

protecting us. My father's own heart urged him to do all that pity prompted; but he looked on my mother and his ten children, and shrunk from the idea of injuring us: but I, as eldest of all his children, in the name of those who could understand the fatal business, prayed him to release the body; and when I am a man, I will work day and night, so I will, to make up this two hundred pounds to my little brothers and sisters; for, if I live, they shall not lose their share of it."

"They shall not, by Heaven!" exclaimed the agitated stranger, taking Bank of England notes, to the amount of five hundred pounds, out of a pocket-book, which, with tears of sympathy, had been for some moments drawn forth by Charles's narrative. "Give these, most excellent boy! to your good father; tell him to release the body of Mrs. St. Clair, and handsomely inter it, and then to dispose of the remainder for the *present* comforts of Miss De Clifford.—Tell him Julia De Clifford has a sincere and able friend, who will watch, as her guardian

spirit, over her destiny, and provide for her *future* fortunes."

Charles, in a burst of tears, awakened by genuine sensibility, pressed the stranger's hand to his heart.

"Farewell;" said the stranger: "I am now going to leave England; but should I live to return to it, remember that *Charles Goodwin* shall find in me a zealous friend!"

The stranger departed; and the agitated boy took the notes to his astonished father. —The body of Mrs. St. Clair was redeemed; the bailiffs departed, and the mob dispersed.

CHAPTER II.

In about two months after the decease of Mrs. St. Clair, as Mr. Goodwin one day looked over the morning papers, an advertisement, importing "that a lady of quality wanted immediately a young gentlewoman, of good character, &c. as a companion," caught his attention; and with the paper in his hand, he hastened to Miss De Clifford, who, notwithstanding the stranger's benevolent gift and promise, was still anxious to secure some situation in which she could honorably earn her own subsistence; for the stranger was represented as so young and handsome a man, that she feared, if he lived to return to England, being further indebted to his bounty and protection might not prove quite consistent with propriety. At her request now, Mr. Goodwin readily undertook to make inquiry relative to this situation mentioned in

the advertisement; and he instantly bent his anxious steps to a shop in Bond-street, the place of reference pointed out, and where he was directed to the Earl of Delamore's house, in Grosvenor-square. Lady Delamore ranked high amongst the most amiable of the British peeresses; and Mr. Goodwin's heart beat with fervent hopes and wishes for success.

At Delamore-house he inquired, as directed, for Mrs. Ward; and was instantly shown into an apartment, where sat lounging, at a luxurious *déjeúné*, a but half awake coxcomb, in a *tonish robe de chambre*, and a dashing female, adorned in all the elegance of a modern dishabille.

"This gentleman," said the footman who ushered in Mr. Goodwin, "is come in answer to the advertisement of this morning."

"Bless me, sir! what come at this immensely early hour?" exclaimed Mrs. Ward, gargling her words in her throat, to show how tonishly refined she was: "but pray be seated; and allow me to offer you some

coffee, or meats and *liqueurs*, as it is totally impossible you can yet have even dreamed of breakfast."

"My good madam," replied Mr. Goodwin, "my breakfast has been rather more than a dream: I realised a most substantial one about four hours ago."

Mrs. Ward gave a well-executed tragedy start of amazed horror; and the beau, who seemed dozing over a political pamphlet, raised his heavy eyes, exclaiming—

"The d—l, sir! do you rise in the middle of the night?"

"No, sir: but I am in business; and generally rise at seven to mind it, and attend my customers."

"Ha! ha! honest friend! a shopkeeper, I presume? —Ay, true; business must be minded, and customers served. And pray, most industrious drudge! what may be your trade—your occupation—your business?"

"My business here, sir," replied Mr. Goodwin dryly, "is relative to an advertisement I saw in the papers this morning."

"But, honest friend," said Mrs. Ward

with marked disdain, "I suppose it is for some daughter or grand-daughter of your own you make your application; but excuse me, none of the *canaille* will do for us!"

"The young lady, madam, whom I have the honor to be here as agent for," replied Mr. Goodwin with dignity, "is no plebeian; and if lady Delamore condescends to see me, I trust....."

"Lady Delamore," said Mrs. Ward, interrupting him, and with an audible yawn, "is an invalid, too ill to see any body; therefore, it is my lady — lady Selina Southerland, her ladyship's eldest daughter, who is to arrange this matter, and she will not be visible this age; so, good man, you must make your communications to me."

"I will call at any hour you have the goodness to appoint, as most likely for me to see lady Selina Southerland; for the things which I have to communicate, not being relative to myself, I do not think I am at liberty to disclose to any third person."

"Well then, I suppose you can write them?" said the offended Abigail. "There are writing materials on yonder table, and

a dictionary too, which pray make use of; for if the spelling is bad, my lady will not look at your letter."

Mr. Goodwin, without vouchsafing a reply, seated himself at the writing-table, and composedly set about a letter.

And now a footman announced "Mr. Sharp;" and a well-dressed young man, very pale and haggard, entered. Mrs. Ward simpered, and bowed graciously; while the *robe de chambre elégant* held out a hand to welcome him.

"My dear Sharp! how came you up so soon?"

"So late you mean, Jones.—My lord spent his night at the signora's, and I mine at our club. I had such a d—lish run of good luck, I would not flinch while a pigeon remained to pluck a feather from; and now I don't think it worth while to go to bed, as we expect an execution in our house presently."

"The d—l!" replied Mr. Jones, yawning—"then it will be all up with you at last."

"No, my dear fellow! we shan't fare the

worse for it. The noodles of creditors will find nothing of consequence to seise; for we mortgaged every thing valuable in our possession long ago: and, thanks to the peerage! our person is safe; so we don't mind this *bagatelle.*"

"But you will leave your situation, now matters are become so desperate?" said Jones.

"No, d——n me if I do! I know when I am well. I have lived with my lord nearly three years; and though I have not fingered a shilling of my salary, yet it has been the most lucrative place I was ever in. A ruined man, you know, can have no interest in œconomy; he will neither investigate stewards' accounts nor domestic arrangements; he has nothing to lose: prodigality is therefore the order of the day; and a master will not presume to call a servant to account for any thing relative to money transactions, when conscious he has not the means to pay his stipend. But surely, Jones, you know the sweets of all this—for, if fame says true, Sir Charles is cursedly out at the elbows too."

"Yes, a little; but never so (unfortunately for us) bad as to admit of our taking the reins—and now, you know, we are going to marry well."

"Ay," cried Mrs. Ward, smirking, "we are going to patch Sir Charles's elbows with our gold; and to furnish a new wardrobe, fit for an emperor."

"Sir Charles is a fortunate man, Mrs. Ward—but we cannot follow his golden rule; for my lord is so d—lishly unlucky as to be already married, and cannot get rid of his wife any way—she has such cursed good health, and is such a d—ned quizical pattern of every female virtue."

"Ah, more's the pity!" said Mrs. Ward.

And now Mr. Sharp precipitately arose at the chiming of a timepiece in the room, exclaiming

"Zounds! 'tis half past twelve—and if I do not hasten home, I shall miss the fun at our house!" and with a most careless, fashionable congee, made his exit.

At length Mr. Goodwin having completed his letter, delivered it to Mrs. Ward;

and with "a good morning, madam!" and a civil bow, quitted the room.

Mr. Goodwin's letter was addressed to the right hon. Countess Delamore; and we have thus faithfully copied it, for the perusal of our readers.

"Madam,

"THE honorable Augustus Frederick De Clifford (father of the young lady in whose behalf I now have the honor of addressing your ladyship) entered the army at a very early period in life, and distinguished himself as a rising hero upon many occasions, in our numerous engagements during the latter part of our unfortunate contest with America, and war with France and Spain. In his career of glory, however, he received a severe wound, which obliged him to return to England; when he hastened to the arms of his father, the Earl of Castlehaven, fully expecting every exertion from his lordship for that promotion in his profession which his juvenile am-

bition and heroic ardor eagerly panted for.

" Lord Castlehaven, madam, was, as you may probably know, descended from one of the most antient and illustrious houses in Great-Britain; but very moderate was his portion of riches: and though his vanity was highly gratified by the unfading laurels the young soldier had acquired, instead of following the dictates of paternal affection, and rewarding such conspicuous merit, he ungenerously resolved to let the hero depend upon that merit alone for promotion, that his whole stock of wealth might devolve to his other and favorite child, Lord Almerino.

" Mr. De Clifford, deeply wounded by his father's cruel and illiberal conduct towards him, with grief and indignation painfully mingled, quitted the paternal roof—never, as fate decreed, to re-enter it. And very shortly after Lord Castlehaven paid his debt to nature, leaving the whole of his property to Lord Almerino; for as Lord Castlehaven had married clandestinely whilst in his minority, no settlement had been made upon his wife, or younger

children. Lady Castlehaven dying long before her lord, Mr. De Clifford was the only sufferer from this circumstance.

"The unnatural conduct of the late Lord Castlehaven, and the unfraternal hatred and unkindness of the new one to his amiable brother, were universally reprobated. Our gracious sovereign heard of all; and Mr. De Clifford's rapid promotion was the consequence. At the age of twenty-three he had obtained the rank of lieutenant-colonel: and his majesty's kindness most probably had not terminated there had Colonel De Clifford's life been spared; but the toil of many severe campaigns, before his strength had been sufficiently matured to strain him through them, and manifold domestic sorrows, undermined his constitution, and consigned him to an early tomb. He eloped to Scotland with the woman of his first and fondest affections, the beautiful Lady Adelaide Montrose, younger daughter to the present Duke of Avondale. A too implacable fate deprived him almost immediately of this his tenderly beloved wife. Health, long menaced, now fell a sacrifice:

his physicians recommended change of scene, and a more salubrious climate.

"At Florence, he met with the widow and beautiful daughter of a General St. Clair, who had been in our service, though descended from one of the persecuted noblesse, who took refuge in this kingdom at the time of the memorable revocation of the edict of Nantes. Mrs. St. Clair resided abroad, both from partiality to foreign countries, and being unable to live in England upon a very moderate income. Colonel De Clifford had long been acquainted with Miss St. Clair, who had as long been secretly attached to him: — she now sympathised in his affliction, soothed his griefs; and, fascinated once more, Colonel De Clifford knelt at the altar of Hymen. His friends now hoped that happiness and long life would be his; but death had aimed his shafts too truly, and Colonel De Clifford only survived his second marriage five years; and his lovely and heart-rent widow did not long linger after him: — she outlived him only a very few months, leaving a daughter

of four years old to the protection of Heaven and the deeply-afflicted Mrs. St. Clair.

" Mrs. St. Clair was, as well as her late husband, one of the French *réfugié* families whom this country sheltered; and was a descendant of the Montmorencis. Partial to Italy, she still continued to reside there, even after the premature death of her adored daughter, until the success of the French arms in that country rendered it expedient for her to quit it. But still attached to the Continent, she took up her abode for a few months in Holland; where a train was laid for the most unmerited misfortunes and cruel persecution. To England now she was obliged, with her grand-daughter, to fly for refuge. She took a small cottage in Sussex, where her implacable foe traced her out; by a succession of villanous scheming iniquity, deprived her of every earthly comfort; and forced her at length, about seven months since, without any attendant but her dutiful grandchild, to become a lodger in my house.

" Mrs. St. Clair's health had yielded more

to the heavy pressure of many calamities than to old age: and when she became an inmate in my house, her complaints had assumed a fatal appearance. Ill health and affliction had, perhaps, increased the infirmities of a naturally bad temper; for now the asperity and never to be soothed peevishness of Mrs. St. Clair must have been found insupportable by every one but the heaven-inspired, dutiful, uncomplaining meekness that was doomed to encounter it.

"The tender solicitude, unremitting care, and (surely, madam, I shall not be deemed profane if I add celestial, mild forbearance; no, such meekness could only spring from a celestial source) filial piety with which Miss De Clifford undeviatingly attended this most petulent, impatient invalid, gave birth to that esteem and admiration which have since arisen to affection, almost parental, in Mrs. Goodwin and myself for this most excellent, exemplary child; who had resided about five months in my house, when Mrs. St. Clair was arrested by order of her cruel oppressor, and expired in the arms of the

bailiffs, as they were tearing her from her easy chair, where the hand of duty had smoothed the pillows that supported her. Nor could the pathetic supplications of the kneeling, weeping, lovely grandchild soften their savage nature: — they spurned, with contumely, the sweet pleader from them; and, in the execution of the civil law, tore the lifeless body from the arms of filial piety.

"Hitherto Miss De Clifford had met misfortune with a degree of firmness that would not have disgraced maturer years; but here her fortitude forsook her. Her grandmother had long been the only relative known to her: she now felt as if left alone in a pitiless world; and her spirit seemed broken by the thread of Mrs. St. Clair's life. She fell upon the bosom of my wife, in an agony of woe: her lamentations sprung from an innocent and feeling heart, and they wrung my very soul. In truth, madam, it was a sad, sad scene. My children, ten in number, had gathered round her: Miss De Clifford they adore—her griefs

were theirs; and even the youngest, a babe of three years old, dropped his artless tears of sympathy.

"And now, madam, the hand of almighty Providence intervened. My eldest girl, overcome by excess of feeling, was taken by my eldest boy from the heart-rending scene. A gentleman—a stranger, madam—directed by the hand of Heaven, and matchless benevolence, appeared; gave my boy five hundred pounds to liberate the corpse of Mrs. St. Clair, and the remainder for her grandchild's use; said Miss De Clifford had one steady and powerful friend:—but, alas! she cannot guess even at the name of that friend; and never have we been able to trace this stranger out. But wherever he is, the blessing of the orphan whom he has befriended attends him still; and may he never experience less genuine satisfaction than he felt at the moment his hand was held out to relieve her!

"Miss De Clifford's grief for the melancholy fate of her grandmother soon subdued her every faculty. She fell dangerously ill. In the first moments of her

anguish, she had called upon me to be her protector. As the child of sorrow, she claims my care; but as the child of my affection, she should share with my own offspring the little I possess, would she but accept it: but no, she will not; her noble mind shrinks from the thought of being a burthen to me. While she continued in the delirium of a very dangerous fever, I acted as the guardian she had chosen; and according to the appointment of the benevolent stranger, I released the corpse of Mrs. St. Clair, and had it respectably interred; paid her few remaining debts; parted with all her unnecessary effects; and then found her amiable grandchild's all amounted to little more than two hundred and fifty pounds.

"The vigor of an unimpaired constitution at length conquered sickness, and a just sense of that resignation with which a Christian should sustain the decrees of Providence dispelled the excess of unavailing sorrow; and Miss De Clifford earnestly entreated me to mark out some method for her to earn her own subsistence in. She is

mistress of numerous accomplishments; but I cannot throw her upon the favor of the world in any public line. Her voice is perfection, tutored by science; but lovely, young, and unprotected, what dangers would she not be exposed to? — Vice, I am confident, could never find influence over her heart; but, alas! how often, madam, has unsuspecting innocence fallen a prey to art and villany! — As governess in a private family, I know her morals, temper, and education, would render her a treasure; and as foreigners are generally preferred for such situations, her accent and language being tinctured with the foreign idiom could prove no objection. For such a situation I have made frequent applications; but her youth and exquisite beauty have ever proved insuperable obstacles to those I have applied to. Such, madam, have been the misfortunes of Miss De Clifford, now one month entered upon her seventeenth year; whose personal loveliness few can equal — whose mental perfections none can surpass.

" Should I demand protection for my charge from her cousin, Lord Castlehaven

(son to her perfidious uncle, who has been some years dead), it is very possible he might afford it her. But Lord Castlehaven, madam, in the pursuit of what he imagines pleasure, has lost the esteem of all good men; and never will I expose this sweet and lovely blossom of perfection to the noxious breath of sensual libertinism.

" To Lady Delamore I need say nothing further; as her ladyship's own heart will dictate every thing that I can wish, or humanity inspire.

" I have the honor to be,
" Madam,
" With profound respect,
" your ladyship's
" most obedient,
" and very humble servant,
" GEORGE GOODWIN.

" George Goodwin, bookseller,
No. , Great Russel-Street, Bloomsbury."

CHAPTER III.

WHEN Mr. Goodwin returned home, he received the grateful thanks of Julia De Clifford for the trouble he had thus kindly taken for her; and in the course of the evening a footman arrived from Delamore-house with a note.

"*To Mr. Goodwin.*

"Sir,

"I RETURN many thanks to you for the opportunity you have thus kindly afforded me of rescuing merit from distress. I regret extremely that my state of health will not, at present, admit of my seeing you; but I anxiously hope Miss De Clifford will have no objection to entering an invalid's apartments, and pay me a visit to-morrow, at two o'clock.

"As I shall send my own carriage and

servants for Miss De Clifford, I hope you and Mrs. Goodwin will entertain no fears for the safety of your interesting charge.

" I am, Sir,

" your sincere

" and obedient servant,

" EMILY DELAMORE.

" Grosvenor-Square,
February the 4th, 1801."

This billet from Lady Delamore appeared to Julia and the Goodwins a balm likely to heal the wounds of adversity; and though our heroine was grateful to Heaven for this new-raised hope, she was far from composed. She felt as if the morrow was the day from which the future fate of her life was to trace it's source. Her perturbed spirits deprived her night of rest; and she arose even unusually early, with heavy eyes, a languid frame, and a bosom anxious, and agitated by ten thousand hopes and fears.

Poor Mrs. Goodwin was most sincerely mortified at perceiving her beloved Miss De Clifford looking so very ill; for on this day she wished her natural beauty to be

in a full blaze of radiance, for she was a wonderful enthusiast for *first impressions*; and even the very copy the children had to write that morning said—"A pleasing countenance is a silent commendation:" and poor Julia, although a heroine, was mortal enough to have her looks materially affected by want of rest.

A few minutes after two, Lady Delamore's coach arrived, attended by two famously fine footmen. As the note of Lady Delamore was a prohibition to any one accompanying Julia, she was obliged to go alone, and set off in this lord's fine coach, to the inexpressible delight of the young Goodwins and Biddy O'Connor; particularly the latter, as she had found out, while she stood at the door, that the footmen were both from Connaught.

It had been the peculiar fate of Julia De Clifford through her life to be almost always thrown among strangers, and to make her own way with them; so that she had not now to combat with those uneasy sensations awakened by natural reserve,

upon the idea of an interview with total strangers: but, for the first time in her life, she was going, and without a friend to encourage and support her, to supplicate for protection, as an object of charity. The forlorn, insulated situation she now felt herself in struck painfully upon her heart. She wept in anguish; and ere she was aware of the impropriety of indulging her agonised feelings at such a moment, the coach stopped at Delamore-house. The knockers were muffled; and straw was spread before the house; but the attentive porter opened the door without any signal. Julia, now called upon to exert her firmness, hastily suppressed her tears; but, inimical to a favorable first impression, her excess of weeping had left it's trace behind, in a violent red circle round each eye; which was certainly, we must acknowlege, any thing but an improvement to her beauty.

Julia was received in the hall by Mrs. Ward; who, though she regarded our poor disfigured heroine with a supercilious sneer, yet with affected respect conducted her to

an elegant *boudoir*, where were assembled four ladies and one gentleman.

Lady Selina Southerland, one of the ladies, a pretty woman, in her three-and-twentieth year, whose whole frame and countenance seemed convulsed by affectation, was seated at a table, busily employed writing; but the moment Miss De Clifford entered she hastily dropped her pen, took up her glass, and steadily and composedly surveyed poor Julia through it.

Miss Modeley, another lady of about nine-and-twenty, with a face strongly marked with harsh lines, neither handsome nor pleasing, and in height, bulk, and limbs, almost colossal, was skipping, or rather leaping, in one corner, for exercise, until the appearance of our heroine, when she instantly ceased, and seated herself upon the sopha by Lady Selina, in an interestingly languid position.

Another of the party was Lady Isabella Harville, a very beautiful girl of sixteen, who was occupied daubing flowers, and scrawling conundrums and rebusses upon a fire-screen. The fourth lady, the Dowager

Countess of Hollowell, a very pretty little bold-looking woman of thirty-two, was then just six weeks a widow; and in the first stage of her weeds was playing upon the harp "The D—l among the Tailors." When Mrs. Ward announced Miss De Clifford her ladyship immediately ceased playing, and strove what she could do, with a pair of large, prominent, dark eyes, to stare the young and trembling stranger out of countenance.

The Hon. Villars Harville, brother to Lady Isabella, and about eighteen years old, was the gentleman. He had been trying a new opera-glass when Julia appeared before him; and without mercy he steadfastly levelled it at her, exclaiming, in an audible whisper, to his sister—

"The prodigy appears, and a prodigy it proves! 'Fore Heaven! 't is the head of my uncle Tony's white terrier, with the red eyes stuck upon the black greyhound's shoulders. Bet you what you will, Isabella, that I make a conundrum upon it which shall puzzle every one."

Lady Isabella burst into an immoderate

fit of laughter. Poor Julia, shocked at such unexpected rudeness, with difficulty disobeyed the first impulse of her wounded feelings, which would have instantly led her out of the room.

To account for the wit of this young gentleman, we must confess to our readers that Mr. Goodwin had described our heroine, in his letter to Lady Delamore, as what she had been, and what he doubted not she would be again when her health was re-established; but the partial, good man seemed to forget what she actually then was—a very spectre. Her long and fatiguing attendance upon her grandmother, united to a variety of mental sufferings, had dimmed the lustre of her eyes, and faded the glowing bloom of her complexion. A severe malignant fever had attenuated her form so grievously, and she had shot up so surprisingly in height after it, that now her tall, lank figure, in deep mourning, was not ill adapted to the *polite* young man's simile.

Lady Selina Southerland, who had gazed undauntedly at our heroine until she had reached the spot Mrs. Ward had placed a

chair for her in, now graciously bowed, motioned for Julia to be seated, and thus addressed her: —

" Lady Delamore is truly grieved that an increase of indisposition this morning prevents the possibility of her having the honor of seeing you, or the infinite pleasure of being serviceable to you, Miss De Clifford. But what to her ladyship is a source of severe regret will prove to some of the small circle present a matter of considerable happiness; for we trust it will be in the power of some one of us essentially to serve you."

Julia gracefully bowed her thanks; but there was infinitely too much of study in this address to touch her heart.

" Two of these my friends," her ladyship continued, " have, as well as myself, highly eligible situations to offer for your acceptance; but you shall hear the particulars of each, and then your own inclination and judgement must make your election.

" A most estimable friend of mine — a woman advanced in life, though still unmarried, with an immense fortune and most

liberal disposition — has commissioned me to look out for an amiable, highly accomplished young woman, of good family, to reside with her as a sister and a friend. Her generosity is unparalleled; but as she possesses some little eccentricities (the illiberal may term them weaknesses), which call upon this young friend to play a part, I will not deceive you, but briefly relate the part you will have to sustain. My friend is a woman of wonderful genius, deep learning, and has not only travelled through every country which curiosity ever led a human being to explore, but has trod all of classic ground which history or science have ever celebrated. But with all these first-rate talents and advantages she is still — a woman; and women will be sometimes vain. She is anxious to display her wonderful accomplishments; but hating the confessed egotist, and wishing not, herself, to obtrude her knowlege upon the admiring world, is solicitous for a well-informed companion, who can judiciously manage this important business for her.

"Now as you have travelled too, Miss De

Clifford, and are yourself highly accomplished, you are the very being marked out for my friend. It will be your province to watch every opportunity of winding the conversation to what must draw forth the talents of your patroness; and, as if by accident, skilfully to awaken curiosity, and lead inquiry to ask those accounts of her travels in which the diversity of her acquirements can be most displayed. Adroitly, too, you must draw her into argument, by never, in company, being of her opinion. You must, however, always take the weak side of the question; though, with much ingenious sophistry, you must strive to give a plausibility to your arguments, to throw a more striking force upon hers.

"In private, your task will have even less of difficulty in it; for you will have only to yield your own opinion in every thing to hers. To be silent, when she is disinclined to talk—to be gay, when she is cheerful—to be melancholy, when she is grave—in short, to simplify the task at once, 'tis merely to be a barometer, actuated by the mercury of her caprices."

"Oh, poverty!" said Julia, mentally, "what insults must your hapless children bear!" Her heart throbbed indignantly, but she had sufficient command over her feelings mildly to reply; but her manner spoke gracefully impressive dignity.

"My attainments you have too much, rated, madam, in supposition, for my possibility to equal being at all, for situation, you have kindness now, to offer me. With adversity, my acquaintance has not been, of time long; and dependence has not, for yet, my feelings conquered; for post of so much accomplished, a parasite." And Julia now, gracefully bowing, was about to rise.

"Nay," replied Lady Selina, coloring highly, "I must request one moment's stay. Though you despise the lucrative situation I have offered to you, Miss De Clifford, perhaps my friends may prove more successful in what they have to propose."

Julia again bowed, and was reseated.

"The situation I have to offer requires no sacrifice from pride," said Miss Modeley, softening the natural harshness of her voice

with the most apparent care. "It will only be a demand upon amiable kindness and tender pity. It is for a young, blind relation of my own; a being possessed of every perfection under heaven, deprived of sight in the flower of youth, of prosperity, that I solicit your kindness."

Julia's heart throbbed with compassion, and her countenance beamed with the sweetest and most touching rays of melting pity; and eagerly she said, "I will, take this, situation, dearest madam; and so soon too, as you will permit for me; if I can, be for use, or consolation, in her, so great deal terrible calamity."

"Dear, kind creature! you quite affect me," Miss Modeley replied: "my relation is not a lady, but a man of twenty-four, transcendently handsome, amiable, and highly informed. He is a baron, and heir presumptive to an earldom. His fortune noble, his spirit more so; and is unmarried. A few months since he was deprived of sight, by cataracts; and in due time, the oculists say, he may successfully be couched; but as a few years must necessarily

elapse before the operation can with certainty be performed, it is expedient to have some tender friend to reside with and take care of him. Unfortunately he has neither mother nor sister. A female friend he particularly wishes for, to soothe, to comfort, and tenderly to protect him; to beguile his melancholy, by her numerous accomplishments; to make his darkness perpetual day, by her fascinating conversation, her melting voice, whether attuned to poetry or song. And could I make for him a more judicious choice than Miss De Clifford? His is a most tender disposition—highly romantic; and such an admirer of beauty, that when the happy moment shall arrive in which Heaven, in it's kindness, restores his blessed sight, who but can foresee you will find an everlasting captive in your grateful protégé."

Astonishment, with indignation painfully blended, agitated our heroine's mind during this most extraordinary statement; and, at it's conclusion, she almost believed she had been invited thither to be made a jest of. Her natural temper was sweet to

perfection, but recent illness had given a degree of irritability to her nerves which she had been hitherto unacquainted with; and possessing a large share of dignified pride and innate purity, she scarcely knew how to suppress her feelings: but pride, now her best auxiliary, supported her; and with gentle sweetness, tinctured with mild, impressive dignity, she replied —

" For very certainly, madam, pride has not here, of sacrifice to make, except, in suppression of the much resentment, wounded delicacy, has great, feel for; from what, for my comprehension, did sound not like to the offer from propriety, to young girl, in search for the safe protection."

" I told you," said Lady Hollowell, now breaking silence, with a kind of disgustingly dashing air — " I told you, girls, the situations you had to offer might a little militate against the sensitive feelings of pride and fastidiousness; two qualities likely to be found in the breast of a young novice in the school of adversity and dependence. Attend to me, thou little touchy thing! I shall not offend your fine and exquisite feel-

ings, although I belong to the matter of fact family. I adhere closely to homely truth; nor ever once stoop to borrow the glossy disguises which might adorn plain facts, and make them more seducing: therefore, in my own way, to the matter at once.

"Fortune frowns upon you. You want to earn your bread in an honest way. I can provide for you at once, and amply too. An antient dowager, aunt to my *ci-divant* spouse, has set her originally shallow brains a madding, by a constant and indefatigable study of romances and novels. She has turned critic too, and now wants to commence author: but she must write from nature, she says; and as she means hers to be a pattern for all other novel writers, hers is to be a true story. She has, therefore, employed me to look out a heroine for her, to send down, with all convenient speed, for one of her grandsons to fall in love with; to raise a commotion in the family for her to work upon, in the form of every thing essential for a modern novel. I see you have many requisites for a heroine:—you are young, beautiful, accomplished; of a

great family, though reduced to interesting distress; possess feelings the most refined and fastidious; and quite pride sufficient for a countess, which my aunt means you shall be in three months' time. Only one thing more, relative to your qualifications, I wish to know, before I pack you off in a chaise and four to her; and that is — have you lost your character?"

The deep flush of resentment which had mantled Julia's cheeks now heightened to a vermilion tint; and, with a look of amazement, she repeated — "Lost my character, madam!"

"Yes, your reputation, child! — a most essential matter for a modern heroine. As you will no longer be in the fangs of adversity, you will have no opportunity of acquiring this high accomplishment; and if your integrity or vestal fame are unblemished we are in a great dilemma — sadly at a stand; for you know, child, your interesting distress, and bewitching perplexities, cannot have reached their climax unless your fair fame has been so completely and ingeniously tarnished, that though your faithful inamorato believes you immaculate,

all the rest of the world are either to be left in doubt, or convinced of your having been a defaulter. Come, my dear! recollect yourself; this is too great a provision to be slighted. — Reflect! — Has no notorious libertine ever been discovered concealed in your *boudoir?* — Have you never been trepanned into a house of ill fame?—Has no old rake or married man been your confessed supporter? — Have you never fallen into improper company?"

"My recollection is not of any, madam, that I ever did blush at all for, until this moment," said Julia, rising, with the most striking dignity, to take her leave; and as she reached out her hand to remove a chair which impeded her way, she found it gently taken: she looked to see by whom, and beheld a gentleman who she had not before observed.

"And permit me, madam," this gentleman said, "to lead you from that company, who, forgetting the respect and kindness which is the just claim of the unfortunate, have taught me, too, to blush for them."

"'Fore Heaven!" — Lady Hollowell ex-

claimed, with a face glowing through her rouge,—"'fore Heaven! Fitzroy, we were but in jest, to try the temper and understanding of this sensitive thing before we served her, which we mean to do."

"Jest, madam!" he replied—"Is it a jest to break the bruised reed? to rend the torn heart?—And you, Lady Selina, how I blush for *you*, to enter at all into this reprehensible mode of *quizing*. Had you only attacked each other in harmless mirth, or levelled your jests at vice or folly, it might have been excusable; but surely, surely the feelings of adversity were too sacred to be sported with!"

The voice of kindness had done what insult had not power to effect; the wounded and almost-bursting heart of Julia found relief in tears—and she was now sobbing most audibly.

"For my part," said Lady Selina, disdainfully, "I am not in the least degree sorry for what has been said to wound the feelings of this ill-tempered *miss*."

"Ill-tempered!" exclaimed Fitzroy: "if want of feeling is a proof of good temper,

how enviably sweet are the tempers of the party I am quitting!" — He now rang the bell, and inquired from Julia, "How she had come?"

She told him, "Lady Delamore's carriage had been her conveyance."

"Lady Delamore's carriage bring you hither to be insulted!" he said, with strong marked feeling. "And this immensely witty prank is played whilst my incomparable aunt is lying dangerously ill; while, perhaps, the most exemplary of mothers is on the bed of death. — Oh Selina! — Permit me, madam, to lead you from those who have been much more degraded by this scene than you have been." And he led the trembling, sobbing Julia to the door.

Lady Hollowell now burst into an immoderate fit of noisy risibilty, exclaiming, "Bravo! most sanctimonious Fitzroy! she will do for the mad dowager's heroine yet. Here's love at first sight! — Interesting situations! — Heroic sentiment! — Glowing gratitude, melting and resistless! — Do *you* attend her home, the sentimental protector of your lovely protégé; and the impedi-

ment to my aunt's purpose, an unblemished reputation, is at once removed."

Fitzroy, with a countenance glowing in resentment, cast a look of disdain upon her ladyship as he left the room, leading out Julia. A footman at the same moment met them. Fitzroy inquired, "If Lady Delamore's coach was in waiting?" "No," the man replied; "Lady Selina had ordered, the moment it came from Russel-Street, that it should go into Westminster for another lady, who had answered the last advertisement."

"The moment it returns," said Fitzroy, "let it draw up for the conveyance of this lady home; and immediately inform me of it, in Mrs. Beville's room."

Fitzroy now conducted Julia into a long gallery, at a door in which he gently tapped, and instantly it was opened by a venerable looking woman, long passed the meridian of life. Her dress was the fashion of years that were gone; and in it were cleanliness and simplicity most happily blended. Her silver hair, parting in the centre, was neatly combed, to lie close be-

neath her snow-white laced cap and hood. Her countenance spoke eloquently the language of benevolence; but she looked fatigued, and her eyes were suffused with tears, which were streaming down her cheeks.

"Mrs. Beville, how, how is my dear aunt?" said Fitzroy.

"Oh! thanks, thanks be to Heaven! my dear sir," Mrs. Beville replied, smiling joyfully through her tears, "my sweet, blessed child is out of danger! The physicians are not above half an hour gone, and were unanimous in declaring there remains not now an unfavorable symptom about her."

Fitzroy was so overcome by joy at this intelligence, that he let go our heroine's trembling hand, sunk into a chair, and hid his face with his hands, to conceal his emotion.

"Whilst I thought I should lose her I had not a tear to shed," said Mrs. Beville; "and now they come in torrents from my eyes, as if my heart still was breaking."

For a moment only was Fitzroy forgetful of his fair charge: he arose precipitately, and retook her hand. "Forgive

my inattention," he said; "but my aunt is expressibly dear to me."

The tears of Mrs. Beville, and the stifled emotion of Fitzroy, made their effect upon the sympathising heart of Julia.

Fitzroy now demanded "Where Lady Theodosia was?"

"My dear, beloved lady has persuaded the sweet soul to go to bed, where she has not been for upwards of sixty hours, sir," replied Mrs. Beville. "My dear lady thinks that I am gone to rest too; but I am now too happy to sleep."

"Dear, volatile Theodosia!" said Fitzroy, "how unlike her graver sister is she! How differently has Lady Selina been employed! not with filial tenderness watching by the bed of her sick mother, but in wounding the afflicted heart, and insulting the unfortunate. As I went into Selina's little book-room (where I concluded she was) to inquire particularly about my dear aunt, I overheard Lady Selina and her amiable *coterie* amusing themselves by *quizing*, in the most insulting manner, this lady. The door into the *boudoir* was open.

I stood in the door-way, a silent observer of the scene, unnoticed by any one; as the humane society sat with their backs to me, and the patient sufferer too much oppressed to look about her. I continued a spectator until my indignation grew too powerful for concealment, when I rescued their interesting prey from further insult; and now claim your protection for her, until Lady Delamore's coach returns from Westminster with more food for their cruel sport."

"Miss De Clifford, is it not? — the unfortunate young lady whom the good bookseller wrote such a melancholy letter about?" said Mrs. Beville, respectfully.

"My name, madam, is De Clifford; and the amiable Mr. Goodwin did of me write, to Lady Delamore."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Beville, "that letter was never delivered to my lady; who knows nothing of these advertisements, which Lady Selina and her friends have got into the habit of inserting, to amuse their mornings by *quizing* the unlucky people who answer them. But my lady's chambermaid was so particularly struck by the worthy Mr. Goodwin's letter, relative to you,

madam (which Mrs. Ward read for her yesterday, and the note too which was to beguile you hither), that she informed me of it to prevent your coming; and I fully determined to communicate it all to Lady Theodosia, who I knew would protect you: but forgive me, my good young lady. The danger I thought my dear lady (whom I suckled myself, and have never since been separated from) was in through the night put every thing out of my head but her. And now how grieved I am to think I forgot you, and left you to be so cruelly insulted!"

"Oh! forgive I, you, most truly.—Cold and affectionless, your heart had been, could it have thought for me, in such a strong time of grief"—Julia replied, with sweet and resistless sympathy.

"Alas!" said Mrs. Beville, looking intently at her, with a tear of pity glistening in her eyes—"and had they the cruelty to insult so young, so artless, so sweet a looking creature?"

Poor Julia's little remaining firmness was now completely overthrown by the voice of pity. Mrs. Beville saw how she was

affected; caught her in her arms, and in her anxiety to save her from fainting, hastily took off our heroine's bonnet, when the air playing freely round her, her respiration soon became more easy; and the fugitive blood was beginning to retint, most beautifully, the lips and cheeks of Julia, as Fitzroy returned with hartshorn from Mrs. Beville's medicine-chest.

This restorative soon perfected Julia's recovery; and in the sweetest tones she thanked them for their kindness.—"I am not subject to, so greatly sudden, indispositions," she added, "but lately I have been very much ill. And I know not at all, until now, how great deal weakness, that illness has made for me; how much unfitted me for the agitation, or exertion."

Julia now raised her eyes, to look at those whom she addressed; and beheld Fitzroy intently gazing at her. She deeply blushed; and her eyes sought the ground. Fitzroy, observing the painful confusion of her sweet timidity, instantly withdrew his almost-entranced glances, to steal them more secretly at her; and our heroine, with

a trembling hand, hastily put on her bonnet.

A footman now announced the return of the carriage. "I know not what to do, Mrs. Beville," said Fitzroy. "Miss De Clifford is totally unfit to go home alone; and I would be an improper attendant for her. Indeed, after the malicious insinuations of Lady Hollowell, for Miss De Clifford's sake, I dare not go."

"I will go with her myself," said Mrs. Beville. "My lady believes I am in bed, so will not send for me; and a little airing will do me good."

Fitzroy seemed much pleased; and Julia was penetrated with the most lively gratitude, by the delicate consideration and humanity of the one, and the kindness of the other. In a few moments Mrs. Beville was ready. Fitzroy handed our now almost perfectly recovered heroine to the carriage; and as they went along to it, she again, with all the simple eloquence her truly-grateful heart inspired, thanked him for his kindness and humanity to her; and as he withdrew his hand from hers, upon her getting into the coach, he softly said,

"I hope, Miss De Clifford, we may meet again." And with quick and marked artlessness Julia replied aloud—Indeed, I do hope, a great deal, that we may."

Mrs. Beville now got into the carriage; and Fitzroy stood on the steps before the house, gazing intently into it until it rolled away.

On their road to Great Russel-Street, Julia again thanked Mrs. Beville, with sweetness peculiar to herself, for her great kindness and attention to her.

"Say nothing more of it, I beseech you, dear young lady!" replied the venerable woman. "Surely I ought to do every thing in my power to show respect for you, after your bearing so sweetly the cruel insults you received at our house; and truly shocked at and ashamed of the matter I am. Ah! had it not been for the unfortunate indisposition of my dear lady it could not have happened; but there is a wise Providence over all things, who often decrees that good shall come out of evil. Had it not been for this shameful prank, my lady perhaps might have never known you; nor you experience the kind-

ness of one of the most really amiable women that ever existed. As it is, my lady shall know you. She will be kind to you, and you will love her: but it must become time before I can venture to inform her of this day's prank, for her complaints are chiefly nervous; proceeding, in fact, from a diseased mind — for Lady Delamore is not a happy woman." Mrs. Beville sighed heavily; and, after a thoughtful pause, proceeded —

"There is, Miss De Clifford, in almost every family a dark closet, where the public eye cannot penetrate; and how often do we see the envied great with smiling countenance, when, could we dive into their hearts, we should find them torn with many griefs! My beloved lady has feelings too acute for either her health or peace; and even to me, who know all and see all the causes which rend her heart, she never has uttered one complaint. Surely, surely she deserved a better fate than to be made wretched by those who ought to cherish and reverence her. But this painful subject is drawing me from what I wished to say to you. My dear lady will be so shocked

when she hears of the cruel treatment you this morning received, that . . . ."

"But why should she at all to hear of it?" said Julia, mildly interrupting her. "Cannot you have the goodness for, mentioning my unfortunate situation, when her ladyship is quite enough, well, to bestow a thought for me; without saying, of the unkind treatment, I had experience of in her house? And sure I am, should I have the happiness, ever, for being known of Lady Delamore, I will not at all, mention it, since it would give so great pain, for her."

"How very amiable is this unmerited forbearance in you, Miss De Clifford, to your unfeeling oppressors!" Mrs. Beville replied.—"I will tell Mr. Fitzroy what you say, and will, with him, consult Lady Theodosia. Indeed I doubt not he will himself tell Lady Theodosia every thing that passed; for well he knows that though she is wild as colt untamed, she is her mother's own child in benevolence; and you could not have a warmer or a steadier friend."

The coach now stopped at Mr. Goodwin's door. Julia again expressed her lively

gratitude to Mrs. Beville, who bade her a kind adieu, and assured her it should not be one moment longer than necessity required before she should really be introduced to Lady Delamore.

CHAPTER IV.

THE sanguine Goodwins had allowed their affection for our heroine to raise their expectations to the highest flights of hope; and great, in consequence, was their disappointment, when she faithfully informed them of the transactions of the morning. Their neat and comfortable dinner (which Mrs. Goodwin had herself superintended the cookery of, that it might be particularly good, to tempt her dear Miss De Clifford to eat after her fatigue and natural agitation) was sent away, nearly untouched. The good old man's chagrin and indignation were too profound to find relief in speech: he sat with flushed cheeks and downcast eyes in pensive sadness, ashamed of the depravity of human nature, that it could insult a being so young, so unprotected, so faultless; whilst the resentment of the more volatile partner of his

bosom evaporated in alternate fits of crying, and the most severe rivilings.

After supper again (when the children had all retired) Mrs. Goodwin entreated Julia to tell her once more all that had passed at Delamore-house; and Julia, with her accustomed fascinating sweetness, instantly complied. Mr. Goodwin was thoughtfully attentive; and in some moments after our heroine ceased her little narrative he asked her, "What sort of man this very benevolent Mr. Fitzroy was?"

"Oh! an infinitely more amiable, and elegant-looking young man, that I did ever expect for to see;—with so sweet manners! and handsome, very extremely;" said Julia, unhesitatingly.

"Extremely handsome!" repeated Mr. Goodwin.

"Yes," she replied, "extremely handsome—I believe, I ought for to say, beautiful. I do not think, I have, before, seen a man so handsome." After a moment's pause, she continued, "No, my memory is not of, ever to have seen, any man so . . . . . 'fascinatingly handsome,' was the expression my fancy prompted;

and so I do say it: for once, sir, he did remind me—Oh! more than once, it was—so strongly, of my dear, and beautiful Lady Cecilia Hume, or, as I should call her, Lady Storamond! I wonder, sir, is he to her, a relation? I wish I had asked good Mrs. Beville, for I do think, it must be so. And yet, I do n't know where, in what feature, the likeness is:—but it is;—and most greatly forcible it struck me, at the time, of when I so was near to faint, and Mr. Fitzroy, intently so looked to see if I was quite recovered; then it was, he did look—Oh! so exactly, as Lady Cecilia used to do, when talking earnestly for me, that he made my heart bound, quite much, just as if, I had the greatly joyful thought, of expectation, that moment for to see, my dear, beloved, Lady Storamond."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Goodwin.

"*In vero*," replied Julia.

"I wish," said Mr. Goodwin, "Lord Storamond was returned from abroad."

"Oh! how I wish that, devoutly!" replied Julia. "Then, I should no more want, the assistance of Lady Delamore;

for Cecilia would be, all friend for me: for I do know, she loved me, tenderly; and I loved her so truly much, that many a tear I shed, to think it is doomed (so torturing fancy tells to me) we shall no more meet, again."

For a fortnight after this memorable visit to Delamore-house, Julia was perfectly easy at hearing nothing from thence; but when the whole month of February passed, and no message from Lady Theodosia Southerland or Mrs. Beville, our poor heroine began to experience the bitter pangs of disappointed hope.

That it was very strange, was the opinion of the Goodwins, as well as herself; and when March too had glided by, without any intelligence from Delamore-house, they all began to lose their expectations from thence, and to fix their grateful thoughts upon the more active benevolence of the stranger.

For the last three months, the long-declining business of Mr. Goodwin increased in so rapid, and almost miraculous, a manner, that he was forced to hire a shopman; and scarcely a day passed without bringing

him some new customer of distinction, all which he doubted not were recommended by the stranger; and, indeed, felt convinced of it, when, the latter end of April, to his utter amazement, one of the East-India directors sent to inform him, "that his son, Charles Goodwin, was appointed a writer to the company at Bengal." Mr. Goodwin, full of thankfulness, waited upon the director to express his gratitude, and to learn to whom it was particularly due.

"That," said the director, "I am not at liberty to inform you, sir; but your son has fortunately obtained a most powerful and zealous friend. I have directions to fit him out in a style of the greatest respectability, entirely free of expence to you; and as his friend thinks, that making preparations for so long a separation must naturally wound the feelings of his mother, has left a request with me, to prevent the necessity of any thing being provided for him at home: therefore, you have nothing to think of, sir, but to make up your mind to parting with your son next October; when I pledge myself to have every thing arranged for his departure, comfortable con-

veyance to Bengal, and kind reception when he arrives there."

Mr. Goodwin's heart dilated with thankfulness to Providence, and the benevolent stranger, for this unexpected flow of prosperity; nor was he less grateful for the good this provision for his son portended to his lovely charge.

"My dear Miss de Clifford," said he, to Julia, "there is, there can be no doubt, that the stranger is your sincere and able friend, watching over and providing for your fortunes; therefore, cease to think of providing for your own, but rest contented here where it is apparent this guardian protector of yours wishes you at present to remain, until he finds a situation more eligible for you: nor need your sense of delicacy and propriety lead you to shrink from his protection, whose own feelings of delicacy and respect for you teach him not to appear in these his generous proceedings. He pours in wealth upon me, that from me you may receive every comfort and assistance you can require, without the shadow of impropriety. I stand as the agent between your generous friend and you: I am

enriched, solely to be your guardian and your banker. A most sacred and most honorable trust is confided to me; and I hope, and believe, my heart will prove worthy of the precious deposit."

The tears which trickled down the cheeks of Julia, as she pressed with fervor the hand of Mr. Goodwin to her lips, expressed most accurately the feelings his conduct had awakened in her breast, where such generosity, integrity, and kindness, could not fail of making a deep and indelible impression; and most awfully penetrated she found herself by the care of her future destiny which, with Mr. Goodwin, she now believed Divine Providence had delegated to the benevolent stranger; and, from this belief, she now promised Mr. Goodwin to rest contented for the present, nor to seek further for a situation for her to earn her subsistence in, unless that, in the course of one year, they should find cause to change their present opinion relative to the source of Mr. Goodwin's amended fortune.

The gratified pride of Mrs. Goodwin soon conquered the tenderness of her maternal

feelings, and reconciled her to the prospect of so long a separation from her favorite child. Mr. Goodwin was reconciled to it, because it was for his son's advantage; but the distant prospect of again beholding him surrounded by all that affluence could bestow, which cheered the sanguine mother, the father's advanced age denied. Mr. Goodwin felt convinced, that when he parted from his boy it would be an eternal adieu; yet he brought his mind to something like resignation: while Mrs. Goodwin, elated with a variety of long-estranged prosperity, wrote to her only sister (with whom, of late, she seldom corresponded) a full account of Mr. Goodwin's miraculous increase of business, and the great appointment of her eldest son. The answer to this letter brought a very polite and pressing invitation to Mrs. Goodwin, Miss De Clifford, and Charles, to spend the period of an approaching election at *Z.* the county town of——, about thirty miles from London, at Doctor Hargrave's, Mrs. Goodwin's brother-in-law, who was rector of the principal parish at *Z* —.

Mrs. Goodwin was a native of Ireland.

Her father, Doctor O'Neil, had been a clergyman, who, unfortunately fancying himself the first theological writer in Europe, directed his whole time and thoughts to his pen; neglected his parochial duties and his domestic concerns; and by degrees, deranging his affairs so completely, from his neglect, that he was at length compelled to give up every thing he possessed to his creditors, and with all that death had spared to him of a once large family, two very pretty daughters, came over to England to publish his works, astonish the world, and make his fortune.

Part only of this golden dream was realised.—He published his works, with little profit, and less fame; and very shortly after died, leaving his daughters, in very distressed circumstances, far from their own friends, and at that moment unable to command a sum sufficient to take them back to their native country.

Mr. Goodwin, at that period, was married to a very excellent woman of an age congenial to his own; was in high prosperity; had a capital house in the city, a coach, and a beautiful villa at Highgate;

and, by being considered a judicious critic, possessed such influence over his brothers in the trade, and was of such known integrity, that his patronage was sought for, and courted, by incalculable myriads of authors. In the way of business, Mr. Goodwin became acquainted with Doctor O'Neil; and, although he would not purchase his works, he liked the man, and invited him to his house; by which means Mrs. Goodwin was introduced to his daughters, and soon became so attached to the eldest, that she felt almost unhappy out of her society; and Miss O'Neil (who was all good-nature) kindly condescended to ride about in a tradesman's coach, and to pass months at a time at Highgate, surrounded by every luxury that wealth could purchase.

Upon the death of Doctor O'Neil, Mrs. Goodwin invited both his orphans to live with her, as long as they found it agreeable or convenient to them. This truly kind and benevolent invitation was thankfully accepted; and shortly after Mrs. Goodwin, who had long been in a delicate state of health, fell seriously ill, and afforded Miss

O'Neil an opportunity of evincing the goodness of her heart and strength of her gratitude. She proved to her true and beloved friend, Mrs. Goodwin, a most tender, kind, and attentive nurse; nor did she quit the bed-side of her friend, night or day, until that valuable friend's existence terminated; when the sincerely afflicted Miss O'Neil, and her sister Matilda, returned to their former obscure lodging at Lambeth.

In the last moments of Mrs. Goodwin, she particularly recommended Harriot O'Neil to her disconsolate husband as her successor.—"You are of too domestic a turn," she said, "to live happily in a state of widowhood; and, though she is young enough to be your daughter, persuade her, if you can, to be your wife, for she will make you happy." According to the predictions of his lamented wife, Mr. Goodwin soon found his house a forlorn, comfortless abode, without a domestic partner to cheer it, when, fatigued with the toils of the day, he returned to an unsocial dinner there; and as soon as decorum would permit, and solely in compliance with his late wife's

advice, he offered himself as a husband to Miss O'Neil.

Harriot O'Neil was then in her twenty-first year; extremely handsome, lively, sweet-tempered and accomplished. She was astonished at Mr. Goodwin's offer. Her pride revolted; and vanity whispered, she might marry much better; but the stings of fast-approaching poverty, with the well-known comforts of Mr. Goodwin's excellent houses, his carriage, and heavy purse, with the advantages to be found in his protection for her adored sister, all combined to conquer, and in a short time she bestowed her hand upon a man even older than her late father.

Harriot, gay and thoughtless, now dashed about in high spirits, and spent her husband's money, with all the graces of a duchess, except the appellation. She restored comfort and cheerfulness to his house, and happiness to the bosom of Mr. Goodwin. His first wife never had any family; and the birth of a lovely boy, our reader's acquaintance Charles, made him the happiest of mankind:—his child he adored, his young wife he idolised, and now seemed to

live only to indulge her in, and even anticipate, her every wish.

Innumerable of Harriot's relations (for the genealogical tree flourishes and spreads in Ireland to a most surprising extent,) who had forgotten the Miss O'Neils were in England, now thronged round Mrs. Goodwin, and experienced a most hospitable reception from their new-claimed relation, Mr. Goodwin, whom, with much condescension, they cordially acknowleged: and many of these gentlemen of renovated memory, being authors, had their cause espoused by the good-natured Harriot, who persuaded her indulgent husband, and often against his sober judgement, to publish works by which he frequently lost considerably. Sometimes these ninety-ninth cousins would condescend to borrow sums of money, which another relapse into loss of memory would lead them to omit the reimbursement of. In short, myriads of those locusts—whom the air of their native country (alike ungenial to venomous reptiles and the wily adventurer) would not nourish, and who in London, with the

outcasts of every country, can live by their wits — who pretended to be, even in the most remote degree, related to Mrs. Goodwin, were acknowleged by her; who now, like the queen bee, attracted the whole swarm around her, to be befriended, and fed, by her infatuated husband.

The most prodigal hospitality was now the order of the day; and waste, with all it's concomitant evils, was the consequence. Mr. Goodwin's once full coffers were perceptibly draining, when unfortunately forming a party, with some of his wife's real and very dashing relations, to dine at Shooter's Hill, as he was returning to town, in full gallop, with a set of jovial claret-primed beaux, he fell from his horse upon his head, and received a most violent concussion. For ten days he continued in a state of total insensibility, his life despaired of; and when, by slow degrees, his reason seemed feebly to return, the most serious apprehensions were entertained for his intellect. At length, all fears happily subsided; and a total alienation of his mind, from every kind of thought or care, was expressly commanded by his physicians, and a tour

to the coast, for amusement, in a quiet way, prescribed.

His now almost broken-hearted wife attended him unremittingly through his illness, with the most animated and affectionate tenderness and care; and, after an absence of some months, Mr. Goodwin returned, in perfect health, to the metropolis, where he was soon doomed to experience a sad reverse of fortune.

He had a partner, to whom, in his long absence, the whole care of the business had devolved. This man was wary, sordid, and devoid of integrity. He had observed the profusion of Goodwin's style of living was leading him into difficulties, which he judiciously resolved to shun; but, following the dictates of a bad heart, he, during Mr. Goodwin's unavoidable absence, by well-arranged manœuvring, not only defrauded him of several large sums, but, by invidious reports relative to his intellects, irreparably injured him in his business. The moment Mr. Goodwin returned, and before the perfect re-establishment of his constitutional health permitted, as heretofore,

his taking an active part in business, at this perfidious man's request the partnership was dissolved.

Goodwin, alone, found his business had most fatally decreased; and, instead of exerting the energies of his mind, to rally and restore it, he gave way to that nervous languor of spirits his recent indisposition had given birth to—at once desponded, and all was lost.

In the first step of reform, their coach was laid down, without a murmur from Harriot; in the next, the villa at Highgate. Then, their house in town they found too great for their reduced finances; and they removed to a smaller one: still Mrs. Goodwin submitted, with smiling resignation; but when, at length, dire necessity compelled them to take their Charles, then ten years old, from Westminster school, where for three years he had been putting forth the most promising blossoms, her firmness forsook her, and bitterly she wept for this darling, the pride of her heart, being degraded into a common ignorant boy, to receive his education at a shabby day-school.

At length, the poor Goodwins were compelled even to leave their comparatively small house in the city, and take even a smaller one in Great Russel-Street, to strive, by letting lodgings, to assist their trifling remaining business in supporting their large (and in despite of misfortune) fine, and promising family.

Mrs. Goodwin's own sense for (her adoring husband had never even breathed a hint of the kind) having convinced her, that her thoughtless folly and extravagance had been, in a very reprehensible degree, the cause of their present adversity, she considered herself as doubly bound to soothe, with unremitting tenderness, the wounded mind of her excellent husband, and to meliorate, as much as her strenuous exertions could affect it, the sad alteration in his circumstances. Her *foster*-sister (who had attended the O'Neils to England, and who proved a most attached and faithful servant) and Biddy O'Connor, then a mere girl, and daughter to this honest and affectionate domestic, now formed the household; yet the most conspicuous neatness, and comfortable order, reigned not only in the nursery,

but throughout the house, and, although this once luxurious family were now compelled to partake only of the most frugal repasts, yet still rigid decorum, in all the propriety of polished manners, was persevered in, and the appointments, neatness, and comfort, of good order, ever prevailed.

The economy of Mrs. Goodwin was now also obliged to extend itself even to the dress of her children; and here, too, it assumed a pleasing aspect; the uncommon simplicity, blended with the striking neatness of their dress, took off completely from the homeliness of the materials; and was, in fact, so becoming, that it added to, rather than diminished, the natural beauty of the children: and the education, too, of her girls, which she anxiously undertook, reflected infinite credit upon her abilities and judgement, by the evident improvement they rapidly evinced, and the judicious choice of their attainments.

The lot of Matilda O'Neil had been very unlike her sister's. It is not for us to presume to seek for the causes why the most deserving are frequently the least fortunate:

it is enough that we feel convinced it is right that it should be so, or unerring Wisdom would not decree it. In her brother-in-law, Matilda O'Neil found a kind, a tender, generous protector, who, immediately upon his marriage, invited her to live entirely with her sister; and for two years, during which she resided in his house, she experienced the most affectionate treatment from him. Harriot was all kind and partial indulgence to her: she allowed her as much command over her carriage and servants as she had herself. Mr. Goodwin was liberal to excess in presents to her; and the thoughtless, gay, and then extravagant, Harriot, never purchased any article of dress for herself, that she did not present her sister with it's counterpart.

Harriot was but scarcely of the middle stature; something inclining to *embonpoint*; but with a very fine face, dazzling complexion, eyes sparkling with animated intelligence, and a countenance beaming with sweetness, benevolence, and vivacity: Matilda possessed a tall and finely-formed figure; a handsome face, without bloom;

large blue languishing eyes; and was quite a languid beauty, too indolent for any exertion but that of adorning her person, and studying those attitudes most likely to display the graces of her form to the most striking advantage.

Amongst the numerous guests entertained at Mr. Goodwin's, a Mr. Hargrave appeared, — a young man of uncommonly great personal attractions, and, excelling in the eloquence of conversation, his society was much courted. No one could clearly ascertain what soil he sprung from, as family and country were subjects he ever sedulously shunned. His accent was pure English; his education had been, to a certainty, good; and his talents, in many respects, far from contemptible: but his prime excellence lay in his oratoric abilities, and his wisdom was chiefly worldly. He had been nearly three years adventuring in the public eye, in various ways striving to obtain subsistence; and now, having turned his versatile genius to divinity, had got, by some contrivance, into orders, and was publishing sermons, certainly above mediocrity, which introduced him to the acquaint-

ance of Mr. Goodwin, and obtained for him a frequent admission to his hospitable table, where he saw the languishingly-beautiful Miss O'Neil, and became deeply enamoured. The flame was mutual; the Goodwins highly disapproved the match; but the fair Matilda was resolutely determined to *die*, unless she were united to Mr. Hargrave; — a determination that instantly won upon her affectionate sister, to offer no further advice against the measure. Mr. Goodwin, too, was silenced by this dreadful alternative; and, believing it vain to contend with a woman resolved upon doing an imprudent thing, benevolently guarded against her even knowing the stings of actual poverty, by presenting her with two thousand pounds, which he settled upon her, solely out of the power of her husband, or even herself, to touch the principal of; while Mrs. Goodwin, with a prodigal hand, provided the wedding wardrobe of her sister, and made her many valuable presents beside.

By the interest of Mr. Goodwin, Hargrave got to be a curate at a very fashionable chapel-of-ease; where, by preaching to the

passions, he won all the fair part of his congregation, but particularly the old dowagers who frequented that place of worship, by whose advice he set up a school for twelve young noblemen, or boys of fortune, which succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations; and in a very few years he found himself enabled to give up this arduous, though lucrative, undertaking, by very great church preferment, bestowed upon him through the exertions of some of his fascinated congregation.

While the Goodwins were gliding down into the vale of Adversity, Hargrave had climbed up the hill of Prosperity. He now wrote LL. D. after his name; and resided at the pleasantest of his two considerable rectories, near to, and under the avowed patronage of, a very dissipated nobleman, the Earl of Gaythorn. Mrs. Hargrave had condescended, as often as she had been incommoded by the annoyance of increasing her family, to be confined at her sister's house, even in Russel-Street; and Doctor Hargrave, whenever he came to town unaccompanied by his lady, with great affability, and persevering good-hu-

mor, accepted a bed for himself, and another for his servant, at Brother Goodwin's; and was humble enough to take his meals constantly there, as well as his servant, when no other engagement intervened; and in return — to prove that the most sisterly intercourse was still kept up — Mrs. Hargrave, with scrupulous punctuality, sent constantly, a goose at Michaelmas, and a turkey and chine at Christmas, presents to "her poor dear unfortunate Harriot."

This invitation to Z. was so unexpected to Mrs. Goodwin, that mortified pride and wounded sisterly affection led her to declare, with vehemence, she would not accept it; but, after a thoughtful pause, her heart softened her indignant resolution, and those very feelings which at first prompted a negative, at length (with some other motives) led her to send a letter of acceptance to this long, long withheld invitation.

CHAPTER V.

"SWEET are the uses of adversity!" said Mrs. Goodwin, as she eagerly set about arranging her wardrobe, which during the long period of her distress had never experienced any addition; and now, although her indulgent husband laid no restraint upon her fancy, she blended that simplicity she had acquired from œconomy, with her natural elegance of taste in dress, in her preparations for not disgracing her sister, by her shabby appearance, during this short visit.

Julia was now in her last stage of mourning; and she had grown so much in the last six months, that the clothes she had worn prior to Mrs. St. Clair's death required the greatest exertions of Mrs. Goodwin's ingenuity, and her own, to transform them into what pride and fashion wished for.

Mrs. Goodwin, though well they ma-

naged them, was by no means satisfied; and one morning, after an unusual length of absence, he returned with a piece of beautiful, fine, plain muslin, which she had walked six miles to persuade the wife of a purser belonging to an East-Indiaman to let her have, a great bargain; and, telling Julia "that it was *cheap as dirt*, she had ventured to buy it for her, as it would make her two lovely dresses." Julia thought so too; but fearing Mrs. Goodwin's generosity of heart, and partiality towards her, had led her to give a large sum for what, she said, cost so little, resolutely refused to have it, until her mind was satisfied by seeing the bill and receipt.

These gowns were made up differently, and very fashionably, by two dresses belonging to a very elegant woman of quality, which Mrs. Goodwin contrived to borrow; and both without any ornament but tuckers, made of some very beautiful and modern lace, of which, Mrs. St. Clair had possessed a great quantity, and of which Julia had given Mrs. Goodwin as much as she could persuade her into accepting from her. Mrs.

St. Clair, too, had in her possession some jet, which Mrs. Goodwin now had set into simple ornaments for Julia.

Mrs. Goodwin's long mortified pride would not permit her going to her fine sister's without a female attendant for Miss De Clifford and herself; and Biddy O'Connor was fixed upon, to act as their *fille de chambre*.

At length the day arrived, in the first week of May, for our travellers to go to Z. Charles, at an early hour, set off, in the stage, for that place, provided by his attentive mother with as many sandwiches as would have nearly sufficed for his voyage to India: and about nine o'clock a chaise and pair drove to the door, for the conveyance of the rest of the Z. party; when the grief of this affectionate family burst forth with violence, and any uninformed spectator must have supposed the separation about to take place was to be for ever. It was the first separation of Mrs. Goodwin from her husband and children; and the torrents of tears, and sobs of anguish, which burst forth upon the occasion, seemed

declare all hearts were rent with sorrow: Mr. Goodwin found that parting with Harriot was indeed a trial of fortitude; eh the melancholy composure of his ts so forcibly declared, that had not arles been already gone, and where he uld so much want the encouraging smiles his mother, both Mrs. Goodwin and ia would gladly have dismissed the ise, and finally have given up this ex- lition.

At length Mrs. S. Goodwin (the apo- cary's wife, who was come to take care the family during the absence of her er-in-law) interfered, and persuaded s. Goodwin to tear herself from the af- tionate embrace of her husband, and the ider pressure and often repeated kisses of r darling children, and she got into the ise, with eyes swollen, and sobbing st audibly. Her excess of grief had not en a little augmented by Biddy O'Con- r's; for that poor simple girl, fondly at- hed to the children, found her heart ite torn at even this short separation, and l been crying over each of them, by

turns, all the morning, and making their little hearts sadder by her violent lamentations.

Whilst our travellers passed through London, and for several miles upon the road, Mrs. Goodwin and Biddy were too much occupied by the remembrance of those they had left, to admit of their cowardice being awakened; but at length, coming to the verge of a steep and long hill, open on one side to a deep valley, roused Biddy's fears, which were instantly communicated to her mistress, and both at once now called vehemently to the post-boy to let them out.

Although Mrs. Goodwin had for some years, after her marriage, dashed about in her own carriage, she had never been famous for courage in it; yet custom had then, in a great degree, conquered her natural apprehensions, and pride led her, when possible, to conceal them: but for the last few years of her life she had never been in a carriage of any description; and now, her fears, awakened by long disuse, added to

the smacking of the post-boy's whip, and the rapidity with which two spirited horses whirled them on, were increased to agonies, only to be surpassed by Biddy O'Connor's; and the remainder of this little journey was performed almost on foot by our travellers; which to Julia proved rather a pleasant circumstance: for when in the carriage, Mrs. Goodwin, and companion, in terror, spent their time in letting down the windows, as fear of overturns perpetually recurred, in squalling, groaning, sighing, praying, and exclaiming to the driver to take care of them. . . . . .

There were three stages from London to Z. Their first driver was a remarkably civil man, who attended to all their fears, and kindly soothed them: the second postilion proved a sullen fellow; offended at their want of confidence in his skill, and enraged at being so long detained by their choosing to walk so much; and the additional delay of stopping so often, to let them in and out, when he said, "Time was so precious, upon account of the approaching contested election at Z., which

gave them so much to do, that it was not worth while to *drawl* along with cowardly foolish women, who did not ought to take up chaises and horses, in that there creeping manner, but ought for to go in the vehicle most fitted for such cowards—the common stage waggon."

This was an insult Biddy's pride, wounded for Miss De Clifford, and the blood of the O'Neils, could not endure; and the rest of this stage was spent in her altercations with the surly fellow, and in Mrs. Goodwin's vain attempts to subdue his wrath. The last post-boy turned out to be a humorist; who in revenge for being so long detained, unnecessarily, upon the road, maliciously augmented their terrors, by gravely giving in to them, and enumerating for them, with a demure countenance, all the shocking overturns, and consequent accidents, as lately happening upon that very road, which he could possibly rack his brain plausibly to invent.

As they approached nearer to Z., the bustle of the election (which was to commence next day but one) increased. Every person and horse they saw was decorated with

party-colored ribbons; and as they passed along, from Mrs. Goodwin's straw hat being trimmed with purple, and Biddy having a fine pink top-knot on (the colors of the two most unpopular candidates), they got most horribly mobbed and hooted, particularly by the women.

When they had arrived within about four miles of Z., as they were all, miraculously, in the carriage, Mrs. Goodwin and Biddy fanning themselves most laboriously, striving to cool their faces — which, from their excess of weeping in the morning, and their subsequent terrors, and walking so much in an intensely hot sun, were now become of a bright carmine tint — they heard, all at once, the most violent and joyous shouting, from the last village they had passed through; and shortly after, a sociable and six, gayly ornamented with orange and pale blue banners, ribbons, &c. attended by several out-riders, swiftly passed them, yet not so rapidly as to prevent Julia's perceiving that one of the four gentlemen the sociable contained was Mr. Fitzroy; and most fervently did she congratulate *herself* upon her party's being,

at that moment, fortunately out of the way of observation.

They travelled about a mile further, when they passed this very sociable, which was standing empty, at the door of a farm-house:—"Fitzroy for ever!" exclaimed their post-boy, who was loudly reiterated by several men who were standing; with the servants, round the sociable: and as they proceeded further on, they found the parties of pedestrians and equestrians going to and returning from Z. accumulating to a surprising degree, when their driver told them "it being market-day, added to the approaching election, caused the great concourse of people they saw."

Immediately below the town arose a very steep, and certainly a formidable, hill, which Mrs. Goodwin and her fearful attendant, of course, determined to walk up; but Julia, apprehensive of being overtaken by the sociable, and seen by Mr. Fitzroy with two such attractive companions, induced her to plead (what she really felt) fatigue, and to remain in the chaise. Nor can we wonder at our heroine's not wishing to be recognised by any one, while

walking with such a terror-struck pair. For, beside the obnoxious colors they wore, rendering them marked objects for derision and insult, the carmine of their countenances, and the strange disorder of their dress, made them conspicuous. Mrs. Goodwin had taken off her pretty cambric pelisse, untied her hat, and loosened her neck-cloth, to cool the heat her walking and terrors had thrown her into; and Biddy had taken off her bonnet entirely, to show more plainly, as it seemed, her fine pink ribbon: — her gloves, too, she had discarded; her gown sleeves were both ripped almost off, in getting so often into the chaise; and the skirt was tattered, and torn, by some brambles she had, to escape a fancied impending overturn, alit amongst: and added to this, the pins which had fastened her apron, at a modern length of waist, were all now lost, by such perpetual motion; and the binding of her apron, now slipped down to her hips, completed the wildness of her appearance.

Hooted at and ridiculed by almost every one, Mrs. Goodwin and Biddy proceeded

up the hill, our heroine slowly following in the chaise. Biddy still talking to her mistress, her brogue was so glaring, that a number of witticisms were passed upon her. One fellow remarked, "that though she had left home in such a hurry as to forget her hat and gloves, she had not left a brogue behind;" another accosted her with, "Arrah, Paddy! which way does the bull run?"

"Faith, sir, out of your mouth this time!" Biddy quietly replied; "for *Paddy* is a man's name."

At length a fellow, with a Fitzroy-cockade, who had been making potent libations to Fitzroy's success at the shrine of Bacchus, overtaking poor Biddy, demanded "if she was come from Botany Bay to vote for 'Squire Rackrent?" (the pink ribbon candidate.) Biddy quickly answered, "Yes;" and bade him "beware; for the tender which had brought her from thence, was waiting for a freight to carry back." The inebriated ruffian, fancying that a terrible insult, which was merely a retort, was instantly inflamed to uncontroled rage; and, calling her some scurrilous names, snatched

at her pink top-knot, and tore it from her head. Poor Biddy screamed; and Mrs. Goodwin, though dreadfully alarmed, mildly, and with tears in her eyes, entreated the ruffian to recollect himself; but in vain; and the savage was aiming a serious blow at Biddy, when his arm was arrested by Fitzroy, who had just come up in time to see the fellow assault the woman, and instantly leaped from the sociable to defend her.

"Ruffian! desist!" exclaimed Fitzroy.

"I'll be d—n'd if I will!" returned the savage, renewing his aim; when Fitzroy, instantly tripping up his heels, laid him sprawling in the dust.

"D—n you!" roared out the exasperated coward—"I am a freeholder; and you have lost my vote by this pretty business—aye, and a plumper too!"

"I sincerely rejoice at it," returned Fitzroy, with animation; "for I should blush to owe my election to a scoundrel, who could, for a moment, forget he was a man, and insult and assault that sex, which it is the pride and glory of every true-hearted Englishman to defend."

This short speech was received with the most rapturous acclamations; and a sturdy, saturnine looking, elderly man, without any distinguishing mark of party about him, who, in a carter's frock, was composedly smoking his pipe, an attentive observer, now accosted Fitzroy.—

"Ne'er do yaw moind the loss of his'n plumper; for yaw ha gotten moine, by this here business, and moy hap a hundred votes to boot. My name is John Russet; and not a freeholder in the county can command more votes than I. I was *dubérous* who to vote for, thinking as how yaw would all alike promise us great things, to gain yaur ends; but that there cowardly scoundrel has proved yaw be fit to represent a free people, when yaw scorn to cringe to a rascally coward for a vote, and dare do yaur duty tho'f yaw lose a plumper by it."

Fitzroy and Russet now cordially shook hands, amid shouts of applause; and Fitzroy then taking Mrs. Goodwin and Biddy under his protection, led them to the chaise.

Julia, who had been almost alarmed

spectator of the affray, had earnestly entreated the post-boy to let her out, that she might go to her friends.

"No, miss," replied the man, "I shall not let you out:—You be safer where you be."

"Oh! that I do, know!" said Julia; "but to get them, into the carriage, is why for, I want to go, sir."

"Aye, well," he answered, "but I shall take care of you, and keep you out of harm's way. I am glad, however, they have got a real fright, to teach them to stay where there is protection for them.—And do stay quiet, miss, and don't you fret and fidget. You would do no good by going to them; for that there pretty innocent face would only make folk gaze the more; and men who have been drinking might say things which, by the looks on you, you would not like to hear, I be very certain."

Julia now, blushing at this young clown's rough compliments, drew back into the carriage; but not before she had excited the attention and fixed admiration of two

gentlemen who had remained in Fitzroy's carriage; and now remarking their observation of her, she turned her head to look out of the opposite window, to avoid their earnest gaze, by which means she lost the recognition of Fitzroy, when he handed Mrs. Goodwin into the chaise, which now soon whirled them to Doctor Hargrave's. Mrs. Goodwin faithfully recounting, by the way, the gallant conduct of Fitzroy; and Julia in return, informed her, that this was the identical Mr. Fitzroy who had rescued her from the merciless quizzers at Delamore-house; which, in addition to the service he had now rendered to the distressed party, made them all unanimous in his praise; and Biddy declared, "had she a thousand votes, and ten thousand at the back of them, she would give them all to Mr. Fitzroy, and her blessing to boot."

CHAPTER VI.

THE *Rectory* was an excellent mansion, situated in a very pretty paddock: the gardens, and grounds belonging to it, were extensive, well-stored and laid out; and the farm-yard was plentifully stocked, as well as the hot-houses, with all that could be wanting to supply a luxurious table.

Our female travellers had spent so much time in taking leave in the morning, and in their pedestrian excursion from town, that it was seven o'clock before they arrived at the Rectory, where they had been expected by two; and the family were now all gone to a dinner in the neighbourhood, at which Mrs. Goodwin and Julia had been expected; and poor Charles, who had arrived at an early hour, accompanied Doctor and Mrs. Hargrave, with a heart agitated by ten thousand fears for the safety of his beloved mother and Miss De Clifford.

Our heroine was by no means sorry for the absence of the family, as the toils and terrors of the day had completely wearied her; and she was so unwell, with a severe headach, that Mrs. Goodwin insisted upon her retiring to rest, before the return of Doctor and Mrs. Hargrave; so that she was not introduced to them that night, nor witnessed the reception Mrs. Goodwin received from her sister, which, however, was more cordial than Mrs. Goodwin expected, and therefore made her very happy.

Julia's chamber was a very excellent, airy room, so remote from every kind of noise, and her fatigue had been so great, that she fell at once into a profound slumber, which lasted until eight o'clock next morning, when, as she opened her eyes, she beheld a pretty looking girl, of about twelve years old, curiously peeping at her through the bottom curtains of her bed, who, the moment she was espied by our heroine, scampered off, and banged the room-door after her.

Julia instantly arose; and finding, by the disorder her clothes and dressing-case were in, that this prying miss, or some other cu-

rious inspector, had been there, and wishing for no such inquisitors whilst she dressed, wisely bolted her door. At length, Biddy O'Connor requested admission; when Julia told her why she had so secured herself from interruption.—

"Faith, jewel! you were in the right;" said Biddy.—"I'll be turnkey now, to keep out that limb.—Sure, it 's Miss Hargrave, piping hot from a boarding school. Lord bless us! Oh! then, if it is not she, that 's the flog of all that ever I saw! Moll Fluggins, who led the bear through Connaught, was a mannerly lamb to her. If she has not been perched below, in the servant's hall, upon the top of the coat-horse! and there giving such toleration to her tongue!—and quite disparaging herself, gossiping with the *futmen;* and telling them, jewel, how she played old Gooseberry in your room, while you slept; and how she rummaged your dressing-box, to look for your *rudge;* but she was after supposing you were too cunning to leave it there.—'Then is it paint, you 're after meaning, miss?' says I—'Och! then you may look, and that until you have occasion for spectacles, before

you find any paint about Miss De Clifford. Is it Miss Julee paint! when her skin is like a snow-drop, and her cheeks would make a rose blush deeper, to see it's own beauty so outdone."

"My good, good, Biddy!" replied Julia, blushing, "I do wish you, had spared, your so great, extravagant, encomiums, for my complexion."

"Why, sorrow take me, jewel! but I'd say it if the queen was by; and sure 'tis true, for me."

At this moment Mrs. Goodwin asked for admission.—"I am really shocked, my dear Miss De Clifford," she said, "to find, from Biddy, that my rude niece has taken the liberty of making you an inquisitorial visit, while you slept. I am truly grieved, to see her so ruined by indulgence. She is the only surviving child of my sister; and her father allows her not to be contradicted, as it is the fashion, I find, to conquer bad habits in children by argument, and to subdue all impropriety in mind and manner by convincing their reason that such things are wrong."

Julia now being ready to leave her cham-

ber, Mrs. Goodwin conducted her down; and introduced her to Doctor and Mrs. Hargrave, and a party assembled in the breakfast-room.

Our heroine's figure, now no longer attenuated by recent sickness, nor her limbs unstrung by langour, combined in it all the harmony of exquisite symmetry: every movement displayed the perfection of graceful ease; and her whole appearance was truly feminine and lovely. Hers was a countenance that spoke instantly to the heart, her beauty was blended with such fascinating sweetness, such a bewitching expression of all that was amiable. She looked so intelligent and sensible, yet so mild and artless; her voice was so touchingly melodious, and her accent and language so prettily tinctured with the foreign idiom (she, until the last year of her life, scarcely ever having attempted to converse in English), giving to all she uttered so much winning simplicity; that no being of sensibility could behold her, for a moment, without feeling interested for her happiness—could not listen to her an hour, without wishing to promote it.

Julia saw that Doctor and Mrs. Hargrave were still uncommonly handsome; but both strikingly affected, and their manners unpleasantly artificial. She was received by the doctor with supercilious courtesy; by Mrs. Hargrave, with words expressive of cordiality;—but her countenance sparkled not with it, as Mrs. Goodwin's would have done, while bidding a stranger welcome. Doctor Sydenham and Mr. Bloomer, clergymen belonging to the county, who were come to stay at Doctor Hargrave's during the election; Miss Penrose, a pretty missy girl of seventeen, a school-fellow of Miss Hargrave's; Charles Goodwin, Celestina Hargrave, her parrot, and three yelping puppy dogs, formed the party assembled.

Mrs. Hargrave, in imitation of the Countess of Gaythorn, was become a wonderful admirer of beauty; and no one now could expect her favor, who was not handsome.

"I have been in company with so many hideous women, of late," said Mrs. Hargrave, when they were all seated at the breakfast-table, "that it is really quite refreshing to look at Miss De Clifford.—You

must have *heaps* of lovers, Miss de Clifford." . . . .

"Not one, at all, that I know of, madam," replied Julia, blushing; "except Henry Goodwin, who is for my acknowleged, *caro sposo*."

"That is your youngest boy, if I recollect right, Harriot? said Mrs. Hargrave. "Pray is Rosa improving in her looks? Is she growing up any thing approaching to pretty?"

Mrs. Goodwin smiled, while a deep blush heightened her natural fine bloom, but was silent. Julia blushed too, with resentment; and with vivacity replied—"Miss Goodwin, before I did ever see her, had passed *approach*, for pretty; and was arrived, quite, at *perfection of beauty*."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Hargrave; "I am vastly happy at hearing this surprising news. I have not seen Rosa since she was in the small-pox, which I thought must have *completed* her beauty; and I always forgot to ask how she fared."

"My dear sister!" replied Mrs. Goodwin, "surely you have been often at my house since Rosa had the small-pox!"

"Well!" answered Mrs. Hargrave; "but I never looked at her."

Tears started to Mrs. Goodwin's eyes; and she hastily bent them to the ground, to conceal what trembled in them.

"*In vero*," said Julia, "I am a great deal astonished, why for, any one could, not, look, at Rosa Goodwin; for yet, I never did behold, so much attractive a countenance.—Oh! so lovely, that when walked I have, sometimes, with her, in the Museum Garden, I have been distressed, very strongly, by the observation, she awakened; for not a being, did ever pass her, who did not turn to gaze, and make exclamations, expressive of their much admiration, for such sweet, mild, beauty."

The clergymen looked at each other, and smiled.—"Great, indeed," said Doctor Sydenham, "must Miss Goodwin's beauty be, if she could be the object of attraction when her companion was Miss De Clifford."

Julia's cheeks were again suffused with a vermilion tint; and, with a smile, she replied—"Indeed, I could nothing claim,

for the admiration excited: for I was such a spectre, of illness, that the only emotion, could I awaken, was pity very much in the beholder."

"I know not what you then might have been," returned this pleasant-looking, cheerful old man; "but I see you are now exactly what I should wish to be my wife, were I five-and-twenty."

Julia answered him, playfully; and a lively, spirited dialogue, was carried on by them.

"Do n't put faith in his protestations, Miss De Clifford," said Mrs. Hargrave; "for Dr. Sydenham is the greatest flirt in the world."

Mrs. Hargrave's information was pretty accurate:—Doctor Sydenham was a notorious flirt, and favorite of all the young women in the country. He was a bachelor, of seventy. In his youth he had been too poor, and in his old age too wise, to marry. He had often felt the influence of the blind urchin; but so frequently did he sigh in hopelessnes, that his heart became callous to disappointment; and he could now make love to the daughters and grand-

daughters of those very beauties he had formerly sighed for, without a pang of fond regret. Not until he had almost attained his grand climacteric, was his merit (which was certainly conspicuous) rewarded; — then, after being long reconciled to a fate which seemed to say he was to live and die a curate, most unexpectedly, a large living was presented to him; and to which he was scarcely inducted, when another, even more considerable, was bestowed upon him. It was now too late, he thought, to commence a wedded life. His parochial flock he adopted as his children, who all honored their pastor, and loved him as a father. He was kind to his relations; benevolent to the poor; possessed the esteem of the old, and the affection of the young. His house, the seat of hospitality, was often filled with guests; and harmless mirth, and innocent amusement, were ever promoted by the cheerful, venerable host.

Mr. Bloomer, by some preternatural influence, had obtained the singular favor of inverting the order of nature; and after he had passed his fifteenth year, time took, with him, a retrograde motion, and every

birth-day his age decreased one year; so that now he was only forty, though had he gone on as men (and women too though often against their inclination) usually do, he must certainly have numbered sixty years. This man possessed a large fortune, independent of his church preferment, which was considerable. He had been called "Beauty Bloomer" in his youth; and still thought himself an Adonis: and he was, and ever had been so devoted to himself, that no expence his own purse could supply, no trouble which others could take, was ever spared by him for his gratifications. And he was the most formal, precise-looking being, that ever prim Exactness modeled. That dust, or soil, which the wear of the day gave to others, and even the neatest people, never approached him; for he constantly appeared as if an invisible glass-case, or some ethereal substance, shielded him from all which could discompose or disorder his appearance: and now, at breakfast, he was seated powdered, perfumed, and polished up, to the highest degree of lustre, displaying his fine

teeth and white hands to the greatest advantage; and hoping, most fervently, that this young and beautiful stranger was admiring him; when, just as Mrs. Hargrave had completed the sentence——'Doctor Sydenham is the greatest flirt in the world,' Celestina's immense parrot suddenly flew from his perch, and alit upon Mr. Bloomer's head, and, with a horrible, discordant imitation of laughter, began to flap his wings with all his might, covering the whole tea equipage, and filling the surrounding air with clouds of perfumed powder.

Nothing could exceed the rage of Mr. Bloomer, except the boisterous mirth of Celestina, whose shouts of laughter and hooting, at the universally powdered coxcomb, only increased Poll's din and exercise. Doctor Hargrave, jumping up, seised the parrot, to extricate his friend; but Poll, either from obstinacy or liking the sport, set her beak fast in Mr. Bloomer's hair, and maintained her ground. Doctor Hargrave was compelled to his utmost exertions, to drag Poll from the head; which he would not loosen his hold of, but dragged too—a peruke off, and left the

bald-pated beau an absolute friar, with only a tonsure round his face.

Mr. Bloomer had not temper to bear such an unexpected mortification; he aimed at instant retreat: but treading upon one of the puppies, a dreadful yelping succeeded, which brought Celestina to it's aid, who having taken the wig from Poll, now, in a rage, slapped it in Mr. Bloomer's face. Doctor Hargrave attempted to apologize; but the now insulted beau, not deigning to hear a word, precipitately retreated from the room, and as soon as possible left the house.

"You should, Celestina, my love," said Doctor Hargrave, as, with lofty composure, he was returning to his seat, after Mr. Bloomer haughtily refused to hear his offered apology—"You should contrive to make your favorites less annoying, and more amenable to command."

"Not I, indeed, pa," replied Miss Hargrave, saucily; "and those who do n't like my favorites as they are, need not come to the house. As for that old vamped-up thing, he may go to the D—l, and shake himself."

"Hell and furies!" exclaimed Doctor Hargrave, at this moment observing one of the puppies busily employed in tearing a manuscript pamphlet—"My exquisitely written French Revolution, which I had only completed this very morning." And now, with passion far exceeding Mr. Bloomer's, he kicked the puppy, with violence, to the other end of the room; and, with savage rage, shook his daughter by the arm, and ordered her instantly to quit his presence:—"And he would take care," he vociferated, "to have the necks wrung off her infernal plagues!"

Miss Hargrave set up a hideous yell of crying; and peremptorily declared—"She *would not* leave the room."

"Sir," said Charles, timidly, "the manuscript I saw you correcting before breakfast, is now lying behind the cushion of the sopha, where you left it; and this the dog has unfortunately torn," picking up some of the fragments—"this was a sermon, I believe . . . . . Oh! dear me! and, I am afraid, upon the Resurrection." . . . .

"Thank Heaven! it was nothing of consequence!" cried Doctor Hargrave, run-

ning to the sopha. — "Aye, you are right, Charles; my treasure is safe. — Really, really I am quite shocked, to have appeared in such a pet; but you can feel for me, Sydenham. Authors, you know, have quick feelings; are ever tenderly alive to the fate of the offspring of their invention:" and Doctor Hargrave attempted to smile.

"Aye," said Doctor Sydenham, "the head of an author, as well as a beau, is his hobby horse; and we must forgive their being a little disconcerted, if any foe should attack either the head or the offspring with hostilities."

Doctor Hargrave, feeling a little too silly to succeed in the smile he still aimed at, now called his bellowing daughter to him. "Come hither, Celestina, my dear love! come hither, and kiss me. I am sincerely sorry, my mistaking what your favorite had torn, should lead me to rebuke you. — Come, love, kiss and be friends."

"Never do you believe that," replied Miss Hargrave, sullenly. "Don't think you shall break by head, and give me a plaster."

"Well!" said her father, "I shall not

at present contest the point with you: I shall wait until your judgement is unbiassed by indignation; and then, I know, your reason will lead you to my arms." And now, feeling himself particularly pleased with Charles, for having proved the herald of joyful tidings to him, Doctor Hargrave suddenly addressed Mrs. Goodwin.—

"Really, Madam, your son is a vastly fine youth. I was much pleased with his conduct yesterday, at table;—it was so truly gentlemanly. He carved with so much ease and dexterity;—was so unobtrusively polite;—so attentive to the ladies near him, without servility or officiousness;—that I was infinitely charmed with him; and I am sure his appearance and manners are such, he will rapidly make his way in India . . . . . But pray, Mrs. Goodwin, may I ask, at whose table Charles learned such a gentlemanly deportment?"

"At his father's, sir," replied Mrs. Goodwin, with dignity softened by the natural sweetness of her disposition.

At this moment, the door was thrown open; "Lord Gaythorn," announced; and a very tall genteel-looking, elderly man,

with a countenance of such undaunted boldness, that no woman of delicacy could behold him without disgust, entered; darted up to Mrs. Hargrave, and, taking her hand with much familiarity, expressed his happiness at "seeing her look so lovely." And now the rector contrived to obtrude upon the notice of his lordship; who, the instant he could escape the homage of the doctor, whose bows sent his mouth to kiss the carpet in reverence, turned to observe Mrs. Hargrave's companions, and on beholding Julia, started. Our heroine started not, but felt nothing like satisfaction, at recognising in him one of Fitzroy's companions, who had remained in the sociable, and so much distressed her, the preceding evening, by his rudely indefatigable gaze. His lordship now hastily requested Mrs. Hargrave to introduce him to her fair friends; and Mrs. Hargrave announced Lord Gaythorn and the three ladies to each other.

"Mrs. Goodwin," said his lordship, with all the appearance of interest he could muster upon the occasion, "I rejoice to

see you so perfectly recovered from your dreadful alarm. My friend Fitzroy, and myself, could talk of nothing since, but your interesting terror, surrounded by such a savage multitude: and had my friend Fitzroy known where he could have the happiness of finding you, he would (for he is the most attentive man, to the ladies, in the world) have done himself the honor, even amidst the bustle of canvassing, of calling to inquire for you."

Doctor and Mrs. Hargrave were now highly disconcerted, at finding their guests had been seen, by his lordship, travelling in a hack chaise, without even the protection of a footman, the objects of ridicule and insult: and now, even more than they had done the last two days, regretted having given so unlucky an invitation to Mrs. Goodwin; which they would by no means have done, only long feeling a scruple of conscience relative to their neglect of this inestimable relation (to whom they owed such a debt of gratitude), and thinking this election afforded an excellent opportunity of inviting her to Z., when the variety of

people entertained at every house, would sanction a woman of no fashion being at the Rectory; and the constant bustle every gossip would be engaged in, would occupy them too much to indulge their curiosity: and, above all, Lord and Lady Gaythorn were in London, where they had resolved to remain during the election; but upon Fitzroy starting up as a candidate, and his lordship belonging to the party which espoused him, he found himself compelled to be present at Z. during the contest: and Lady Gaythorn, too, had been obliged, for the same cause, to return to the Priory, his lordship's seat, near Z., the evening before the last; — the first moment his patron's intended presence at the election was announced to the dismayed rector, when it was too late to put off the visit of Mrs. Goodwin.

Lord Gaythorn having made his speech to Mrs. Goodwin, with a bold stare, and languishing manner, addressed some high-sounding compliments and congratulations to Julia, upon "her apparent recovery, from her sweetly-expressive terror, the pre-

ceeding evening;" which she received with a formal bow, of repulsive ceremony. His lordship then, observing Celestina sobbing, over her still-yelping favorite, kindly demanded "What ailed his pretty romp?"

"Only a *row* with my father," said she; "who was such a brute as to kick my beautiful darling, for tearing a dab of a trumpery sermon."

Lord Gaythorn, shocked at this undutiful speech, instantly turned to Mrs. Hargrave, saying—"I perceive you have not changed your daughter's school."

"No, my lord, nor do I mean it," Mrs. Hargrave replied. I was dissatisfied certainly; but now they have got the first dancing-master in England. Scamperini teaches there."

"And can a mother wish for more?" said Doctor Sydenham.

"I am sure, sir, a mother must be difficult to please, who could," returned Miss Penrose; "for Miss Hargrave has improved so rapidly, and surprizingly, under his tuition, that she is the wonder of every beholder. She is now our principal dancer;

and on our last public day, all the spectators were in raptures with her: and besides that, she has learned from him to arrange her drapery, better than any girl in the school."

"What!" exclaimed Lord Gaythorn, "does Signor Scamperini teach the misses to dress, as well as dance?"

"No, my lord, no; only the arrangement of the frock — to hold it so, when we walk, as to display the whole contour of the figure to the greatest advantage:" replied Miss Penrose, consequentially.

"So, my lord, so" .... cried Celestina, now flattered into good-humor, and suddenly dashing down her beautiful darling. ..... "I could show it better had I a thinner frock on. Our governess makes us practise this a great deal: — but some of the girls, who are rickety, do n't like it at all. Aye, and if there is an election ball, I 'll show you, too, what good dancing is: — I 'll dash through Parisot's hornpipe, like mad: — I 'll make the company stare, I 'll warrant me!"

"That, I have no doubt of," said Doctor Sydenham.

The rector now, with profound respect, asked his lordship some questions relative to the election; and Lord Gaythorn told in his replies, "that Fitzroy was a guest at the Priory; that he was then gone far into the county, to canvass, and had deferred waiting upon Doctor Hargrave until evening, of whose vote his lordship had assured him."

"Does your lordship favor any other of the candidates?" Doctor Hargrave asked.

"No," returned his lordship; "I am for Fitzroy alone."

"Does her ladyship?" said the rector.

"Certainly you have not seen my friend Fitzroy, or you could not ask that question. —All the ladies are for Fitzroy;" returned Lord Gaythorn.

"So must all discerning men too, since he is Lord Gaythorn's friend," said Doctor Hargrave, bowing to the ground. "Therefore, permit me to say, my lord, that I am for Fitzroy alone."

"That is kind, said Lord Gaythorn, shaking the rector's hand. — "And pray, Doctor Sydenham," he continued, "may I

ask, who is to have the honor of your vote and interest?"

"I am at present," replied Doctor Sydenham, smiling, "devoted to Miss De Clifford, my lord; who must have the goodness to determine for me."

"Must I," said Julia, smiling too, "then if you have, great, many, hundred, votes, I wish them all, to be given, for Mr. Fitzroy."

"Indeed!" said his lordship.—"His knight-errantry to your fair friend, has won, I see, your interest for him."

"My knowlege of Mr. Fitzroy," replied Julia, feelingly, "was of longer time, than his, so kind rescue, of Mrs. Goodwin's servant. I am of myself, under obligation, to him:" and her cheeks glowed with, and her eyes spoke, the most animated gratitude, while she continued:—"I was once, in so great distress—insulted, mortified, derided (by my own sex, it was; who had no shame, to do it)—I had friend, none near me—Oh! it was to me, a moment, of strong suffering!—but Mr. Fitzroy, came, and came to my help. Mr. Fitzroy,

was a stranger; but that, for him, was nothing; his heart was benevolent, I wanted of him aid, and he gave me, safe protection."

"My vote and interest, then, are his," said Doctor Sydenham, with emphatic feeling.

"Happy Fitzroy! to have such a resistless advocate!" said his lordship, looking expressively at Julia, who gravely replied —"That man, indeed, is most happy, my lord, whose own merits, claim, and secure him to, the so honorable support, of such a venerable, and so good a friend, as Doctor Sydenham."

Lord Gaythorn now entered pleasingly into general conversation; and at length, when he arose to take leave, he, with much politeness and hospitality, invited the whole party at the Rectory to dinner, next evening, at seven o'clock; —an invitation which was most cordially accepted by Doctor and Mrs. Hargrave; —and his lordship departed, attended to the very outward gate by the obsequious rector.

The morning was chiefly taken up by a

iety of insipid visitors to Mrs. Hargrave;
at dinner, a large company assembled.
e dinner was fatiguingly pompous, yet
ellently good; but went off heavily, the
ole conversation turning upon the elec-
n.

CHAPTER VII.

WHEN the ladies withdrew from the dining-room, they all went to walk in the grounds; and Celestina was so importunate in her entreaties to Miss Penrose and Julia, to accompany her a little way down a lane that joined the grounds, to see a beautiful owl the pew-opener was rearing for her, that they were at length obliged to acquiesce; when Miss Hargrave led them away from the rest of the party, through the shrubbery, to a wicket, which she let them out of; then following them, after locking the door, she threw the key into a deep stream, which ran at one side of the lane they now were in; and, bursting into a loud laugh at her exploit, cried out—"Ecod! I have played you a nice trick! for we cannot get back through the grounds, that's a sure thing:—so needs must, my dears, when *somebody* drives; and through

the whole town you must parade, to get home — and by the hustings, where I want to go sadly, but knew, if I asked you to go with me, you would not, you are both such *mimini primini's*. — So now I have tricked you nicely into it."

Julia and Miss Penrose looked on each other in amaze and consternation, to the high delight of Miss Hargrave. They saw, that climbing the pales would be as impossible for them, as regaining the key, which had instantly sunk in the muddy stream. They neither of them knew a step of the way (Miss Penrose only having arrived the day before our heroine); had no protection; no guide, but Celestina, whom they had no confidence in. They were both very nicely dressed for the 'drawing-room, but not the street. Luckily, Mrs. Goodwin had thrown round Julia a thin muslin shawl, she had found in the hall as they passed through it, which our heroine now converted into a veil; and assisted Miss Penrose in making the same substitute, of some drapery which hung, merely as an ornament, from Miss Penrose's shoulder: and these happy con-

trivances served both as a good and graceful covering for them.

Preceded now by Celestina, who, in spite of every remonstrance from her trembling companions, shouted "Fitzroy, for ever!" to every individual she met, our poor dismayed heroine and Miss Penrose set forward:—the latter, a pretty, smart, showy girl, sufficiently attractive to be in a most unpleasant situation; and Julia De Clifford, strikingly lovely and elegant, but added to the perils of their walk.

As they entered the town, they were met by numbers, who gazed in surprise and admiration upon them, as, arm and arm, they clung to each other for mutual protection; but their boisterous companion, being universally known, spared them from any insult. At length they reached the market-place, where they were forced to pass the principal inn, every window of which was filled with men. And now, Celestina, darting from them, made directly to the hustings, where she saw old Dick (her own carpenter, who worked for her favorites) doing something to a door.

Her dismayed companions now hesitated, to consider what they could or ought to do. They had neither of them ever been in the market-place before; and knew not which turning would take them to the Rectory. All the shops were shut, upon account of expected tumults, as evening should draw in, and the different public houses should be disembogued of their pot-valiant heroes: when hearing Celestina say, as she sprang forward, "There is old Dick!" they concluded this man to be known to the Hargraves, and therefore they hastily determined to ask him to conduct them home.

By the time they had reached the hustings, Miss Hargrave and Dick had entered the booth. Julia and Miss Penrose entered too, to seek their hoped-for convoy; and saw him hobbling after Celestina, who had now got out upon the hustings, and clambering over every impediment she met with. They had the whole length of the gallery to walk, to the furthest extremity of the building, to pursue those they sought; and they were congratulating each other, upon there being only themselves in the booth, when they heard the sound of fast-

approaching footsteps. They were both too prudent to look behind; but they quickened their pace with palpitating hearts, and increased terror. Their speed, however, was vain; they were overtaken by two dashing, gay, young men, extremely inebriated, who each rudely seised a trembling girl, and, in the moment of surprise and terror, separated them.

Julia's persecutor was infinitely the most inebriated of the two; and the moment he lost the supporting arm of his friend, he seemed ready to fall prostrate at the feet of Julia, who he swore "was an angel, and that he would have a kiss." Our heroine's indignation, now combined with agonised terror, gave her strength to break from the rudesby; and, the moment she eluded his grasp, she ran forward, and reaching the termination of the gallery, bounded over the rail upon the hustings, and was, without hesitation, about to jump off the platform into the area (where she now saw Miss Hargrave and her limping attendant), when she was prevented by an encircling arm, and an exclamation of—"Dear crea-

ture! desist, you know not the danger you would brave!"

"Oh, Mr. Fitzroy! what much, distressing situation, you have again, found for me!" said Julia, turning her lovely face towards him; but her agitation was so violent her articulation was scarcely to be heard.

"Miss De-Clifford!" exclaimed Fitzroy, in visible surprise; —"Miss De Clifford! —How came you . . . . . why are you here, dearest madam? — why do I find you here, in so unprotected a situation?"

Julia's little stock of courage had done as much as it could do for her, and now was completely exhausted. Her heart throbbed, as if it would break from it's boundary. She panted for breath; she trembled so, she was scarcely able to stand. To speak was impossible; and, from the variation of her color, Fitzroy was dreadfully alarmed, fearing she would faint: but he kindly soothed her terrors, by assurances "of her being now in perfect safety, as he would protect her from every insult." At length the courage of our poor heroine rallied a little; she disengaged herself from

Fitzroy's support, and leaned against the railing of the scaffolding.

"Miss De Clifford," said Fitzroy, looking anxiously at her, "will you not speak to me? — Will you not tell me, who you are with at *Z*?"

"Speak to you!" she replied: — "sure I will; for I have a great deal, of many thanks, to give you: — and — and though I am here, in so greatly awkward situation, I did not, to *Z.* come, with any one improper. I did come, with Mrs. Goodwin, to make a visit, to Doctor Hargrave's."

"Doctor Hargrave's!" exclaimed Fitzroy, his countenance portraying the most animated pleasure: — "Then, then, at *last*, I shall be *allowed* the happiness of seeing you!"

"Oh!" said Julia, "you come this evening — Lord Gaythorn did say so, at the Rectory, this morning; and I was very glad, for I wanted still, to give thanks, for your so great goodness to me, at Delamore-house. — But now I am, again, so fortunate, as to be protected of your kindness, let me not forget, my poor companion, in so awkward, distress."

Fear nothing for her," replied Fitzroy; ıe has got the very soul of honor for champion — my particular friend, Lord ıcis Loraine; who, in fact, has now ın me the happiness of being useful to . As you passed the Castle inn, you acted his attention; and he saw you)wed by two very inebriated young ı, and he led me after you (little think- whom I was pursuing), to protect you, ıld you require protection; — and see, r fair friend approaches, with Lord ncis."

Miss Penrose now joined our heroine, nded by a very elegant-looking young ı, whom Julia recognised as the same) had, with Fitzroy, leaped from the iable to Biddy's rescue, and who Fitz- now introduced to her. And Julia has- ed, briefly to account for the awkward ation they had been found in, by relating Lord Francis and Fitzroy the ingenious ice of Miss Hargrave, to lure them to hustings; and both young m[illegible] emely hurt, at the distressing highly-reprehensible conduct

Hargrave had thrown two such very young women into.

"We cannot leave Miss Hargrave here," said Miss Penrose, "and to get her home against her inclination would be impossible."

"Then, let us not attempt it, replied Lord Francis; "but leave the young torment to her own inventions."

"We certainly will not delay a moment, upon her account," said Fitzroy.

"Though not, for her, account," said Julia, "yet, the effort we should make. We, who are, the guest, to Doctor and Mrs. Hargrave, surely ought not, to leave their child, exposed for so great danger; and insults, very much."

"I wish," replied Fitzroy, smiling, "you were not so very good, Miss De Clifford; for I own it is with reluctance I shall make any effort for this abominable girl's security: but, as it is your wish, I....."

At this moment they beheld Celestina catch old Dick by the arm, and hurry out of the area with him into the street.

"Nay," exclaimed Julia, "I do give

her up:—as successfully, might we, make pursuit for an ignis-fatuus."

Lord Francis now conducted Miss Penrose, and Fitzroy Julia, to the Rectory-gate; where they bade them adieu, for a short period, being to go in form, in the course of the evening, to be introduced, by Lord Gaythorn, to Doctor Hargrave.

Julia hastened to communicate her distressing adventure to Mrs. Goodwin, who felt very much hurt at her niece's conduct; and fearing lest our heroine's feet had been wet in the expedition, she persuaded her to go to her chamber, to prevent any evil consequence by necessary precaution: and when she got her there, knowing that Mr. Fitzroy was expected at the Rectory in the course of the evening (but without telling her this, as a reason), recommended her to dress her head again, as the shawl had terribly disordered her hair; and when Julia complied, and was ready to attend her down, Mrs. Goodwin looked on her with approving delight, and many a sanguine expectation.

About nine o'clock, Lords Gaythorn

and Francis Loraine, Mr. Fitzroy, and four other electioneering friends, arrived at the Rectory; and after the form of introduction to Doctor and Mrs. Hargrave, Lord Gaythorn led Fitzroy to Julia (who was seated between Doctor Sydenham and Charles Goodwin), and told him, "to that lady's resistless powers for canvassing, he owed the vote and interest of Doctor Sydenham."

The eyes of Fitzroy now sparkled with additional lustre.—"I wished, most anxiously," said he, "for the vote and interest of Doctor Sydenham; because I considered them as amongst the highest honors I could receive: but coming from such a source, increases their value above all estimation."

"Mr. Fitzroy," said Doctor Sydenham, "I had predetermined not to give my vote at all upon this occasion; but one little anecdote, told by artless Innocence, was conviction to me, that I could not bestow my vote more honorably for myself, more beneficially for my country, than by giving it to you."

Fitzroy bowed gracefully, to this excellent old man; whilst his eyes, beaming with gratitude and satisfaction, were riveted upon the blushing Julia; and the world would he have given to have heard her tell that anecdote, which had thus gained for him a partisan of so much importance.

Charles Goodwin had modestly arisen from his seat, upon the approach of Lord Gaythorn, and was now beckoned away by his attentive mother; when instantly Fitzroy took the vacant chair, and joined in conversation with our heroine and Doctor Sydenham; until, at length, Lord Francis Loraine approached, and took an opportunity of saying softly to Fitzroy, but still loud enough for Julia to hear —

"You are a dreadful dunce at electioneering, Horatio!—Your attention should not thus be devoted to one object, however fascinating." Fitzroy colored highly; and, though smiling, arose with reluctance, addressed every one most graciously by turns, and paid his attentions indiscriminately for the remainder of the evening.

But Doctor Hargrave, the man of the world, and of acute observation, had seen enough, in this short attention paid by Fitzroy to Julia, that indicated more than a common interest.—He saw Lord Francis Loraine take the place of his friend, and pay her every respect.—He also beheld Lord Gaythorn's undisguised admiration of her; and heard his enthusiastic encomiums upon her beauty and elegance of manners;—from all which he took a lesson to adapt his own demeanour by; and his before frigid conduct to our heroine thawed at once, and he became her zealous panegyrist, and most devoted and obsequious very humble servant.

By half past ten, all the visitors, except the inmates of the Rectory, had taken their departure; and about twelve, all separated for the night, when Julia took care to secure her chamber from the incursions of Miss Hargrave. Though Julia had encountered no bodily fatigue that day, her spirits had gone through a good deal of exertion; and she was glad to get to bed, where she made the most use of her time,

by sleeping indefatigably until her usual hour for waking in a morning, when she arose cheerful and well; and, according to an appointment of the preceding night, took a most delightful walk, of three miles, before breakfast, with Doctor Sydenham and her great friend and favorite Charles Goodwin. She found the doctor so entertaining, cheerful, and instructive a companion, that the walk seemed as nothing of fatigue to her; and with reluctance she returned to the Rectory, when Dr. Hargrave failed not to admire the beautiful addition Miss De Clifford had made to the roses of her cheeks, by her morning's ramble.

The gentlemen hastily dispatched their breakfast, that they might attend their favored candidate to the hustings; and Celestina chose to be of their party.

At one o'clock, Dr. Hargrave's coach was announced; and the four ladies set out in it to the Priory, for Mrs. Hargrave to pay her compliments to Lady Gaythorn.

"Does her ladyship never call upon you, Matilda?" asked Mrs. Goodwin.

—We shall all go to-morrow; as it will then be style;—for Lady Gaythorn goes to-morrow."

At length they completed their morning visits, and airing; returned home; got something to eat, to enable them to wait for the evening's dinner; and, in due time, they all retired to dress.—At the toilet of our heroine, Mrs. Goodwin failed not to preside, lest Biddy O'Connor should not succeed in her department, and that one of the beautiful new muslin dresses should not be put on to every advantage. At length Julia's toilet was finished; and Mrs. Goodwin thought, in her own mind, that Fitzroy must this day be completely vanquished.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE pure country air, the exercise she had taken, the constant amusement and change of scene, by withdrawing her thoughts from gloomy retrospections, with two nights of tranquil, undisturbed repose, had all combined to improve our heroine's looks in an astonishingly visible degree; and most strikingly elegant and lovely she entered the 'drawing-room, at the Priory, where numerous guests were already assembled;—for Mrs. Hargrave thought it stylish, always to be last; but upon this day she seemed to have lost her charter, for, late as she came, a number of the company arrived after her party, nor was Lord Gaythorn himself in the room.

Fitzroy was standing near the door telling the high-sheriff, and Mr. Smith (one of his brother-candidates), something of

consequence, as the Rectory party entered; when suddenly he lost the thread of his discourse — he hesitated — he stammered: she sheriff listened attentively. Mr. Smith (who was a little longer than a fashionable fan) raised himself on tip-toe, to peer in his face, to see if he was taken ill; and beheld the eyes of Fitzroy fascinated by, and with his whole thoughts fixed upon, the beautiful Julia De Clifford, as she moved to her seat, about half way up the room, where Mrs. Hargrave placed herself and party.

"Well, sir," said the sheriff, "I am all attention."

"So is Mr. Fitzroy," said Mr. Smith, archly.

This remark brought Fitzroy to himself; and he gravely went on with the subject he was before engaged in.

"Matilda!" said Mrs. Goodwin, "are we not to be presented to the lady of the mansion?"

"No," replied Mrs. Hargrave; "it is not the way of the house. She knows not half the company here; nor desires to know them. She only notices her guests

ıe is in the humor; and her guests are
to notice her. — At present, I see, she
sing."

[rs. Goodwin and Julia now looked to
upper end of the room, and saw, lean-
back on a sopha, with her feet upon
'urkish cushion, a very beautiful young
ıan (extremely pale), carelessly dressed,
ı her eyes closed, and a book lying open
ıer lap.

Is this the new school?" said Mrs.
ıdwin? "If it is, I have lived long
ugh out of the world to be amazed
t."

Not absolutely," returned her sister;
ut ease, without ceremony, is the pre-
t mode."

Upon that, *sedio*, there are, very cer-
ıly, both," said Julia, smiling.

t was very easy to distinguish the stran-
s, in this assemblage, from those who
re acquainted with the *way of the house*.
e former sat wonder-struck, formal,
l uncomfortable; while the latter formed
ımselves in unconcerned groups, and
ıtted away, with as much easy freedom
if collected before dinner in the public

rooms at Buxton, Matlock, or any similar place, where each guest was to pay for his dinner.

"Does not Lady Gaythorn look beautiful asleep?" said Mrs. Hargrave.

"Yes," replied Julia; "but I should admire her, greatly more, if awake, she was."

Just at this moment, the sleeping beauty opened her eyes; and the first object they encountered was Julia. Her ladyship started from her recumbent posture; and, with a gracious smile, beckoned our heroine, who instantly arose, and with a timid grace, peculiar to herself, approached Lady Gaythorn; and Fitzroy's discourse with the sheriff again became confused and broken.

"Take that seat," said Lady Gaythorn, pointing to a chair which was lying in an oblique direction before the sopha; "and do tell me who you came with here?"

"I did come, with Mrs. Hargrave, madam; at whose house I stay;" replied Julia, in much astonishment at the cool ease, and supineness, of her ladyship's manner.

"Do tell me, how you came to be at her house?"

"With Mrs. Hargrave's sister, I did come, there."

"Mrs. Hargrave's sister!—Oh! I remember to have heard something about *that* woman. She married vastly beneath herself;—some horrible mechanic;—and is not producible.....S—o! you came to Z. with *that* woman.—Humph!" and her ladyship now sunk back into her former position; when seeing Julia about to rise, and rejoin her party, she hastily exclaimed—"Don't go:—I shall think of something else to say to you, presently."

At this instant, Fitzroy approached:—"Miss De Clifford," said he, "I have been very anxious to find a moment, again to thank you for the important support of Doctor Sydenham. My cause was going on but languidly, until the good doctor voted; and then a tide turned in my favor, so great, it appeared almost miraculous."

Julia was just beginning to declare, what her countenance had eloquently expressed, "the great pleasure she experi-

enced in having procured any advantage for him," when Lady Gaythorn, suddenly starting from her intended slumber, called to Fitzroy to sit by her on the sopha; and then earnestly talked to him, in a low voice; but the sounds were not so low as to escape being distinctly heard by Julia. —

"You know that fascinating creature?" said her ladyship.

"I have that honor," Fitzroy replied.

"Honor! — Nonsense! — But, seriously, I am quite grieved that she has been brought to this election, to throw her in the way of observation; and of so many men of rank and fortune! none of whom will marry her; for, transcendently beautiful and highly fashioned as she is, she can be nobody, from the people she is come with: and I foretel her fate. — By next winter we shall see her, glittering in gems, at public places; where ....."

"My dear Lady Gaythorn!" softly exclaimed Fitzroy, whilst his face was suffused with the deepest carmine tint, "you know not who she is; that she cannot fall to that degraded state your feeling heart

has led you to apprehend. She is a De Clifford; grand-daughter to the fourteenth Earl of Castlehaven: and, by her mother's side, descended from the Di Montmorenci family."

"Indeed!"—then, why is she with such people?"

"I cannot exactly tell you," said Fitzroy; "but suppose—believe—nay, I—I think—I know—that is, I mean, it is very possible, some of her mother's relations—some of those emigrant dukes and marquises—not being overburthened with riches, may have placed her with Mrs. Goodwin."

"What for?" asked Lady Gaythorn.

"To, to a—to learn English. You find, she still retains something of the foreign idiom."

"But it would be an absolute crime, to despoil her of that; it sounds so interesting—so innocent."

"So I think, too; but she might not always have spoken so bewitchingly, when she understood less of English."

"But, learn English from a mechanic's wife!—The thing's impossible. Where did

you become acquainted with Miss De Clifford?"

"At Lord Delamore's," replied Fitzroy, unhesitatingly.

"Indeed! Then I may notice her, without impropriety."

At this moment Lord Gaythorn (who had at last appeared) called Fitzroy out of the room, upon business; and Lady Gaythorn graciously requested the deeply-mortified Julia to sit on the sopha with her.

Our heroine, during the foregoing conversation, was most unpleasantly situated. Her first feelings would have instantly led her away; had not pride interposed, and commanded her to stay, and affect not to hear the humiliating conference. She therefore, although a novice in art, attempted to appear totally absorbed in admiration of some beautiful plants which were near her. She was very grateful for Fitzroy's kindness, in striving to raise her consequence; but felt hurt, and grieved, that he had stooped to the aid of a subterfuge to effect it.

Lord Francis Loraine now joined Lady Gaythorn, and took Julia's just vacated

chair, at the moment Mrs. Goodwin attracted her ladyship's attention. —

"That's a gentlewoman," said Lady Gaythorn; "simple and elegant in her appearance: and such sweetness and intelligence of countenance I have seldom seen. — Who can tell me her name?"

"That, madam," said Julia, "is, to Mrs. Hargrave, sister."

"A mechanic's wife, so elegant! — astonishing!" exclaimed her ladyship; and she now yawned in Lord Francis's face, leaned back on the sopha, with eyes half closed, and looking so drowsy, it was with the utmost difficulty his lordship and our heroine could repress the sympathy she excited; Lord Francis contrived, however, to change his involuntary convulsion into a smile. —

"Do, Miss De Clifford," said he, "look at your *friend*, Miss Hargrave."

Julia looked, and beheld a most extraordinary countenanced man, with grotesque gesticulation, holding forth to an odd group of over-dressed country gentlewomen; and Celestina Hargrave, standing close behind him, caricaturing every action with all the

strongly-marked force of comic mimicry. Julia did now, what she had not done for nearly two years; — she laughed outright. She could not suppress her risibility. Lord Francis, infected by the natural innocence of her laugh, laughed too. Lady Gaythorn, roused by their risibility, looked up, saw Celestina, and laughed until the tears ran down her cheeks.

And now the 'drawing-room door burst open; and an uncommonly dashing, fine, little man, with an enormous opera hat, rushed in, and flying up to Lady Gaythorn, made her several profound bows. Instantly her ladyship's countenance changed, from plebeian mirth to a fixed stare, combining surprise and apathy mingled in it's expression.

"Your ladyship did not expect me to-day, I believe," said the fine little man, hesitatingly.

"No," replied Lady Gaythorn; "nor any day that I recollect."

"My lord," said this spruce beau, a little nettled, "invited me *himself*, upon the hustings."

"Very likely," replied her ladyship. —

"My lord, I do suppose, invited all the people present:" and now she took up her book, and began earnestly to read.

The little man seemed greatly disconcerted; but yet resolved not to be so pusillanimously discomfited. — "This has been a very charming day, Lady Gaythorn," said he, perseveringly.

"Thank you," she replied: "but I have been out, and observed the weather."

The little man now seemed at his wits' ends; but after a pause, he spoke again. — "I am vastly happy to find Mr. Fitzroy goes on so swimmingly: — his voters were enormous to-day."

"*You*, then, did not vote for him?" said her ladyship.

"I have no vote in this county," replied the little beau, now completely mortified.

"Then what could possibly have induced my lord to invite him here?" said her ladyship, in an audible whisper, to Lord Francis; while the little consequential, finding he was not likely to make his way in the favor of Lady Gaythorn, slunk away: but ere he had walked a dozen paces his self-

importance was restored;—he erected his crest, re-plumed, and addressed every party he came near, with some common-place observation, or piece of universally-known news, until he met with some one to listen complacently to him. At length, Lord Gaythorn re-entered; when the little man seised his lordship (who was all condescension to every guest in his house) by the arm, and walked up the room, with an air of triumph, to convince Lady Gaythorn how vastly intimate he was with her lord.

"Heavens!" exclaimed her ladyship, "what is to become of me!—I shall be absolutely annihilated, by that little man's looks of resentment, and my lord's angry glances, which I perfectly understand. By my monopolising Miss De Clifford, I demolish some of his *honorable* projects.—He certainly has had some plot in his head against you, my dear; and being with me is your place of safety, as he never approaches the air which I contaminate."

Julia was shocked at the careless manner in which Lady Gaythorn talked of her hus-

band's depravity; but resolved, if being near her ladyship was to secure her from the fulsome adulation and distressing gaze of Lord Gaythorn, to remain with her as long as her ladyship's caprice would permit her.

"As to that atom," continued her ladyship, "I suppose he thinks I sit here to be civil to all the people my lord invites to his table!"

"The little gentleman may be something unreasonable," replied Lord Francis, smiling; "but were I Lord Gaythorn, I own I should expect a little of such condescension from my wife."

"Were you Lord Gaythorn, perhaps you might: but my lord has no such expectation: for it would be absolute slavery. — Consider the motley throng."....

"But do you consider the occasion — an election?"

"It is always like an election in my house. I never know if I am to have the *happiness* of dining, *tête-à-tête*, with my lord, or to be fatigued with a party of twenty, as equally odious creatures. My lord is afflicted with such a frensied hos-

pitality, that he has lost all power of discrimination. If a woman has a pretty face, or a man says a clever or a civil thing to him, he instantly invites their whole tribe to dinner. This little undaunted was overturned, with five sisters, in a hackney-coach, at my door, in the winter, in town; my lord, who saw the accident, hauled them all out of the coach, with the straw about their heels, into my 'drawing-room; and because some of the girls were good-looking, he was so unreasonable as to insist upon my carriage taking them home (to Wapping, I believe, on my life, it really was!) It cost me a fortune in lavender-water, to purify my coach, after six Sunday people being stewed in it. My lord scrambled up an acquaintance with the Hottentots; and absolutely brought the Tom Thumb brother to my box, at the opera, when I was actually in it; though he refused to tell me the man's name — I am sure, because he was ashamed to reveal it. After this anecdote, can you wonder at my inattention to my lord's far from select guests; or when I do happen to notice them, if it is only to make them stare at my eccentricities?"

Julia would have commiserated Lady Gaythorn, for being united to a man so every way ill calculated for domestic happiness, had she not been in possession of an anecdote which Doctor Sydenham had that morning communicated to her.

By his former marriage, Lord Gaythorn had three sons; the two eldest were married, and each had a numerous family. The youngest, and infinitely the most amiable of the whole race, had long been attached to the present Lady Gaythorn, who gave him every encouragement, and was, in fact, under a serious engagement to him; when, in consequence of his application for his father's consent to his marriage with the object of his tender affections, his lordship became acquainted with his son's choice; who instantly became his own also. He offered himself, and was accepted instead of his son, with whom she stood no chance (from the already mentioned impediments) of wearing a coronet; though she very shortly after did mourning, for the martyr to her perfidy, who, in the army, and careless of life, threw himself into the way of

destruction, and fell in battle, unviversally lamented.

"But does not your ladyship, sometimes, allow your eccentricity to carry you a *little* too far, by giving offence to the neighbourhood, in which you reside?" said Lord Francis.

"Oh! yes, frequently; but then I know how to appease the people, and be forgiven.—I have only to issue cards for a *fête*, a masqued ball, or something very gay;—have every thing superb;—play the agreeable condescending hostess:—my offences are wiped off, and I begin a new score."

The long-expected dinner was now announced. Lord Gaythorn handed the high sheriff's lady to it. The rest of the party followed, as inclination or vicinity to the door prompted.—Lady Gaythorn gave her hand to Lord Francis; and desired Fitzroy, who now hastily joined her ladyship's party, to take care of Miss De Clifford, and not to let the people separate them:—"As I *choose*," said Lady Gaythorn, "that Miss De Clifford should sit next to me at dinner."

Fitzroy, with evident satisfaction, undertook the care of Julia; whom he led to the dining-room, placed next her ladyship, and himself beside her. Lord Gaythorn and his chaplain performed the honors of the table; and Lady Gaythorn placed herself, unconcernedly, at one side of the festive board, as one of the guests.

Julia, seated at table, looked anxiously round for Mrs. Goodwin and Charles, and had the pleasure of finding them, with the rest of the Rectory party, sitting exactly opposite to her: Mrs. Hargrave deriving high consolation, since she was not noticed herself by Lady Gaythorn, from *her* visitor being the only lady who was.

Lady Gaythorn now pointed out to our heroine, and Lord Francis, many a grotesque group and figure in this motley assemblage.—"As to Fitzroy," said her ladyship, "he is upon his good behaviour here; and must not do any thing but be civil, and admire the quizzes at Lord Gaythorn's *table-d'hôte*."

Several ludicrous incidents occurred during dinner, which proved almost too much for the *politesse* of Julia, Lord Francis, and

Fitzroy, to keep their risibility in subjection; but Lady Gaythorn made no attempt to conceal her feelings, and laughed at every thing absurd she saw.

There were so many electioneering demands upon Fitzroy's attention during dinner, that Julia did not wholly monopolise them; but every word, look, and assiduity, which he could spare from duty, were eagerly devoted to her; except when, now and then, a transient fit of thoughtfulness seemed to steal him from her and all around him. He told Julia, however, in their broken conversation, "that, since he had met her at Delamore-house, Lady Theodosia had been seriously indisposed, from her anxious and fatiguing attendance upon her mother, who had recovered but slowly; and being ordered frequent change of air and scene, had been scarcely a day in London, since she had been able to quit it. That Lord Delamore, too, had just been taken dangerously ill, at the family seat, in Dorsetshire; and upon an express arriving in town with the alarming intelligence, Lady Theodosia (though scarcely recovered) went instantly to her father; while Lady

Selina, his favorite, and most indulged child, although in perfect health, refused to go: nor did she remain in town from duty to her mother, as Lady Delamore was at Tunbridge Wells, and still too much of an invalid to hear even of her husband's indisposition: and Lady Theodosia having staid in London, not being considered by her physicians sufficiently recovered to accompany her mother to Tunbridge, her sudden and hazardous expedition to Delamore Castle was undertaken unknown to Lady Delamore.

Fitzroy now made a long, and profoundly thoughtful pause, apparently of indecision; and at length, with a countenance suddenly animated, as if with joy at having at last determined something of painful irresolution, he again addressed Julia. —

"When my fate here is decided," he said, "and that we both return to town, I hope, Miss De Clifford, you will have the goodness to prevail upon Mr. Goodwin to allow me the honor and happiness of paying my respects to you."

Julia readily undertook to promise for

Mr. Goodwin's prompt permission; and from this moment the abstracted reveries of Fitzroy vanished, his countenance beamed with cloudless animation, and his conversation to every one became at once spirited, brilliant, and fascinating. Mrs. Goodwin was delighted, and full of sanguine expectations; and Doctor Sydenham was an attentive observer.

"Pray," said Lady Gaythorn, suddenly addressing Fitzroy, "is this true, that Lord Francis tells me—Had your uncle really no other child than the late marquis?".

"Poor Penmorva was my uncle's only child," replied Fitzroy.

"Well, I always thought there was another boy living.—So, then, you are absolutely heir-presumptive to the dukedom of Bridgetower?" said Lady Gaythorn.

"Absolutely," returned Fitzroy.

Mrs. Goodwin colored to a crimson tint, and her eyes danced with joy at this unexpected intelligence; while Julia looked as composed as if she had heard their majesties had taken an airing; although she knew not before any thing further of Fitzroy's family, than that he was nephew to

Lady Delamore, and that his elder only, and half brother, was a baronet.

"And do tell me, Fitzroy," said her ladyship, "when Sir Charles Stratton is to marry your odious cousin?"

"My *odious cousin*, as your ladyship pleasantly terms her, is to become my sister some time this autumn."

"But surely your brother was deranged, Fitzroy, not to choose the other Lady Southerland!"

"His affairs *were*, and therefore he chose the one most likely to bring him the largest portion. Infatuated Charles has, I fear . . . . . But, dear Lady Gaythorn! allow me to change this, to me, most distressing subject; by inquiring if my hopes are to be realised, by your honoring the hustings with your presence to-morrow?"

"Most certainly.—I go, with a select party of my own friends, to support you." Fitzroy bowed; and Lady Gaythorn continued.—"And take you care of your heart, to-morrow; for I mean to take a blaze of beauty with me, that shall not be surpassed upon the hustings."

"I fear not your beauties; for I am now invulnerable to any blaze of charms that may assail me;" said Fitzroy.

"Do n't be too confident, I advise you."

"I am confident," he replied, "that no beauty can surpass that which I see, at Lord Gaythorn's table, this present moment."

"Well, remember I tell you," said Lady Gaythorn, "that you will pay homage at my shrine to-morrow, by worshiping the most lovely of my votaries. . . . . But I am weary of talking now — and, indeed, of company!" and she arose precipitately from table, and hurried away, taking no notice of Julia, or any other person.

All the ladies considered this as a signal for their departure; which they instantly obeyed. Fitzroy having conducted our heroine to her female friends, she, with them and the other ladies, hastened into the hall; where they all gladly remained for some moments, to inhale the fresh breezes which here were admitted on every side, and to regale their senses with a beautiful collection of green-house plants, which, with transparencies and variegated lamps,

were dispersed about, having the most pleasing effect.

"What are we to do now, Matilda?" asked Mrs. Goodwin.

"What we please," replied Mrs. Hargrave. "So we will go into the 'drawing-room, and see if there are cards prepared for us."

Those who knew the *way of the house* went, as inclination led them, to the 'drawing-room; and the strangers, who were not initiated in the mysteries of the mansion, cunningly followed the knowing ones.

It had been intensely warm in the dining-room, both from the heat of the evening (which was uncommonly sultry for the time of year) and the number of people collected there; then infinite was the astonishment of the wandering guests, to find her ladyship sitting upon a Turkish cushion, before one of the fire-places in the 'drawing-room, with a wax taper in her hand, setting a combustible ready-laid pile into a blaze; and then, with a beautiful small pair of Tunbridge-ware bellows, blowing the flame, until she accomplished the task

of making an excellent Christmas fire. This done, she snugged herself upon her little cushion, up close to the fire; while her husband's guests, some promenading, some formally seated, fanning themselves, all gazing in amazement at her employment, and wondering at the necessity she could possibly feel for it.

Amongst the promenaders, were the Rectory party; and, as they once passed near her ladyship, she caught a glimpse of Mrs. Hargrave, and eagerly exclaimed —

"Dear Mrs. Hargrave! how do you? Why, 't is an age since I saw you. Are you not perishing with cold? — Do come, and sit by my nice fire. — You 'll find a cushion some-where."

Mrs. Hargrave had been complaining loudly of the heat; and by fretting about it, and fanning, she had thrown herself into an actual flame: but the moment her ladyship graciously supposed she was cold, and asked her to sit beside her, she was seised with an accommodating shivering fit; and finding a cushion, sat down in great triumph for the honor of being baked with a countess: while some of the initiated

formed parties at cards, for their own amusement, and some of the novices followed their example.

At length the party in the dining-room broke up. Many of them went away, without making their appearance, but a great number flocked to the drawing-room. Doctor Sydenham and Charles Goodwin had gone home early. Lord Francis joined the two comets; and Lord Gaythorn, and Fitzroy, allured by a different attraction, sought our heroine, and joined her little party. Lord Gaythorn, from having made large libations with his guests, was even more disgustingly annoying to poor Julia than usual; which Mrs. Goodwin and Fitzroy observing, they united their efforts to relieve her from his attentions.

At length, the carriages were announced, and the guests began their general departure: when Lord Gaythorn was compelled to leave his station by our heroine, to bid his company good-night, and hand the different ladies to their respective carriages; in which ceremony the four candidates found themselves under the necessity of assisting his lordship.

When Doctor Hargrave's coach was proclaimed, Mrs. Goodwin, Julia, Miss Penrose, and Celestina, drew near the fire. Doctor Hargrave called to his wife; and Lady Gaythorn started up. —

"My dear Miss De Clifford!" said her ladyship, with the most winning politeness and cordiality, "I hope you will give me the pleasure of your company at dinner to-morrow, to meet a party of my friends, whom I am sure you will admire, as much as they must be charmed with you."

"Augusta!" cried Lord Gaythorn, angrily, who was now in waiting to hand out Julia — "Augusta! how can you ask such a thing, or suppose Miss De Clifford will leave Mrs. Hargrave, whose guest she is, to dine with you?"

"I obtained Mrs. Hargrave's permission, before I attempted to ask the favor of Miss De Clifford; with whom I shall feel myself exceedingly jealous, if, when she accepted your invitation, my lord, she rejects mine;" said her ladyship, with a sweet and playfully arch smile.

"Since, Mrs. Hargrave, has had so very much goodness, to give for me leave,

madam, I shall with pleasure great deal accept the invitation, you so honor me with," said Julia, curtsying gracefully; and most happy in an opportunity of doing any thing that was displeasing to his lordship.

"And still further, I wish to trespass on your goodness, Miss De Clifford," said Lady Gaythorn.—"By Mrs. Hargrave's kind permission, and your willing assent, I trust you will accompany me to the hustings to-morrow: I shall have the pleasure of calling for you, myself, at twelve o'clock."

Julia gracefully assented; and Lady Gaythorn now looked significantly at Fitzroy, and smiled. Fitzroy's countenance was instantly suffused with the deepest-tinted blush; and Lord Francis, gliding behind him, softly said—"Her ladyship has discovered your secret, Horatio!"

Our heroine was led to the carriage by Fitzroy, who had taken her hand several minutes sooner than there was the smallest necessity for; and she had left it with him, fearing Lord Gaythorn should escort her out, as she perceived by his manœuvring he meant to do.

As the ladies got into the coach, the horses seemed unwilling to stand. Mrs. Goodwin's cowardice took the alarm; but fearing Doctor Hargrave (who was only stopping to bid Lord Gaythorn, again, good-night), she kept her apprehensions to herself. The rector thus waiting, to make more congress to his patron, displayed to the party in the coach the four candidates, standing in a row together; and nothing, undoubtedly, could have been done to show Fitzroy's strikingly fine, tall, graceful, figure, and handsome face, to more forcible advantage. — Mr. Smith, we have already intimated, was of the first order of dwarfhood; with an immense head, curving legs, and an enormous nose, red as Bardolph's. Sir Samuel Clodly was an inert structure of powerless bones and sinews, badly formed, and worse put together; with a face in which each feature might be discerned at some leagues distance at sea, without the aid of a telescope. Mr. Rackrent was long past the prime of life; and had shrivelled up his face and person, by perpetual fretting; and had frowned upon all around him, until his countenance became an object of extreme terror to children and all

his inferiors, of disgust to all his equals and superiors.

The contrast struck Celestina (who was no respecter of persons) so forcibly, that, to the dismay of her companions, she suddenly exclaimed—"No hobgoblins! Fitzroy, for ever!"

"Hobgoblins! child!—Although the night is impenetrably dark, you cannot fear any, with such a coachful;" said her highly disconcerted father, hastily getting into the carriage, which now moved on, rather uneasily, in a kind of jerking, zigzag direction.

"Celestina, my love," said Doctor Hargrave, "your reason should teach you, not to shock the feelings of those who . . . ." Suddenly the coach stopped; voices were heard surrounding it, and some one seemed to dismount, awkwardly, from the box. Doctor Hargrave, in alarm, demanded "what was the matter?" and was answered by Mr. Smith—

"Nothing now, Doctor. There was a little impediment in your way, which has been fortunately removed, and you are now perfectly safe. Good-night!"

The coach again moved on; but now swiftly, and with spirit.

"Geeho!" cried Miss Hargrave. "Old Ralph drives as if he had been to the mill, and in one minute was ground young again. — Ecod! he mades the puffy horses smoke for it!"

"He drives, indeed, like a second Phaeton!" replied her father. "Surely he is inspired!"

"To be sure he is — with a wish to get away from those scare-crows," said his daughter. "I am sure it was those deformities of nature that started the horses."

The coach now stopped at the Rectory. Julia was the first to alight, and to her extreme amazement, beheld Fitzroy standing by the carriage, ready to hand her out.

"Mr. Fitzroy!" she exclaimed; "Why you come, on flying dragon; or riding on the meteor!"

"No," he replied; "my humble conveyance was — the coach-box."

"Which was also mine," said Lord Francis Loraine, now approaching her.

"What can this mean?" asked Doctor Hargrave.

"I must earnestly implore your mercy, Doctor Hargrave and forgiveness, for your poor coachman," replied Fitzroy; "who made such potent libations to my success, that he rendered himself totally unable to perform in his vocation to-night; and the least I could do, in gratitude, was to prove his substitute; and I trust you found me a careful one."

Doctor Hargrave *said* "he was inexpressibly shocked at the circumstance," although secretly elated at the flattering incident, of a duke's grandson, and heir presumptive to the title, and a marquis's son, having conferred such an honor on his family. But now a very great difficulty presented itself to the rector:—he could not offer his carriage to convey these knights-errant home, having no coachman to convey it back. "They preferred walking," Lord Francis said; "but, as the night was dark, and a number of streams and posts in their way, they would accept an escort, with a lantern;" and while the lantern was getting ready, his lordship joined the ladies in the drawing-room; for Lord Francis alone was left to hear the

fine speeches and apologies of Doctor Hargrave, Fitzroy having closely followed Miss De Clifford to the 'drawing-room; and where seated by her, when the lantern was announced, Lord Francis was compelled repeatedly to call him to depart, before he could prevail upon himself to take leave, which, with evident reluctance, he at length did.

Julia felt not at all sorry for his departure, as she was very tired; and feared she might sleep too long in the morning, if kept up much later, and be deprived of the pleasure of fulfilling her appointment with Doctor Sydenham, to take an early walk.

CHAPTER IX.

JULIA, Doctor Sydenham, and Charles Goodwin, were true to their appointment the following morning; but the latter, almost in tears, informed his companions, "that Celestina, hearing them talk of their intended excursion, had arisen early, on purpose to accompany them, and spoil their pleasure."

Celestina now made her appearance; and told them "she meant to be very quiet and orderly," and was as good as her word. They found her very useful, in understanding the secret of opening gates, knowing the best paths, where there were vicious cattle, and where sharp dogs; and did certainly contrive to amuse her cousin a little, by challenging him to leap ditches, and jump with poles over dikes.

Julia and Doctor Sydenham walked together. This venerable man seemed un-

usually thoughtful; and Julia feared he was not well. At last he suddenly asked her, "What she thought of the candidates?"

"Mr. Smith, sir," she replied, "is unfortunate, for figure: but he seems, the quick, shrewd, and so clever man, as if he possessed, information a great deal; and his conversation appeared to me, spirited, sometimes sarcastic, but always much entertaining."

"You have hit him off exactly. I know him intimately.—Now for the others—what you think of them?"

"Of Mr. Rackrent, I shrink from the horror, of at all thinking: and for Sir Samuel Clodly, I grieve, for why, Nature has, in every respect, dealt so very severely, hard, for him."

"You are an accurate discriminator of character, I see.—Come, now for Mr. Fitzroy."....

"My opinion, of Mr. Fitzroy, can no more, now, be for the unprejudiced one; therefore I do think it fair not quite to give sentiments for him; after speaking, so much freely, of his opponents."

"Cannot now give an unprejudiced opi-

nion of Mr. Fitzroy!—Perhaps I may presume too much, if I request an explanation?"

Julia now sketched, with artless ingenuity, a slight outline of her own history and situation; —told all the particulars of her humiliating visit at Delamore-house, and Fitzroy's conduct there; his rescue of Biddy O'Connor; and, lastly his protecting her from the insults of the inebriated young men upon the hustings. "And thus, Doctor Sydenham," she added, "circumstances have arisen, one after another to follow, that make display for me, of the much goodness of Mr. Fitzroy's heart; the rare perfections, of his so great deal, amiable mind: and although I do know very certainly, my reason has to tell, I must for him have the thought so estimable, yet gratitude I feel, cannot ever prove for me, the impartial judge: and beside this all, dear sir, he is in resemblance strong for one dear friend to me (the friend dearest of my heart), and this resemblance, for sure, makes it's much effect; for I look not on him, as I do, on other so nearly strangers, but seem to see in him, some one, who

comes for the claim, of renewal, to former friendship.

"Friendship!" said Doctor Sydenham.

"Yes, dear sir," Julia replied; "for the friend, for whom Mr. Fitzroy reminds so me, is a lady; and what I feel for him, is only, slight miniature, in faintest coloring, of even, the least, great, of estimating thought, I cherish for her."

Julia's little history of herself affected Doctor Sydenham sensibly; he had pressed her hand in silent sympathy: and now, the ingenuous unfoldings of her sentiments relative to Fitzroy kept him silent, for he apprehending something more serious in them than she was in the least aware of.

Just at this time, Miss Hargrave, having achieved the exploit of clearing a rather difficult leap, exultingly cried out—"Huzza! Fitzroy, for ever!"

"The exclamation, for Miss Hargrave, sir," said Julia, "reminds of me, the election; and may I ask for you, the state, of the poll, at it's shut, yesterday? I am anxious so much, for Mr. Fitzroy's good success, that I give for you the trouble of my inquiry."

"The poll yesterday, closed greatly in favor of Fitzroy and Smith," replied Doctor Sydenham; "whom, I have no doubt, will prove the successful candidates. Smith's great grandfather, grandfather, and father, successively, represented the county, with much honor to themselves; and I think it impossible that Smith can be thrown out, whose father, feeling himself in a state approaching to superannuation, handsomely vacated that seat in parliament which he had no longer power to hold with justice to his constituents. Exactly at the same period, our other late worthy representative died; which made the two vacancies: when Fitzroy (whose chief property lies in this country) was applied to by many respectable persons to set up; but very nobly he declined, not thinking it honorable to contend with the sons of the late representatives, whom he doubted not would stand. But Sir Walter Lovechase declined; and then Fitzroy came forward, with much popularity, for his handsome conduct; while our other two candidates were as much reprobated, for starting, in the first instance, to contend with the sons of men univer-

sally respected. When the polling began, we all expected from the popularity Mr. Fitzroy had justly acquired, that his numbers of votes would have kept pace with Smith's; but malice had industriously spread a report, formed with much plausibility, of his being a concealed Jacobin — a secret espouser of French principles; and the tide turned with inconceivable fury, against him until I voted; when, from my being an old and steady man, firmly attached to the church and state, the calumny was disbelieved at once, and numbers flocked to his standard: but to-day we expect his success to be almost unprecedented; for when he addressed the multitude, from the hustings, after the close of the poll, he charmed and captivated every hearer, by the fascination of his eloquence, the candor of his speech, the solidity of judgement, the knowlege of our laws, and love of our constitution which he displayed. Indeed, he seemed inspired, on purpose to astonish and delight us."

They all now reached home; and, with well-earned appetites, sat down to breakfast.

Mrs. Goodwin, as usual, attended the toilet of our heroine; and was very well satisfied with her appearance, when ready to accompany Lady Gaythorn to the hustings: for Julia's beauty looked equally captivating, in whatever style of dress she wore; as she seemed ever to give charms to dress, and not her dress to her.

Punctually at twelve, Lady Gaythorn was announced; and she entered the Rectory alone, or attended only by the most winning politeness, and striking condescension. She was now highly rouged and attired, with studied care, in a most fashionable and elegant morning-dress. This visit was to Julia, who accompanied her ladyship to a barouche, in which were Ladies Caroline and Susan Strictland, cousins to Lady Gaythorn; two fine-looking young women, to whom our heroine was now introduced: and in a landau, which preceded the barouche, were three more Ladies Strictland, with their mother the Countess of Landgrave.

As these carriages were gaily and fancifully decked with wreaths of laurel and Fitzroy's colors, they passed amidst the

loudest acclamations, as the populace were now in a disposition to be madly enthusiastic in favor of Fitzroy.

At the outward gate of the hustings, Lady Gaythorn and party were met by Lord Francis Loraine, and two Mr. Stricklands (sons to Lady Landgrave), who conducted the eight ladies to the hustings, at the entrance door of which a great crowd had assembled, both within and without. Fitzroy just caught a glimpse of Julia, as she was attempting an entrance; when instantly he darted from the sheriff's box, made his way to her, and taking her hand, led her unmolested through a lane, now opened for the party, in compliment to Fitzroy. And this particular solicitude for the safety of our heroine, and marked attention to her, soon caused the circulation of a report (which gained general belief) that she was to be united to Fitzroy immediately after the termination of the election; and every one agreed they would be as beautiful a pair as ever were votaries at the altar of Hymen.

Fitzroy obtained commodious seats for Lady Gaythorn and her party; and paid

them as much attention as the business of the day would admit of. Julia had the pleasure of seeing her Rectory friends enter unmolested, under convoy of the high sheriff, and get convenient places; but the crowd, the bustle, the continued noise and shouting, the perpetual movement of objects, the pressing forward of every one around her party (herself, unconciously the magnet of attraction and curiosity) gave no great pleasure or amusement to Julia; who, completely wearied, was very happy when the poll was closed for the day, and heard the majority was surprisingly in favor of Fitzroy; that next to him stood Mr. Smith; and the other two candidates had polled so very few, it was universally supposed they would give up the contest.

The speeches now began; and every one pressed forward to hear: and Doctor Sydenham took his station close by Julia. Sir Samuel Clodly was the first who spoke. His voice was so squeakingly discordant; his articulation, so indistinct; and the peals of laughter, his figure, voice, and strange gesticulation, excited, were so loud; that he might have spoken high treason, for

aught the high sheriff could know of the matter. At length he finished his oration to the merry multitude; who, however, marked his exit with loud hisses.

Mr. Rackrent now came forward, to show his rhetoric; when instantly the most violent groans, hooting, hissing, and reviling, burst forth from the populace; and, in spite of every effort he made to be heard, or the entreaties of the sheriff to hear him, the clamor increased, rather than diminished: at length Mr. Rackrent, wound into a paroxism of rage, stamping his feet, gave them a vehement malediction, and retired, without even the ceremony of a bow.

And now Mr. Smith popped his head up, from under a tall woman's elbow. The ludicrous manner in which he did this, with the comic expression of his countenance, instantly arrested attention, and caused a general silence.

His speech was brief, pointed, and clever; but intermingled with so much humor, and such odd and whimsical sarcasms upon his own person, that though, as he himself said, "he could not hope to make a *great*

figure in parliament—though he had a capacious head for business, and a long nose for scenting out all party intrigues"—he certainly retired from the hustings with great eclat, amidst the shouts and merry plaudits of the laughing multitude.

Fitzroy last appeared to speak; and, through the medium of contrast, broke upon the view of the delighted beholders like nothing less than Apollo himself. One burst of spontaneous plaudit hailed him; but quickly it sunk into the stillness of death, and all were fixed in eager sound-devouring attention. Fitzroy began to speak; and a strain of greater eloquence never broke upon the human ear. His voice was mellow, and fascinatingly harmonious; his cadences, and modulation, correct and pleasing; his language, flowing through the simply beautiful, led on by chaste judgement:—his sentiments, springing from the fount of wisdom and knowlege, struck alike conviction to the highest and lowest capacity, and in the orator spoke the patriot.

Fitzroy ceased; and when his graceful bow announced that he had, indeed, ended,

the most rapturous plaudits, and almost frenzied acclamations, rended the air, and continued, without intermission, for an inconceivable length of time.

Julia was entranced with admiration; and when Fitzroy was to be heard no more, she exclaimed, unconsciously catching Doctor Sydenham by the arm —

"Oh! I am sure quite, I could have for ever, listened, to him; and be no more weary."

"So I feared!" said Doctor Sydenham.

"Feared! — feared, for what, dear sir?" asked Julia, in alarm.

"This throng — this press. — Take care, my dear young friend! keep close to me; though I am ill able to protect you." But Doctor Sydenham had no occasion to apprehend for the safety of his young friend, who was now protected by Fitzroy himself.

Julia was surprised, flattered, and pleased. — The idol of the day, the favorite of popularity, the being on whom the eye of general admiration rested, had, in the moment when numbers were thronging round him to pay him homage, broken from the

adulating crowd, and almost flown to protect her; when so many women of distinction were present, several of whom interest should have led him to; and yet he came to her—poor and friendless as she was! And her fluttering heart, now throbbing with some new, and, to her, undefinable sensation, prompted the question, of "What does this marked solicitude for my safety, this flattering attention, mean?" and soon her less sanguine reason answered, "It is pity: it is benevolence. He knows my insulated state, my want of the natural protectors; and it is because I am the poor and friendless orphan, that to me he came:" and now the fluttering of her heart sunk gently into the most animated glow of ardent gratitude.

When the first rush out from the hustings gave those who remained the power of moving in safety, Lady Gaythorn went to interchange civilities with those she considered worthy of her attentions; and Julia and Fitzroy joined the Rectory party, as our heroine was to go home with Mrs. Hargrave, to change her dress for dinner.

It happened fortunately for the Rectory

ladies, that each had a gentleman to conduct her to the carriage; for the moment Fitzroy emerged from the hustings, such a crowd pressed on him, to procure a nearer view of him they believed almost a demi-god, that it was with the utmost difficulty they could get along. Julia, in particular, from being led by him, was almost crushed to death; and became at length so terrified, that Fitzroy discovered her alarm by her trembling (as she forebore to express it), when, with an infinite struggle within himself, he resisted the impulse of attempting to knock all the people down: however, he had recourse to entreaties; and implored them "to keep off a little, and let the lady pass." Instantly, every exertion was made to oblige him. The crowd pressed back; and all endeavoured to say something civil upon the occasion. Some, that "they would not hurt his beautiful lady for the world;" others "wished to have just such a sweetheart to protect:" some more exclaimed, "that, for the 'squire's sake, they would not harm or *mislest* his beloved lady;" while many cheered them, crying out—"Long live, Squire *Fitchroy*,

and his beautiful lady! and may their sons' sons represent us in parliament!—*Fitchroy*, and his lady, for ever!"

Poor Julia, overwhelmed with confusion, sprung forward with a face of vermilion, and thought the rector's coach at a most unnecessary distance; and Fitzroy, feeling for and pitying her distress, hurried her on: at length she gained the carriage; and, as she bounded into it, entreated Fitzroy to "tell the coachman to drive on."

"Without the rest of your party?" said Fitzroy, smiling.

"Oh!" exclaimed Julia, "in that so shocking multitude, I my poor senses lost; and did forget, my party quite."

The other four ladies now, at last, were seated in the coach, which with difficulty got extricated from the other carriages, and conveyed them safely to the Rectory.

CHAPTER X.

JULIA, dressed with simple elegance, and looking full as lovely as Mrs. Goodwin could possibly wish her to look, was set down at the Priory by Doctor Hargrave, who, with Doctor Sydenham and Charles Goodwin, was going to dine at the Castle inn, with the candidates.

Julia found Lady Gaythorn alone, in the drawing-room, lounging upon a sopha, quite languid and fatigued by the heat and bustle of the morning. Lady Landgrave and her daughters, by degrees, assembled; dinner was shortly announced; and this small female party adjourned to it: when Lady Gaythorn, taking the upper end of the table, performed the honors with much attention and pleasing hospitality.

Lady Landgrave was an elegant-looking woman of quiet, yet winning, manners: her daughters were all lively, and excelled

in the pleasantries of conversation, when there were no men eligible for husbands present; but when in company with this attractive class, they each played a part with a view of captivating; in doing which they lost the resistless charm of a natural character, defeated their own aim, and, in despite of their toils, were every one — unmarried.

Nature had endowed all the Ladies Strictland with great personal attractions, and capacity sufficient to obtain those acquirements which the generality of well-informed women learn, and are content with; but not satisfied with the advantages of beauty and common attainments, they all aimed at the superlative in knowlege, which they could never reach.

Had the Ladies Strictland been content, after acquiring the usual feminine accomplishments, to be renowned for understanding Latin and making shoes, it might have answered; but so avaricious were they of knowlege, that they grasped at every thing, and realised nothing. They studied the classics; and aimed at the acquire-

ment of every language, both antient and modern. To all the arts and sciences, they were votaries. From the most sublime science, they roamed to the meanest of the mechanic arts; and it was universally known, they could translate Ovid from the original, were excellent wheelwrights, could anatomise animals, and make their own wigs.

Dinner passed pleasantly; but the moment the dessert was laid upon the table, and the domestics departed, the Ladies Strictland, who made it a rule never to be idle (an excellent rule, certainly, if the employment is judicious and well-timed) all produced their different works.—Lady Caroline drew from her *ridicule* a most surprising miniature wheel, of curious mechanism; with which by indefatigable industry, she might, possibly, in twelve hours, spin about a drachm of cotton; and began to spin. Lady Georgiana took from her portable magazine some clay, to mould into a vase, upon the model of one found in the ruins of Herculaneum. Lady Diana produced an elegant small frame, and began to weave a bracelet of

her own hair. Lady Susan, with a pocket-chisel and mallet, displayed her skill in sculpture by proceeding in her design of a miniature whale, in marble (which Julia, unfortunately, mistook for a goose; but adroitly extricated herself from this little scrape, by playfully acknowleging herself to be of the same brood): and Lady Charlotte employed herself in sketching plans for an observatory, which herself and sisters were about to erect at Strictland.

"My dear Susan," said Lady Gaythorn, "your odious particles of marble, which you send flying about with your fame, will certainly blind some of us; or, at least, get into our wine, and among the ices."

"Pardon me," said Lady Susan, "I did not think of that.—Dear me! what shall I do to employ myself?"

"Can't you weave Lady Grizzle a wig? in doing which, you would combine charity with industry!—or you may go and pave the stable-yard, for that is in a horrid plight; and the sheep want shearing, I dare say; and the maids and footmen have shoes to mend.—Oh! I can find plenty of

employment for you and Caroline too, whose spinning I can no longer suffer, the flue so tickles my nose. Nor are we quite secure from horrible annoyance from your work, Diana: —I don't admire hair-breadth escapes."

"I never saw such an idle thing in my life, as you are, Augusta!" said Lady Caroline. "You hate to see any one employed. Are you fond of work, Miss De Clifford?"

"Not exceedingly much: but I do work, Lady Caroline, and sometimes greatly; until I am so tired, I wish no more, to do it."

"But *we* never work with needles," said Lady Di.

"No," returned Lady Gaythorn, "unless to sow up a wound, when engaged in surgery."

"Not with needles! May I you ask, what then, you do work by?" said Julia, supposing she should hear of some ingenious patent invention, peculiar to the English.

"No," replied Lady Gaythorn, "theirs is all brain-work; — or else accomplished by the saw, the axe, the anvil, or the sledge. But come, I am weary of the school of in-

dustry; so let us on to our walk, or it will be too late to go."

The pedestrians were soon equipped; and set forward on a pleasant country walk. Julia now found her companions all were botanists; and, as she knew nothing, or at most very little, of the matter, soon saw she was held mighty cheap by the Ladies Strictland, as an ignoramus, who they supposed had scrambled together a sort of superficial education, in a conevnt abroad: and as they culled from every hedge, and raked up every ditch, for plants, Julia picked up a pretty weed — "which here," said she, "I see, not thrives, in half the much abunance, I have seen it flourishing, amid the Apennino."

"You have, then, been in Italy, and can speak Italian," exclaimed Lady Susan; "which I think the sweetest language in the world; — though Di prefers Persian; and Coroline esteems Hebrew the most."

"Doyou understand a variety of languages, Miss De Clifford?" said Lady Georgiana.

"I *speak*, a few," replied Julia, modestly.

"Do you draw, and in whose style?" asked Lady Charlotte.

"I do scarcely, know, in whose, style," said Julia; "for I was taught, the endeavour, to copy, of the best masters; and then, to combine, if possible, what was, of most celebration, in each."

"And have you succeeded?"

"No so much well, as, for certainly, I ought; considering, the very, great deal of advantage, I did possess, during long residence at Rome, before that, was despoiled from it's much treasures."

"At Rome!" exclaimed all the Ladies Strictland, gathering round Julia, and looking on her with veneration, now thinking her more beautiful than ever.

Lady Gaythorn, who never chose to play second fiddle, now called the general attention from our heroine, by assuming one of her lively humors, which, if we were not more polite than ingenuous, we should term boisterously mirthful; in which it was her aim to make every one laugh: and as she was young, beautiful, and a countess, she generally succeeded. When Lady Gaythorn was contented with being cheerful, she was often pleasant; could say many a sarcastic, many an arch and whimsical

thing; but when she attempted to be wild and witty, she lost herself, and ceased to entertain the rational and refined.

Three of the Ladies Strictland were expert romps; and now set off, with Lady Gaythorn, in a rioting race. Lady Landgrave, fatigued with her walk, returned home by a shorter way, accompanied by Lady Diana; and Lady Charlotte, being, like our heroine, fond of mirth without riot, quietly followed the romps, often laughing at their antics, and as often at their folly.

Just as Julia and her quiet companion entered the Priory grounds, on their return home, their ears were suddenly assailed by dreadful shrieks of terror, repeated without intermission, in a female voice. The rioting party were too far advanced, and were beside making too much noise themselves, to hear the screams.

"Run, Miss De Clifford, run!" exclaimed Lady Charlotte:—"there is murder committing! and let us not have the horror of hearing it."

Julia did run;—but it was to obey the call of distress: and she hastily opened the door in the paling they had just entered

by, and hurried into the lane they had only crossed from their walk.

"Are you insane, Miss De Clifford?" cried the terrified Lady Charlotte; "to open the door for the ruffians!—and should there be murder committing, your feeble hand cannot prevent it."

"Oh! but my appearing, may; and 'tis for me, right, as duty calls to me; and no afraid feeling, shall prevent me, to go;" said Julia, still hurrying on, directed by the sound of the cries; while Lady Charlotte, half led by humanity, and half by shame, took the same direction within the pales, resolving to learn the fate of the rash Julia, who, as she approached the sound, heard, after a terrific cessation of the shrieks, a female voice exclaim—"He is dead!—he is gone!—my child!—my child!" And the most agonised burst of tears broke on her appalled and pitying ears; and as she rapidly turned round a curve in the lane, beheld a very poor and pretty young woman, sobbing in anguish over a child of about six months old, who was lying, with it's face quite black, across her lap.

"What, what, the matter?—Speak, and

tell for me, good woman!" exclaimed Julia, as she ran towards her.

"Oh, miss! miss! It has struck in his throat, and choaked my child!"

Julia, horror-struck, looked at the babe, and saw he was not dead, but that he still struggled, with something in his throat; and she, with uncommon self-possession, put her trembling fingers instantly into his mouth, and with all her force squeezed together what she found there, to reduce it's size, and make it less liable to hurt him, as she pulled it out; and immediately she now drew forth a tin lid of a little money-box, his mother had unwarily given him to play with, to beguile his hunger, which the child had put into his mouth, and, by suction, drawn it so far into his throat, as would have terminated his existence, had not Julia, providentially, rescued him from impending death.

Our heroine now raised him up gently, and untied his hat; opened the tattered remains of a cloth coat, which was buttoned quite tight across his chest; and then, with her fan, gave him a little air; managing every thing with the most tender caution.

At length the boy coughed, whooped a little, and seemed to experience only a momentary struggle; the livid hue of his face changed to red; in a moment more, his distended eyes contracted to their natural size, and, sinking back to their original station, he moved them, saw his mother, and smiled. Instantly the poor woman clasped him to her breast, with wildest ecstasy, and sunk upon her knees before our heroine.—

"Oh! lovely lady!" she exclaimed—"May the blessing of Him who made your heart for such goodness, be ever with you!—May the prayers of the mother, who had been childless but for you, enter the kingdom of Heaven, and you will prosper in all your works, and be happy—happy as you have now made me! . . . Tommy, Tommy, raise your little hands to Heaven; and learn betimes to pray for her who saved you for your poor mother, who, though she has not bread to give you, could not—could not bear to part with you!"

"Rise, rise, entreat I, of you, my poor, good woman," said Julia, with tender, pitying, kindness;" and be thankful, ever, to the

Almighty Power, who gave to me, the good purpose, to assist your poor babe.—But you say, 'you have of bread, none at all, to give your child.' Alas! if this be true, how very sad it is!—and you look weak, and ill so, yourself. How, how is it?—tell for me."

"Oh, dear my lady! the tone of your voice goes to my very heart with it's kindness so, it makes me cry for joy, as it were, that some one pities me. My babe is hungry; for I have no bread to give him, nor means to buy any, Heaven help me!—and my poor, *good, kind,* and *tender* husband, is very sick, without a bed to rest upon. He worked in the gardens of 'Squire Rackrent, for many a day; but he got an ague and fever, by the 'squire wishing him to work too late of nights; so he fell ill; and I was but just up, after the birth of our child: and so, as my dear husband could not work, his wages were struck off: and so, my lady, I went stone picking, in the fields; so I got cold, for the weather was very bitter, and I fell ill too, and at last I lost my milk, which was a sad grief, my lady, to a mother who had nothing else to give her child;—before that sad misfortune he was as fine and stout a babe as ever mother reared,

and proud enough I was of him: but even, half-starved skeleton as he now is, he seems dearer to my heart than ever. So, my lady, when sickness reduced us to pawn and sell all the pretty comforts we had, and then our necessaries too, the 'squire said we must not stay any longer, as Rackley was not our parish; so my poor husband, cut to the heart, would not be passed in a cart, like a common vagrant; and so he said to me, 'Betsy my girl, you must rue the day you ever met me, for it was my sickness which brought you to this; but will you try and walk to my parish with me?—and should we die by the way, Betsy, Heaven will raise up friends to our Tommy.' So, my lady, hearing him talk so sadly, though my heart seemed fit to break, my strength got up surprisingly; and I strove for good courage on purpose to cheer him: so I carried my Tommy, for that was all I had to carry; and my Ned leaned on my arm; and I prated to him, as merrily as I could, and sung to him—for I had a pretty voice before my sickness and sorrow, and Ned had used to like to listen to me; but to-day it was not so, for the tones of my voice seemed to tell him, I was deceiving

him, and that my heart was cold with misery, and breaking to see him so sick and sad. Ah! miss, had Ned been well, poverty would not be to me the dreadful thing it is:—but who can bear to see those you love dying, by inches, before your face, and you having no means to cure or comfort them? Well, my lady.....Oh! do n't cry so sadly for me, or I shall never be able to tell you all.....the heat of the day, and the long walk, brought on a return of Ned's ague, which I had flattered myself had at last left him; and he shook so, I thought my heart would never, never, hold my sorrows. And so, my lady, I looked about, and saw a farm-house, and a barn near it, with some clean straw in it; and I went to the house, and begged hard for a lodging in the barn, for my poor Ned. The good dame of the house granted the lodging, and gave me a shilling, (she did, indeed, my lady, and may the Almighty bless her for it!) and bade me go to Z. for some doctor's stuff, to give Ned, and she would make a bason of tea for him. So off I trudged, quite strong again, thinking I was going for something to do Ned good; but, as ill

luck would have it, my lady, I met a poor old woman belonging to Rackley, who advised me to lay out the shilling upon ballads, about the election, and go into the market-place, and cry them, as she had just done, and cleared two shillings, in about a quarter of an hour, by the job. So, my lady, I thought this would be a fine thing; as I then could buy the doctor's stuff, and a loaf, and have still money to carry us on: but alack! alack! my lady, the ballads I bought were of the wrong sort; no one would buy them; and I was hooted and pelted, and I feared they would kill my child; so I ran away as well as my weak and weary legs would let me, and came to this spot, where, quite spent, I sat down to cry over my misfortunes, and think how I could return to poor Ned, without the doctor's stuff: he I knew would believe me; but how could I make the good dame know I was not a good-for-nothing creature, who spent her money upon gin; and I had lost the ballads, so I had not even them to show:"—and now the poor young woman wept, as if her swollen heart was bursting.

Poor Julia was dreadfully distressed;

her sympathy and compassion were forcibly awakened, by the young woman's tale of sorrow, and her pallid and wo-worn appearance: but she had not any money to give her; for, before she went to the hustings in the morning, she had, by lady Gaythorn's advice, (fearing the light-fingered tribe, in the crowd) given her purse to Mrs. Goodwin; and, unused to the possession of money, she forgot on her return to ask her for it again: however, though grievously disappointed of the pleasure of herself giving relief to necessity, she applied to Lady Charlotte, whom she saw leaning over the pales.

"My dear creature!" said Lady Charlotte, "I am as badly off as yourself: I wear no pockets; and my woman carries my purse."

"Alas! what is to do?" cried Julia, greatly perplexed. "She must, then, with me to the house go, until I do get some money, there."

"No," replied Lady Charlotte, "that must not be. Lady Gaythorn would never forgive such a liberty.—It is a rule of hers, never to give to mendicants: no beggars are ever relieved at the Priory."

"*But this* is not, at all, beggar," said

Julia, "She has asked for, not any thing: but I would fain give to her relief." Poor Julia was painfully embarrassed and distressed. She knew no good would result from sending her to the Rectory, since the ladies as well as the gentlemen of the family all dined out; and even Biddy O'Connor was gone with Mrs. Hargrave's woman, and the housekeeper, some-where merry-making; and to go there herself could answer no purpose, since Mrs. Goodwin had all her money. She could not let the woman's breaking heart be totally rent; she could not let her go without relief. She had nothing of value about her, but an elegant toothpick-case, richly and beautifully mounted in gold, and ornamented with pearls. It had been a present from her beloved friend, Lady Storamond: it grieved her to part with it; but it would have grieved her much more, to slight the voice of compassion. She took it from her pocket:—"Dear, beloved Cecilia!" she mentally said, "if there is virtue, in this sacrifice, may the blessing it merits, to you revert! and I shall no more, at all, regret, my parting from it."

"My good, young woman," now Julia kindly said, in a lowered voice, wishing Lady Charlotte not to hear her, "I have, unfortunately, left all my money, at my home; but take this, toothpick-case, to somebody, in *Z.*, who does sell, silver, and gold, and toys; or to a pawnman, I had rather, because I can then, buy it from him, back again. Ask half of a guinea, for it:—'tis worth greatly more; but that will do, of the present:—then go to the best, apothecary, and bid him, give to you, something, to do your husband, very much good; buy bread, for your child, and something of nourishing, for yourself; and then pay, some of the people, returning, of the election, for taking you, in their little cart chaise, to where is, your husband. To-morrow come, to the Rectory-house, of *Z.* Ask there, for Biddy O'Connor;—Biddy O'Connor, remember, of the name. She will bring you to me; and perhaps I may do something, greatly better for you."—— Julia now precipitately retreated through the gate, to escape the poor woman's thanks; who, mentally blessing her bene-

factress, and crying for joy and gratitude, hastened back to Z.

Lady Charlotte advised our heroine not to mention the distressing incident which had detained them, as it would only be to draw the raillery of Lady Gaythorn upon her: but Julia was too innately charitable and humane, to have formed an intention of repeating it; nor was there, indeed, any excuse for doing it, as they arrived without having been even missed by their playful companions.

Immediately after they had taken their tea, the eight ladies adjourned to the music-room, where all kinds of musical instruments, known in Europe, were collected. Lady Gaythorn, who was a tolerable musician, took the organ;—Lady Landgrave, a tambourin; Lady Caroline, a violin; Lady Georgiana, another; Lady Diana sat to a violoncello, which she played with good execution, but no science;—Lady Susan distorted her handsome face by blowing a French-horn; and Lady Charlotte, more to astonish Julia, by the variety of their acquirements, than from any particular in-

clination, took a Scotch bagpipe, which, by it's drone, did astonish our heroine, who had never heard any thing of the kind before.

This concert might have delighted many hearers; but Julia had received her musical education in the seat of harmony, and, from Mrs. St. Clair almost devoting her life to music, had been accustomed to hear nothing but the most celebrated musicians, and amateurs; so that she now sat, politely smiling, in misery, whilst they played two grand concertos, in which, certainly, the bagpipe had a most striking effect.

Lady Gaythorn now recollected that Julia had been educated in Italy; and concluding she must know something of music, requested her to play. Our heroine took an instrument, unclaimed by any of the party, and sat to a harp, which she performed upon in the purest style of simple excellence. Her auditors all had sufficient skill and taste to be fascinated. They entreated her to sing; and she was just going to comply, when a loud peal of the gate-bell announced his lordship's return, on

which Lady Gaythorn, instantly starting up, declared she was weary of music.

Her ladyship and party had scarcely reached the 'drawing-room, when Lords Gaythorn and Francis Loraine, accompanied by the Mr. Strictlands and Doctor Hargrave, entered; aud the pompous rector, after making his profound obeisance to all the ladies of quality present, informed our heroine, "he should have the honor of conveying her home, as soon as Mr. Fitzroy and Doctor Sydenham arrived, who had borrowed his coach to go upon a little business."

Lady Gaythorn "rejoiced at the circumstance," she said; "as it would give her the pleasure of Miss De Clifford's and Doctor Hargrave's company a little longer:" then ordering card tables, proposed a party at loo, for Lady Landgrave. The Ladies Strictland declined "so sacrificing their time;—unless Lord Gaythorn would condescend to kill an hour so barbarously too?" They all now gathered round his lordship, whose politeness would not suffer him to refuse; whilst he secretly wished the five

sisters, and his better half into the bargain, all safe in Elysium, as he wanted to talk to, and stare at, poor Julia, and be in readiness to hand her to the carriage.

Lord Gaythorn, much against his inclination, with Lady Landgrave, three of her daughters, and one of her sons, sat down to loo. Lady Gaythorn, Lady Caroline, Lord Francis, and Doctor Hargrave, made a table at casino. Lady Susan proceeded with her whale; while Julia, and the younger Mr. Strictland, sat at the table by her, attending to her progress.

"Tell me some news, brother," said her ladyship.

"Why, Susan, the election is over. Sir Samuel Clodly announced to the high-sheriff his intention of withdrawing from the contest: but still he came to dinner, and conducted himself very good-humoredly. But instead of Mr. Rackrent, arrived a letter, couched in most insolent terms, to the sheriff, saying, "he was just setting off for Germany, and withdrew himself from a rascally and unfair contest." Thus, only two candidates remain; and, as there are two

vacancies, they are to be chaired on Monday, and are to give a dashing ball, in the evening, to the ladies.

"What a collection of Hottentots will be there! I am sure, I won't go!" exclaimed Lady Gaythorn.

"You are perfectly right, not to go," replied Lord Gaythorn, with evident satisfaction.

"Upon second thoughts, the Hottentots will amuse me;—and in compliment to Fitzroy, too, I must go..... Remember, Lady Landgrave, you, and your fair progeny—and you, Miss De Clifford—I engage you to go with me; and, Doctor Hargrave, your better half must be of my party—and her very sweet-looking sister—and Celestina, if she promises to be very wild and ridiculous—and that braced-up missy miss, who looks up through her hair at every body, gurgles her words in her throat, and is so civil and pretty behaved to all ranks and degrees," said Lady Gaythorn.

At this moment, Fitzroy entered, alone, as he had sat down Doctor Sydenham at the Rectory; and, almost immediately, he

placed himself by Julia. He addressed his lively and entertaining conversation, indiscriminately, to the little party assembled round the whale; but his eyes were riveted on Julia, his glances speaking the most animated, delighted tenderness.

At length, Lord Gaythorn asked Fitzroy, "what had been done with the pick-pocket?"

"We have left her in a prison, which I hope may enclose her for life," replied Fitzroy.

"A curious circumstance occurred this evening," continued his lordship. "A very poor, but pretty-looking, young woman, whose appearance bespoke not the art she afterwards evinced, was taken up, by Stone the pawnbroker, upon suspicion of having stolen a very costly toothpick-case, she brought for a pawn to him."

Julia was terror-struck; her heart beat with visible violence; her whole frame was convulsed, with trembling agitation; and with difficulty she prevented herself from interrupting the sequel of his lordship's intelligence.

Lord Gaythorn proceeded. "Mr. Mayor,

and all the neighbouring justices, were at dinner with us. Stone, therefore, sent a message to the mayor; who would have retired into another room, for the examination: but something having transpired, which excited our curiosity, we requested to have the culprit brought before us. The woman (the most inimitable actress I ever beheld) appeared, in the best-dissembled tremor, and in a well-imagined agony of tears."....

"Oh! the poor unfortunate!" exclaimed Julia, struggling with all her powers to suppress a flood of sympathy. Lord Gaythorn continued, unmindful of our heroine's exclamation.—

"She told us a long and lamentable tale of her distress; and then introduced a most romantic story, of a lady, young, and beautiful, and beautiful as young, appearing to her, like a succouring angel, saving the life of her child, and comforting her; and weeping for sorrows, and in regret at having inadvertently left her purse at home, which prevented her relieving the unfortunate's wants with specie. Then, my dear Augusta! this artful baggage libeled you,

most scandalously; — by saying, 'the angel lady wanted to take her to you, for relief; when another lady, who had been looking over some pales (and who wore no pockets,— proving she never felt a wish to relieve the distressed, or answer the spontaneous call of benevolence, or she would not thus cut off the means), said, my *love*, 'you would never *forgive such a liberty, as making a demand upon your humanity*; as it was *your rule, never to relieve beggars, and allowed no charitable alms to be given at your gate.*'"

"What an infamous slanderer! what an artful deceiver! — There is not, cannot be, a word of truth in her story;" exclaimed Lady Gaythorn, coloring visibly through her rouge. Lady Charlotte's cheeks were crimsoned too; and she cast a look of supplication, "not to betray her," upon our heroine.

Lord Gaythorn proceeded. — "Oh! my *life!* I know there was no truth in her; but such talents for acting, I never before saw. She then told, how the 'lovely child of humanity, with a hand open as day to melting charity, gave her this toothpick-

case, to pawn, or sell, to buy medicine for her sick husband, and bread for her infant.' Had you heard her, you would, indeed, have been astonished at the magic of her art; which seemed, in every word, to realise the scene.—So well did she paint the beauty of her youthful benefactress;—the sweetness of her voice—whose tones, spoken in consoling tenderness, struck on the heart of misery as a balm; her animated presence of mind; her courage, springing from the virtues of her heart, which prompted her to save the child from death; her tender caution in the progress of his recovery; and the fascinating grace and benevolence of all she said and did;—that had such a celestial being, as she described, existed, I would seek her through the globe, to kneel at her feet, and pay homage to so much excellence."

"But the poor, poor woman!—what, what, of her became, my lord?" said Julia, in a tone of the most touching solicitude.

"How can you pity such a dissembling, artful creature, Miss De Clifford!" said Lady Gaythorn, reproachfully.

"The woman?" replied his lordship to

Julia. "Why, the fact was incontestibly proved; her mittimus made out; and . . ." Julia shuddered; the paleness of death overspread her anxious countenance; Fitzroy caught her trembling, terror-chilled hand; and Lord Gaythorn concluded the sentence. . . . "she was conveyed by Doctor Sydenham, and Fitzroy, in the rector's coach, to the prison she deserved—— her husband's arms."

The fugitive roses now rushed back, with a deepened tint, and redoubled beauty, to the cheeks of Julia; who raising her eyes to Heaven, in gratitude for this happy termination to her agonised fears, seemed to have caught from thence the smile so lovely that illumined her speaking countenance, when she turned to Fitzroy, and would have thanked him for his benevolence, had not the expression of his eyes at once overpowered her, and hers sought the ground. Fitzroy pressed the hand he had taken; she felt his tremble, like her own: at this moment, only, did she know he held her hand, and she now gently withdrew it.

Shortly after the cassino-table broke up, when Doctor Hargrave and our heroine

took leave. Fitzroy conducted Julia to the carriage; and as they went to it, he put her toothpick-case into her hand.

"The angel of benevolence, watchful of pity's gift, preserved this for her favorite votary," said he; "and I trust it was not a profanation, the kiss of reverence which I imprinted on it."

"Oh!" said Julia, "I cannot, ever, express, of sufficient strength, my gratitude to you, for rescuing, that unfortunate being, from the distress, and agony, my so great, unthinking folly, made for her:—and for the restoration of this, to me, treasure, accept my much thanks; and calculate, of my obligation, when I do tell you, I have few things, in my possession, which, so I prize."

"And yet you gave it to a wandering outcast!—Excellent Julia!"

Our heroine now, in extreme confusion at having thus, inadvertently, raised the virtue of her own action, hurried into the coach.

"Excellent, inestimable Julia!" again repeated Fitzroy, in a lowered voice, as he retreated from the coach side, to make way

for the rector. "Good night!" was now reiterated by all; and the carriage moved on.

"I congratulate you, Miss De Clifford," said Doctor Hargrave, "upon the transccendant virtues you have displayed;—the character of true courage, and benevolence, you have established for yourself in this county. Not a man at our meeting to-day, that was not penetrated with enthusiastic admiration at your amiable conduct; and your health was rapturously drank by all."

"Indeed, sir," replied Julia, oppressed more than flattered by such redundant praise, "I did nothing, to deserve, at all applause. No more I did, than perform, my duty."

"Perhaps you did no more than duty demanded; but, my dear madam, that duty required an uncommon portion of firmness—of self-possession, aided by infinite and conscientious benevolence, to do all that you performed. I really was never more astonished in my life, than when Hobbs (the master of the Castle) showed me a picktooth-case, and related that 'a woman had been taken up, on suspicion of

having stolen it, who said a lady had given it to her, and desired her to call at the Rectory, to-morrow, and ask there to see one Biddy O'Connor.' Upon this statement, I applied to Charles Goodwin, who instantly said it was yours, and that 'he was sure you would not give it to any one, as you valued it above all price, as the gift of a beloved friend.' When the woman was called for, and examined, her account was so clear (but which, by the way, implicated Rackrent so dreadfully, it was well he had withdrawn), and so exactly did she represent you, that all who knew you were convinced her painting was from nature."

"*I* proposed a subscription for her; and, in less than five minutes, collected forty guineas. Sydenham took the money in charge. The man turns out to be a stray sheep of his flock. Mr. Fitzroy contributed very nobly to the subscription. I gave my two guineas; and lent my coach, to convey the unfortunate—or rather, no longer unfortunate—woman to her husband, to whom Mr. Fitzroy was all anxiety to restore her, supposing the poor man must be almost distracted at her long absence."....

"Oh! so good, is Mr. Fitzroy!" said Julia; and the coach now stopped at the Rectory, and Doctor Sydenham was at the door to receive our heroine, whose hand he took with trembling eagerness, and pressed it to his lips, to his heart.

"Miss De Clifford," he said, "how has your goodness of this evening — so faithfully, so forcibly, so touchingly, delineated by a child of nature — taught my heart to regret that mine has not been a wedded life! for now I might, perhaps, enjoy the blessing of such a daughter, to cheer my closing life; and smooth my bed of death."

Julia burst into tears. — "The so great praise, I have received" she said, "for doing nothing, for which, commendation, need, at all, to speak, has quite oppressive, been for me: but your approbation, touches so my heart, I do much wish, that I did quite, deserve it; — but, sir, I do not. Though fortunately, the so sad circumstance, has terminated, I have been most, much to blame. . . . Ought I, *not*, to have subjected, a poor, distressed, heart-miserable, creature, to such, so great indignity — to the *insult*, *for* suspicion — the fate so

dreadful, of the undeserved, prison? Ought I, *not*, to have shrunk, from Lady Gaythorn's raillery?—for that was small evil. I should have accompanied, poor woman here, myself; borrowed of the stay-at-home servants, their money; or written, a note, to you, to send for me some."

"My child!" replied Doctor Sydenham, "your error was of judgement, not a failure in benevolence; and you should rejoice, not weep, at it:—for had you obeyed the dictates of a ripened judgement, this poor family would have received a temporary relief, and no more; as it is, by your error, they are suddenly removed from poverty to comfort: health will, I trust, revisit them, and they shall experience want no more."

"Oh!" said Julia, "your consolation, is so good cheer, to my heart! Yet must I grieve, to think, for the poor wife's agonising sufferings;—detained from her sick, so sick, husband; who must have tortures suffered, of her absence, still, still lengthened."

"That, he assuredly did; but there, too, good emanates from evil. The terror he

experienced, for the fate of his wife and child, conquered disease. In an agony of despair, he sought them every-where his feeble frame could lead him to. The farmer in whose barn he had reposed himself, compassionating his sufferings, brought him, in his cart, to Z.; to which place he traced his wife, learned her adventures, and followed the coach back to Dray Farm, where their most affecting meeting took place, and where they are to be comfortably lodged to-night: and the apothecary, whom we took with us, seems to think the agitation of the poor fellow's mind has actually frightened away his ague; if not, change of air and diet, with proper medicine, and peace of mind, will, I trust, effect his cure."

They now reached the 'drawing-room, where Mrs. Goodwin, in anxious tenderness, received our heroine, and silently pressed her to her bosom. Mrs. Hargrave, finding it was the fashion to be charmed with Julia's benevolence in the evening's adventure, was elaborate in her encomiums.

"But do, dear Doctor Sydenham, pro-

ceed in your description of the scene," said Mrs. Goodwin.

"Her appearance was prepossessing," said Doctor Sydenham, "she trembled excessively; but it looked like the tremor of feeling, not of guilt. Her cheeks were flushed with indignant shame; and her eyes, retiring from the gaze of those who suspected her integrity, rested on the face of her sleeping, innocent, unconscious infant, whom she clasped to her bursting heart, with a convulsive grasp of energy, as if afraid that he should be taken from her."

"'I think,' I dare answer for her innocence,' said Mr. Fitzroy, the moment he beheld her.

"The woman raised her eyes, thanked him by an eloquent look, and burst into an agony of tears. He filled a glass of wine, and offered it to her; but her trembling hand refused to carry it to her lips; and, with striking humanity and kindness, he held it whilst she drank, a little eagerly; — but only a little, for the taste of nourishment, the heat of the room, the number of people gazing at her, and, above all, her dreadful state of mind, contributed to over-

power her: her head became giddy, she tottered, and must have fallen, had not Lord Francis Loraine caught her, and placed her in an elbow-chair. She was some moments before she revived; when, in the saddest tone of voice I ever heard, she faintly said, 'I tasted no kind of food this day, till now.' Mr. Fitzroy instantly took a biscuit, steeped it in wine, and tenderly fed her. We all, now, felt so strongly impressed with a conviction of her innocence, that we waited patiently until she was sufficiently recovered to enter upon her defence. Truth and gratitude were her guides, and taught her eloquence. She seemed to form a panorama round us; and realised the scene she painted. She spoke to the heart. We felt inspired by the virtues she described; and, humbly emulating Miss De Clifford, united to relieve her; but when she heard the sum collected for her, her frantic shriek of joy, at having means to get her husband cured, thrilled through every heart, and quite unmanned her benefactors."

Doctor Sydenham's statement sensibly affected Julia; who felt no longer inclined

to regret her want of judgement, in her manner of relieving the poor woman, since it had proved the means of displaying to his constituents the goodness of Fitzroy's heart, and led to such permanent advantage to the distressed family: for she further learned, that Doctor Sydenham meant to send them, the following day, to his house, consigned to the care of his very humane housekeeper, who was perfectly skilled in the pharmacopœia of kitchen physic, which the good doctor thought would prove the most efficacious sort in the present case; and when both man and wife were recovered sufficiently, he meant to place them in his farm; and to put their forty guineas, untouched, into the funds, allowing the compound interest, and interest, to accumulate as long as he should live, for their use when fate should deprive them of his protection.

At length, the family retired for the night. Mrs. Goodwin accompanied Julia to her chamber; when she hastened to inquire, "if our heroine had any objection to returning to town on the following Tuesday?"

Julia felt something like a strong sensation of regret at the idea of returning to London so soon; yet unhesitatingly replied in acquiescence.

"We were only invited for the term of the election, you know, my dear Miss De Clifford; and that will terminate on Monday;" said Mrs. Goodwin. "I this evening hinted at our leaving Z. on Tuesday; and my sister made no reply. You are amused here; the change of air has been of striking service to you; and — and — I am very sorry, Mrs. Hargrave has not pressed our longer stay."

"My dear, dear, friend! feel of regret, none, at all for my account. The excursion, has been, of too much benefit for me, not to have stamped, it's effects, quite, upon my constitution. We shall see, Mr. Goodwin, and Rosa, and all the so dear, little brood, sooner than we did expect for; and that will be much, great pleasure, you know;" and Julia looked as if she sincerely thought so.

"You are very good, Miss De Clifford,

to be so kindly reconciled to returning to dull life, and . . . . ."

"Mrs. Goodwin!" said Julia, gravely and expressively interrupting her.

"Well," returned Mrs. Goodwin, "I understand all you would say; for your eyes have told me: so we will dismiss the subject, as if all had been prettily said, with great propriety, on both sides. And now for new matter. Have you, my dear young friend! any objection to my taking a temporary boarder?"

"Me! Mrs. Goodwin? Why of me ask if I could form objection, to any thing, that is pleasing for you?"

"I believed your kindness would lead you not to object; but I hope inclination will also lead you to approve. . . . .This boarder is a — gentleman.". . . .

Julia colored highly, and endeavoured not to look surprised or inquisitive.

"Nay, do not be alarmed, my love: it is not — Lord Gaythorn: nor is it — Mr. Fitzroy; although it is an ardent admirer of yours."

"Why for, is that insinuation, my dear,

good friend? The admiration in this case, I do apprehend, is *vice versa*: — I am, for Mr. Fitzroy's admirer; not Mr. Fitzroy, for mine."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Goodwin.

"Yes, indeed," replied Julia. "I should be insensible, for the charms of virtue, for all, the attraction, of philanthropy, and benevolence, which emanates, from his so matchless mind, did I not, Mr. Fitzroy admire, exceedingly more, than I have expression to tell: — but it is not admiration, it is kindness, it is pity, it is the humanity for his nature, teaching him to compassionate, my orphan state, to no one at all belonging, that his so great attention to me, inspire."

"My dear Miss De Clifford! I feel almost sorry to hear you say so," answered Mrs. Goodwin, thoughtfully. For the source to which you ascribe his conduct, is much more likely to soften, to affect your mind, to touch your heart with tenderness, than gratified vanity would do."

"My excellent (for me, always thoughtful) friend! do not, fear, for me. Gratitude is not love, you know."

"No," replied Mrs. Goodwin, archly, "gratitude is not love; nor is it possible for it ever to change it's form in the bosom of a young votary, who feels it's pure and steady influence, for an idol of congenial years, allurements fascinating, heart unshackled, with a long, invincible phalanx of objections."

"Well," said Julia, "I do know, I am the mortal; and, therefore, very much fallible. I make protestations none, remember. I only say, for yet, all is at safety; and my heart is, an Englishman's. Nay, no smile, for what I say; because my meaning is right. My heart is at freedom —at liberty, yet; like to Englishmen's principles. So now, I cry you mercy; the name tell for me, of your boarder."

"Doctor Sydenham."....

Julia threw her arms round Mrs. Goodwin's neck, and kissed her in a transport of joy.

"Heyday!" exclaimed Mrs. Goodwin, "what is this for?"

"For so good news. It is so great joy, it will give me, less of regret, to go from Z."

"Less regret! why, I thought you did not experience any, at quitting Z.," said Mrs. Goodwin, laughing.

"Regret! no, for certainly, I—I did not mean regret, at leaving Z."

"No, but for the people, you might leave at Z."

"Yes—certainly—and—a—and Doctor Sydenham, was one of the most of my regret; and his following us, in so great hurry, takes from my concern, you know, Mrs. Goodwin."

"Admirably turned off!—and to reward your dexterity, I shall tell you, he does not follow, but actually accompanies us, or rather we him.—You and I go with the doctor, in his own carriage; and Charles on the box, with the coachman: Biddy, and Doctor Sydenham's own man, are to travel, with the largest share of the baggage, in our hack. So our journey back will be rather better arranged, than our march hither."

"So I do greatly hope," said Julia; for that *viaggio* was a fatiguing one, indeed!"

"Oh! I promise, upon this occasion, to be very good, and stay in the carriage the

whole way; except at five or six of the worst hills — and that very dangerous bit of bad road — and the horrible bridge — and near the terrible kilns — and by the river side — and along that tremendous ridge — and that dismaying mill-race — and. . . ."

"Go on!" cried Julia; and you will to London walk, before aware you are, of what you do."

"Well," said Mrs. Goodwin, "but I really mean to be very courageous; for we are to go with the doctor's horses, which are old, and very quiet; and his own coachman, who is an aged man, sober, steady, and a most careful excellent driver, who never puts his horses out of a walk."

"And pray," asked Julia, "where we to sleep, the first night; and where the second; and the next?"

"You mean to sleep at Z. to-night, however," said Mrs. Goodwin, laughing; "and, not to disappoint you, I 'll say — adieu!"

CHAPTER XI.

THIS being Sunday morning, Julia accompanied the rector's family to church. The Rectory pew was next to that belonging to the Priory, which, being more elevated, commanded a full view of every one in Doctor Hargrave's seat. The idea which had arisen from Fitzroy's attention to Julia upon the hustings the preceding day, of her being his destined bride, united to the much-talked-of incidents of the toothpick-case adventure, made our heroine the object of universal gaze and curiosity in the church; but, fortunately for Julia, she was totally unconscious of her being so; for she was innately pious, and from the moment she entered a church, for the purpose of Divine worship, until she left it, she rarely, for a moment, forgot in Whose house, and in Whose

presence, she was. Her thoughts, therefore, not wandering from her employment, confined her attention to the limits of those thoughts; and those who saw her beheld the pure, yet timid—the fervent, yet retired —calm, steady, undeviating devotion, of a virtuous mind.

The clerk, and charity children, sung the Psalms, in a very simple pleasing manner, at this church; the congregation, for the most part, joining in them; and Julia added the unrivaled melody of her fascinating voice, in a low soft strain of heart-directed piety. Doctor Sydenham officiated in the reading-desk; and our heroine never before heard the sublime and beautiful liturgy of our church performed with powers so equal to the subject. Dr. Sydenham's reading was perfection. His own heart felt the influence of his theme; and he never failed to inspire his hearers with some degree of what he himself experienced; for he read with such impressive, unaffected devotion, such solemn grandeur, such sublimated dignity, that all were awed, and, if not *amended*, at least enforced to attention *and respect*.

Doctor Hargrave ascended the pulpit — as a candidate for fame, not as the pastor of a flock he was emulous to lead to the bosom of the Good Shepherd. He loved to preach to the passions; and on this day seemed resolved to attack the weaker sex with all his pathos, all his melting powers of eloquence. His subject extended to the meeting of friends in a future state; and no wife who had lost the beloved of her bosom, no mother of child bereft, no destitute orphan, was spared a pang the preacher's rhetoric could inflict. All the misery of the parting scene was touchingly portrayed, with every tint, feature, assemblage, that could give it force to torture; and the meeting as pathetically described, and colored with all which could overpower the feelings: and suddenly, from painting the affecting joy of an hereafter reunion, he in the strongest force of language delineated the horrors which the infidel inflicted upon those who loved them in this life, by cutting off from them the Christian's solace, of friend meeting friend in Paradise.

Doctor Hargrave was elated to the highest altitude of his wishes, for nine women out of every ten amongst his congregation were in tears, many were in hysterics, several fainted; some were about to follow such a sentimental example, but thought better of it, remembering upon the approaching charity-sermon day they might do it with better effect. The eloquent preacher had the happiness of chasing Lady Gaythorn, early in the sermon, from her pew to the vestry; for he had entered the field of battle, and disturbed the sacred ashes of a hero's urn, to give force to his coloring: and the most flattering confusion prevailed;—people rushing from one pew to another, to offer assistance; smelling-bottles travelling from aisle to aisle; in short, all was highly gratifying to the preacher's vanity.

Too many of the chords were touched that vibrated through the tones of Julia's early griefs, not to awaken her most painful sensibility. She wept piteously; yet shunning observation, she hung her head, and sobbed as quietly as her struggling feelings

would admit off: but at length, when he touched upon the fate of the infidel, her tears were forcibly arrested. Horror chilled her blood; her heart was agonised; and raising her head, she cast a look of anguish upon Mrs. Goodwin, who, well comprehending all that passed in the bosom of her young friend, at that moment snatched her to her breast, and hurried her from the pew.

Mrs. Goodwin's movement had been as quick as lightning; but not more rapid than Fitzroy, who was at the pew door ready to receive them, and with trembling anxiety drew Julia's hand through his own arm. Mrs. Goodwin had motioned for Mrs. Hargrave, and the rest of the party, to remain in church; but Biddy O'Connor rushed instantly, like one frantic, from amid the rector's servants, and hastened after our heroine.

They led Julia into the church-yard, where she sat upon a tomb-stone, her head resting upon Mrs. Goodwin's shoulder; and her repressed tears began almost instantly to flow, and in a moment put a period to every apprehension of her fainting.

"Why then, now, more grief to Doctor Hargrave!" exclaimed Biddy O'Connor, quite enraged at the state he had, so unnecessarily, thrown her *darling Miss De Clifford* into. "And if it 's not he, that ought to be ashamed of himself, to set you a crying so, my *darlingt*; and all for nothing, at all, at all. You did not want him to tell you the way to heaven, jewel; for you were born with a finger-post to it, in you heart. Och! then, bad luck to such *plaver!* myself says: and sure that's a *quear* way to make people listen to him, by sending them out of church!—And much good it's for us, Doctor Sydenham making us pray from the very bottom of our hearts, when t' other comes after, with his *rigmarowl*, like a play actor, to divert people, by making them cry fit to break their hearts. And who 's the better, myself would be mighty glad to know, for this lulabaloo of his making? Not those he has *kilt*, I am after thinking."

Biddy's oration had one good effect;—it gave Julia time for exertion, which she eagerly availed herself of; while struggling to subdue some of the most painful feelings

that could assail her heart, she smiled through her tears, and with touching sadness, yet winning sweetness, returned her thanks to those who had so kindly come to her assistance, entreating all but Mrs. Goodwin to leave her, and re-enter church.

"Why do you send me from you?" said Fitzroy, with a look of tender solicitude, but in a tone of mournful reproach.

"Because," answered Julia, "it has been fate for mine, to give you ever, trouble great deal much. To lay your good kindness, and compassion, under the painful contribution. And can I you wish to stay for me, when so well your humanity, I know, I have sure thought, it would only be, to make great sadness for you?"

"Oh!" said Fitzroy, "if you regard my feelings, let me accompany you; for if you send me from you, I shall be miserble—un—uncomfortable—unhinged, I rather mean:" and he now seemed so much confused, he appeared not to know what he did. He took her trembling hand, as if he meant to draw it through his arm; then hastily let it drop; and in silent me-

lancholy thoughtfulness, walked by her side to the Rectory.

Mrs. Goodwin and Miss De Clifford entered the house; Fitzroy followed them, still in silence; and Julia seemed as if she purposed retreating to her own room.

"No, my dear young friend!" said Mrs. Goodwin, leading her to the 'drawing-room, "No, I arrest you, in the name of common sense. Why seek to give way to painful retrospections—to feelings, which, the more indulged, the more torturing they become? No, your tears can avail nothing; your rending a spotless heart can effect no remedy for what is now past cure. No, I shall be your attendant spirit, for this day: I shall persecute you with well-meant assiduity; —amuse you, if I can: if I cannot, I 'll content myself with stupifying you with my dulness; and at least, by deadening your feelings, lessen your affliction."

"Always, you are so kind, for me!" said Julia, in a tone so plaintive, it awakened Fitzroy from his long apparent reverie.

"Oh! who could be otherwise than kind to you!" he exclaimed. His manner affected Julia; tears started to her eyes, and

seemed ready again to stream down her cheeks; she felt embarrassed; and, to divert the attention of all, and break the (to her at least) distressing pause, she hastily exclaimed—

"They do come, all, from church!"

Fitzroy looked mournfully at her; sighed deeply; took a few turns up and down the room; and, at length, reseating himself, spoke gravely to her:—

"They are returning from church, Miss De Clifford; and I must, to fulfil some necessary *etiquette*, accompany Lord Gaythorn in ranging about the county this morning; and possibly I may see you no more to-day. To-morrow I must sacrifice to ceremonies—a mere automaton, to do what I ought, not what I wish. On Tuesday, you return to town, accompanied, I find, by Doctor Sydenham; who possibly may coincide with Mr. Goodwin, in thinking my visits to you improper; and join with him in prohibiting that permission you kindly gave me, for calling on you in town."

"My husband, sir," said Mrs. Goodwin, with pride and animation mingled, "will

not presume to interfere, or interdict the *honorable* visits of any man to Miss De Clifford."

"Honorable!" reiterated Fitzroy. "Did Mr. Goodwin, then, doubt my honor?"

Mrs. Goodwin was silent for a moment; at length, she said — "You proposed yourself, as a most advantageous lodger, to Mr. Goodwin, sir, when, Heaven knows, we almost wanted bread: but, sir, you had female relations; — you talked of no introduction to them. Your views might have been pure as honor could form: yet, every circumstance considered, it was Mr. Goodwin's duty to suspect you. You have since laid us under incalculable obligations to you . . . . . Nay, sir, why start, or blush at your goodness? . . . . . Mr. Goodwin has, since I left town, traced you as the source of much of our late prosperity. You have been the means of giving us bread, to feed our darling children. You have opened to us views most flattering; and yet . . . ."

"No more, I beseech you, most inestimable guardian of unprotected innocence!" exclaimed Fitzroy, struggling with visible,

almost overpowering emotion. "If you doubted my honor, you acted rightly, nobly. It is now *my duty* to convince you that you were unjust, though praise-worthy. Lady Delamore shall obtain for me admission to your house:—But what will that avail me?—Julia De Clifford's affections, I fear, are not for me!"

"Indeed," said Julia, in a tumult of astonished and overpowering sensations, but with the most striking artlessness—"Indeed, sir, you do know, not that; for I do know, it not, myself. . . . . But did—did, Mr Goodwin (oh! so good, he is!)—did he, sacrifice his own interest, in consideration, of me? . . . May Heaven forgiveness make for me! I did call myself, unfortunate, so much often; and I had fallen, into the hands, for the good Samaritan!" and she now threw herself upon the bosom of Mrs. Goodwin, and kissed her in fervent gratitude.

Fitzroy took Julia's hand, and pressed it with ardor to his lips.—"Ten thousand thousand thanks for even this small ray of hope!" he said . . . . "But should it prove delusive!—Oh, Julia!"

"But why despair?" said Mrs. Goodwin:

" and is not the heart of Miss De Clifford worth some little trouble to obtain?"

" Worth!" exclaimed Fitzroy—" What is it not worth? I will gladly, and gratefully, accept this faint ray of hope, in the fond and flattering expectation of it's at length leading me, though long the pilgrimage, to the pure shrine of Julia's heart;—a heart, I see, tremblingly alive to every tenderness, but love."

" Heyday!" cried Mrs. Goodwin, gaily. " My good sir, what is it you can expect? I fear, by this most premature despondence, the women have spoiled you; and that it has hitherto been, 'Ask, and you shall have;' not, 'Seek, and perchance you may find.' Can you expect, the moment you feel an inclination for the affections of such a woman as Miss De Clifford, that she is at your nod, to throw them to you? If such was your hope, you lightly estimated her. She will give her heart with caution, believe me; for where she gives, the gift will be for ever."

" Oh! that I know—that I feel! and that makes me so anxious, perhaps precipitately so, in striving to obtain it."

"And so impatient into the bargain," said Mrs. Goodwin. "But remember, gems are only to be obtained by toil and perseverance. Think if the jewel inclosed in this little earthy mould is worth acquiring: — if so, let Lady Delamore be your guide; family concurrence, and perseverance, your auxiliaries; and you may not find the way to my young friend's heart quite so tedious a pilgrimage as you seem to apprehend: and if you are not quite old and decrepit,—completely worn out with time and anxious toil, — when you arrive there, and that you should gain the treasure. . . . ."

"Oh!" exclaimed Fitzroy, with the most striking animation, "that ecstatic supposition shall lead me on, even by the way, and with the very auxiliaries, you have pointed out. The approbation of my father, I may say, I am already in possession of; for so anxious is he for my presenting him with a daughter, that he has long since told me, 'my choice, whoever she might be, should be welcome to his heart:' and, oh! Mrs. Goodwin, what rapture it will be to me, (if such enviable happiness is in store for me) to prove to my kind, indulgent

father, I have not abused the confidence he reposed in me, by presenting to him Julia De Clifford, as the wife my heart has chosen?"

"Well, remember the old adage," said Mrs. Goodwin, gaily, "of—'Faint heart never won fair lady.'"

"May we ask what occasioned that excellent proverb, cited by Mrs. Goodwin?" said Lord Gaythorn; who, with Mrs. Hargrave, Miss Penrose, Lord Francis Loraine, Doctor Sydenham, and Charles Goodwin, now entered the 'drawing-room.

"We were, my lord, talking of antient times," replied Mrs. Goodwin, with infinite self-possession, yet fearing the timid confusion of the still blushing Julia, and the apparent emotion of Fitzroy, would betray the fact. "And, above all things, Mr. Fitzroy approves the length of Jacob and Rachel's courtship; and strongly recommends patient, plodding perseverance, in all love-matters: so, my lord, to strengthen his arguments, I supplied his memory with an old musty adage."

"I must ever admire the man, whose opinions and conduct so exactly coincide,"

said Lord Francis, smiling. "And Fitzroy is a man renowned for patience; and who would, I am certain, rival even Jacob himself, in acquiescent fortitude and forbearance, were—deformity or age the object of his pursuit."

"Fitzroy may be renowned for patience," said Lord Gaythorn; "but none of us, I apprehend, can, with justice, be celebrated for our *politesse* or humanity; as we have never once made any inquiry how Miss De Clifford finds herself after her indisposition, which I was truly grieved to hear, led her from church."

"I am, perfectly, quite, recovered, I do thank your lordship," replied Julia, gravely.

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed his lordship, in a tone of deep-drawn interest, and taking her hand with tenderness.

Actuated by the recoiling quickness of disgust, our heroine instantaneously withdrew her hand; and, with the frigid air of repulsive dignity, averted her lovely, blushing face, from the ardent and insolent gaze of licentious admiration.

Fitzroy was visibly disconcerted; his eyes flashed fire; and his cheeks glowed with

indignant resentment: and, rising from his seat, he said, in a voice of determination that enforced acquiescence —

"Let us instantly proceed upon our morning's excursion, my lord. We have much ground to go over, before we return to dinner with Lady Gaythorn, whom, of course, we cannot keep waiting for us."

"In one moment I will attend you," replied his lordship, not a little startled at Fitzroy's evident displeasure. — "Mrs. Hargrave, I find, you purpose setting out for Bath on Tuesday. To-morrow, you know, is dedicated to the successful candidates; and when am I to have the happiness of being indulged with the high gratification you promised me, in permitting my friends and me to hear the seraphic strains of Miss Penrose?"

"This evening, if your lordship pleases," replied Mrs. Hargrave. "I am going to accompany Miss De Clifford in paying her respects at the Priory; and shall then solicit the honor of Lady Gaythorn's company, to hear the exquisite performance of my young friend."

Lords Gaythorn and Francis Loraine,

with Fitzroy, gladly and politely accepted Mrs. Hargrave's invitation. Miss Penrose was prettily fluttered upon the occasion, and depreciated her own musical abilities with all proper decorum; whilst Fitzroy, in a low voice, to Julia said—

"I shall come here to-night, with the ardent hope of again hearing the strains of a seraph; which, though faintly they reached my attentive ears this morning, still vibrate on my fascinated heart."

"For pity's sake!" Julia eagerly replied, too ingenuous to affect a misconception of his meaning, whilst the loveliest tint of sensitive bashfulness mantled her cheeks, "do not, do not, betray for me, your having heard, my attempt, to sing, what duty did prompt. I am convinced, spirits, I shall have, for exertion, no more, at all, for to-day: — and — and, I have another motive, a so strong, and greatly powerful, for choosing to take, of part none, in the entertainment, for this evening."

"Were all women like Julia De Clifford," said Fitzroy, with the sweetest smile of approbation, "libertinism would not dare

to walk abroad, with the undaunted face of bold effrontery."

Julia was inexpessibly sorry that Fitzroy had developed her motive: she blushed a deeper tint; and hastily, and in much confusion, said—"Oblige me to-night; and when in town, we do meet, I will sing to you, oh! till you are so weary, for listening to me."

"Weary of listening to you!" repeated Fitzroy, mournfully. "Oh, Miss De Clifford! how much has your heart to learn, before it loves!"

Lord Gaythorn, with a malicious air, and sarcastic bow, informed Fitzroy—"He was now *waiting for him;* and hoped *he* would not keep *Lady Gaythorn waiting dinner.*" Fitzroy, coloring highly, instantly made his farewell compliments to the remaining circle, and departed with Lords Gaythorn and Francis Loraine.

Lady Gaythorn was too much indisposed to see any visitor; and Mrs. Hargrave returned from the Priory infinitely disappointed, in having no hope of her ladyship and party accepting her invitation for the evening, which, however, she left for them.

According to Mrs. Goodwin's avowed plan, Julia was left not one moment to her painful retrospections. She walked about the grounds, with this inestimable friend and Doctor Sydenham; and on her expressing to the latter her pleasure at finding he was about to become an inmate of Mr. Goodwin's family, the venerable man replied—

"Mrs. Goodwin has conferred an incalculable obligation on me, by permitting me to be so. I have often business in London; sometimes pass many weeks at a time there. I am now too old for the noise of an hotel. Private lodgings are dreary and uncomfortable to me; and I never liked a tavern life. I am of a domestic turn; am extremely fond of children; and being allowed an apartment in Mr. Goodwin's house, with permission to draw my chair into his family circle, will be to me an actual blessing; and whilst you are there, it will be a peculiar gratification to me. Mrs. Goodwin informs me, her better half regards you as his own child. I shall not attempt to interfere with his adoptions; but shall only contend for the claims of a grandfather."

"Oh!" said Julia, affectionately taking

his hand, "I fear me, then you will make adoption of, the imputed fault, for one, and spoil your grand-daughter, by great deal, of much, indulgence."

"I know," he replied, "to sustain my character, I must be partial to excess.—I mean to be so; yet shall have no fears of spoiling you."

A tear, that sparkled in the eyes of Julia, told the feelings of her grateful heart, as she pressed to her lips the hand of her venerable friend.

CHAPTER XII.

SHORTLY after our heroine's distressing adventure at Delamore-house, Fitzroy had, through an agent, offered to take Mr. Goodwin's unoccupied first floor, at a very advanced price. The rectitude of Mr. Goodwin's mind taught him instantly to reject the lucrative proposal, as he well developed it's motive. Fitzroy, then, offered a *carte-blanche* for the apartments, for three months; and this proposition was more peremptorily rejected by Mr. Goodwin, than even the former.

Although there being no mention of introduction to Lady Delamore, or any other of Fitzroy's family, had led Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin to doubt the purity of his intentions relative to the humbly protected, portionless, *Miss* De Clifford; yet having reason

to believe she had captivated Fitzroy, and depending much upon the magic of her charms and virtues, they determined to persuade Julia into accepting the very opportune invitation of Mrs. Hargrave; as they knew Fitzroy was one of the candidates who purposed setting up for the county of ——, and thought that throwing her in his way, under respectable and unexceptionable protection, might put his affection and honor to the test: but of all their views, and even their knowlege of Fitzroy having any thing to do with the election at Z., their lovely charge was (as she had been relative to his application for the lodgings) to be kept in total ignorance.—With fear, and trembling observation, Mrs. Goodwin marked Fitzroy's conduct to our heroine; but soon, the unrestrained manner in which he evinced his partiality, and dedicated his attentions, openly, before all those whose good opinion political reasons must teach him to deserve, silenced every apprehension, and led her on to the conviction that his was, now at least, honorable love: and the decided manner in which he spoke of his attachment, and serious intentions, even before

her, upon this eventful Sunday morning, silenced every lingering doubt that suspicion would have glanced at, and filled her with the most ardent joy, at the brilliant prospects opening to her almost idolised young friend.

Every moment this day, which Julia could obtain for reflection, was now dedicated to Fitzroy; and not, as Mrs. Goodwin apprehended, to painful, unavailing retrospections.—"She had been, most unexpectedly, told by Fitzroy,—the amiable Fitzroy!—that he aimed at her affections, and wished to present her to his father as the wife his heart had chosen;" and the mournful tone of his voice, when he said—"If you send me from you, I shall be miserable," still vibrated on her ear. From the idea of making him miserable, her grateful heart recoiled.—"She would not make Mr. Fitzroy any thing but happy, for worlds.—He who was so kind, so benevolent, who so tenderly fed the poor, persecuted, unhappy, starving woman (and so sweet and good as that was of him!) he ought not to be afflicted. And then, too, he was so generous, and disinterested, to

think of making her his wife, when, with his expectations and attractions, he might, she thought, command the affections of almost any woman in existence: — and she was portionless, deserted, unclaimed by her father's family; and her mother's was now extinct: and well Fitzroy knew her insulated situation; for he had told her he had obtained the letter of Mr. Goodwin, addressed to Lady Delamore, and still kept it in his possession."

Every thing which gratified pride and ardent gratitude could urge, spoke in Fitzroy's favor, and combined, with his own apparent merits, to soften Julia's heart. From the first moment of her knowlege of him, he appeared in so amiable a point of view, that she had felt very much disposed to regard him with the sincere affection of a sister; but still, inclination kept the first place in her heart, to be filled with tender friendship for Lady Storamond; even now, her heart felt painful unwillingness at the thought of allowing him to precede this beloved friend in the tenderness of it's attachment; and to his resemblance to Lady Storamond (which Julia still saw undimi-

nished, more than even to any other consideration, Fitzroy was indebted for every feeling which softened, towards more than friendship, in her heart for him.

Had not our heroine's spirits been in a state of extreme agitation this day, she would, with her cheerful friends Mrs. Goodwin and Charles, have derived much amusement from the indefatigable preparations Miss Penrose was making for her evening's performance; who, from the moment she found she was to display her musical abilities to Lord Gaythorn and his friends that evening, thought of nothing but how to exhibit to the greatest advantage. She declined going out in the coach, or to walk, or even to accompany the rest of the family to evening service at church; fearing the effect any fatigue, or exertion, might have upon her voice. At dinner, apprehending any dire consequence from food, she made a strikingly scanty meal, upon the most rapidly digestive viands; and not one bit even of her favorite pudding would she touch; but raw eggs innumerable she swallowed before evening: and so persevering was she in practising the songs she meant

to sing, that every inmate of the Rectory was completely weary of hearing them; and Doctor Hargrave did, in an elaborate complimental speech, venture to tell her, "she would make herself hoarse, by such frequent repetitions."

The patience of Celestina was entirely subdued by this unceasing practice of her school friend; and she at last was completely wearied into the pouts by it; when, upon Miss Penrose wondering "if there would be any one amongst the company, in the evening, who could sing a duet with her?" Miss Hargrave replied, "There would certainly be a foreigner of the party, who was celebrated for his voice, and would be admirable in a second." Miss Penrose, quite delighted at this intelligence, set about practising some of her very best Italian duets.

It was so very late before any one arrived from the Priory, that poor Miss Penrose began to be quite alarmed; at length, her fears were terminated, by the arrival of Lords Gaythorn and Francis Loraine, the Messrs. Strictlands, and Fitzroy. No answer had been sent from Lady Gaythorn; but his lordship supposed, as she did not appear

at dinner, she was too unwell to wait upon Mrs. Hargrave.

So much agitation had Fitzroy's morning declaration awakened in the guileless bosom of Julia, that she could not see him approach, without a timid blush of consciousness heightening the roses of her cheeks, and evincing a degree of trepidation, that Fitzroy hailed with rapture, as auspicious to his fondest hopes; and, whilst Lord Gaythorn was necessarily engaged answering the questions of Mrs. Hargrave, he secured the only seat by our blushing heroine, and seemed, by every look and word, as if he but existed in the fascinating expectation of one day calling her his own.

At length, the moment arrived for Miss Penrose to commence her performance. She was handed by Doctor Hargrave to a very fine toned grand piano-forte, in excellent tune. She had taken even more than usual pains in the adornment of her person, and looked extremely pretty. Lord Gaythorn was quite a musical amateur; and stood by her chair, in readiness to be fascinated, to applaud, and turn over the leaves of the music-books.

Miss Penrose first ran over some of the most difficult compositions for the piano-forte, with rapid, and almost surprising, execution. She next (as it was Sunday, thinking it decorous to intersperse some sacred music through her performance) sung "Angels, ever bright and fair:" then a most difficult Italian *bravura*. Miss Penrose was, undoubtedly, what is, in general, termed a capital singer. Her voice was powerful, to a great degree; it's compass almost appeared unbounded; and her shake was exquisitely fine: but she astonished more than she pleased; for every note she sung was taught her. No taste or feeling was hers; and all of the former her performance evinced, she acquired, mechanically, from instruction: even the pretty show-off movements of her form, as she played, and the becoming smile her fixed countenance displayed, all sprung from tuition: and every hearer, while listening to her song, thought only of the great abilities of her master. She touched no chord of the heart, while she exercised her voice; and when she ceased, no sound still vibrated on the fascinated eager ear. She was very

obliging; and bountiful, to a degree, of her musical talents; no one even hinted at any song which pleased them, but instantly she sung it, if—she had been taught it: and she made no attempt to quit the piano, as there was no one confessedly to perform but herself.

Julia had given her reasons to Doctor Sydenham and Mrs. Goodwin, for not choosing to aid Miss Penrose in entertaining Mrs. Hargrave's party: the former applauded them; the latter, not very willingly, acquiesced: and Fitzroy, venerating that purity which actuated our heroine's wishes, requested Lord Francis (who had been as much fascinated with the soft, touching strain of melody, which had in the morning faintly broke upon their enraptured ears, as he himself had been) not to make any request hostile to her determination.

Miss Penrose sung on, most indefatigably, making every one wonder how her voice could hold out so long; and she herself wondering when this foreigner of astonishing musical abilities would arrive, to sing second to her, in a duet she was very anxious to delight her auditors with. The

evening was very sultry; and Julia was seated close to an open window that looked upon the lawn: she heard the sound of approaching footsteps, on the gravel walk which run just by her; and concluding it to be some of the domestics, come to listen to Miss Penrose, forbore to look towards them, lest she should disconcert them; but how was she dismayed and surprised, when, in the middle of one of Miss Penrose's most celebrated songs, her appalled ears were suddenly assailed (absolutely bellowing into the ear next the window, with deafening din) by the loud braying of a donkey! and as she, in the moment of horrid amazement, started round, to see what was thundering menaces of destruction to her sense of hearing, beheld the distended jaws of the animal almost touching her shoulder; and in the shade, where he stood, appearing in such a strange and formidable form, she sprung from her seat, and Fitzroy, in trembling anxiety, caught her in his arms, to protect her from — he scarcely knew what; and all was now, for a moment, consternation.

"Heavens and earth!" exclaimed Mrs.

Hargrave, at length coming to her recollection, "why was that odious animal let into the grounds?"

"To oblige Miss Penrose, ma," replied the undaunted Celestina, now entering from the lawn; "who expressed so much fear, this morning, that none of the company would have voice enough to join with her, that I invited Mr. Zebra, that foreigner of wonderful vocal powers, to come and sing second to her."

This animal, a present to Miss Hargrave, was one of her principal favorites; but he was obliged to be kept at pasture, far from the house, from a strange and unaccountable whim he had of never coming near an open door, or window, without instantly thrusting his head into it, and setting up a most discordant bray. Celestina, well remembering this propensity, and out of humor at Miss Penrose's worrying her with such incessant practice, resolved to be malicious:—first, deriving much amusement from having gulled her friend into practising duets to sing with this foreigner; and then, from the *finale* so according with her expectations. She had ordered the

donkey to be brought to a convenient distance for her project; and when Miss Penrose began, what this young torment knew she considered her *chef-d'œuvre*, she sallied forth, and conducted her auxiliary to the nearest open window, in due time to perform his part.

In the midst of this general confusion, the Ladies Gaythorn, Landgrave, and Strictland, unexpectedly arrived; and Miss Penrose had to begin, and sing all her best songs, over again. This, Lord Francis could by no means stand; and entreating Charles to accompany him, took refuge in the grounds. Lord Gaythorn, chagrined at his wife's coming to throw a damp upon his projected vivacious *agrémens* at supper, instantly resolved to mortify her, by paying the most marked and flattering attention to Miss Penrose, and in being in enthusiastic raptures at her performance: — for Lady Gaythorn had the weakness (although she hated and despised her husband) to experience real pain and humiliation at being deprived of those attentions which, though her heart valued not from him, her vanity still wished him to pay her. His

lordship now succeeded in perfectly disconcerting his better half; who, in revenge, audibly yawned in the most flourishing parts of one of Miss Penrose's *bravura* songs; and soon as it was ended, carelessly declared—"it had been sung prettily enough:" and then asked Mr. Strictland, "if Miss De Clifford had sung herself out?"

"Miss De Clifford has not sung at all."

"How has that happened?" exclaimed her ladyship.

"Upon account of Miss De Clifford's late ill state of health, my sister requested me not to ask her to sing," replied Mrs. Hargrave.

"Miss De Clifford herself made no objection to sing, when I asked her, last night; and we were only deprived of the pleasure of hearing her, by the unopportune return of the tormenting men from the Castle;" said Lady Gaythorn, convinced that Julia's now declining arose solely from a consciousness of inferiority to Miss Penrose: and feeling disposed to be angry with, and malicious to, our heroine, for bringing to public view (though innocently) her want of charity (as Lady Gaythorn was now ful-

ly acquainted with the whole of the tooth-pich-case adventure), she resolved that she should sing; and now rather overstepped the bounds of politeness, in the peremptory manner in which she seemed more to issue a command, than make a request, to Julia to sing, who, with all the mild dignity of good breeding, gently, yet determinately, excused herself.

"Why certainly, as you are so *agreeably engaged*," said her ladyship, glancing at Fitzroy, "I ought not to wonder, or feel hurt, at your refusing to oblige me."

Julia was much distressed; her delicacy was pained by her ladyship's innuendo; and she blushed the deepest tint of vermilion: conscious, too, that she was beginning to feel a newly-awakened interest in the conversation of Fitzroy. She shrunk from the idea of seeming to sacrifice every *politesse* to others, for the gratification of monopolising the attentions of her lover; and her pure heart recoiled from subjecting herself to the unrestrained and bold freedoms of Lord Gaythorn, whose manual attentions to Miss Penrose, during this evening, which she had beheld with indignation, she knew she could not submit to, and her resent-

ment would betray them to Fitzroy, whose strongly marked displeasure in the morning she trembled again to awaken, and she was now agitated and perplexed.

Fitzroy, attentive only to Julia, saw the conflict in her mind, and well divined it's source. All these thoughts, which disturbed her bosom, and passed through Fitzroy's mind, were but the rapid work of a moment; and, after a pause, scarcely long enough to be remarked, he replied to Lady Gaythorn —

"I am confident, Miss De Clifford has no pleasure superior to obliging; and could your ladyship develop the motive that now actuates her refusal to your request, you would perhaps cease to urge it."

"I *can* develop the motive, sir; and wonder not that *you* are too much flattered, not to applaud it," returned her ladyship, sarcastically.

"But as it is your *friends only*, Miss De Clifford," said Doctor Sydenham, hurt at Julia's embarrassment, and wishing to extricate her from it, now advancing to her, with a benignant smile, "and not your physicians who have laid any restrictions

upon you, a compliance with Lady Gaythorn's ardent and preserving desire, I should hope, might not materially injure you."

Julia, at once comprehending that Doctor Sydenham conceived there would be less of indelicacy in subjecting herself to the disgusting freedoms of Lord Gaythorn, than to remain under the now universally-awakened belief that her refusal was solely actuated by her wish to sit by, and listen to, her lover, instantly arose, and gave her hand to Doctor Sydenham, to lead her to the instrument.

"Oh, Miss De Clifford!" said Fitzroy, reproachfully, to her, "and does your heart, then, shrink from the supposition of your deriving gratification from my conversation and assiduities?"

Julia felt too much hurt, and provoked, by the question, to reply; she hastened to the piano-forte, and turned the pages of Handel's compositions to one of his most celebrated sacred airs. Doctor Sydenham and Mrs. Goodwin stood on each side of her; and Fitzroy, the moment she touched the keys of the instrument, precipitately

darted into the grounds. The symphony was short; and Julia'a voice, in one bar of recitative, recalled him to listen, and gaze upon her: and one swell alone had reached the lawn, when Lord Francis was drawn back, an entranced auditor.

Julia's voice astonished no one; but, thrilling to the heart, fascinated all. Her knowlege in music was profound. Instruction had taught her every thing the science comprised; but Nature herself had given her voice, taste, and feeling. From the moment she could articulate, Mrs. St. Clair had made her sing, in every company she permitted her to appear in; her natural timidity prevented her singing with confidence; but, long habituated to it, she had acquired a pleasing and becoming ease, equally devoid of disadvantageous bashfulness, and disgusting assurance. She seemed not to sing for applause, but to amuse herself: her heart, not her vanity, always appeared engaged in her performance: and so little did any idea of self engross our heroine, while exerting her musical abilities, that every look and gesture were left to sweet and unaffected nature; and she

never appeared more gracefully unembarrassed, or more interestingly lovely, than when she played or sung.

When Julia ceased, no murmur of applause broke on her ear; for she had touched the hearts of her auditors, and speech was enchained by feeling: but when her symphony was ended, and that she instantly arose to quit the piano, an universal burst of entreaty to remain broke from all.

Lord Gaythorn had withdrawn, with Miss Penrose, from the piano-forte; and, though now really charmed to enthusiasm, felt too much awed by the sublimity of the strain, given with such soul-touching effect, to presume to insult such excellence with the fulsome praise of common flattery; but his silence was the most eloquent plaudit.—Tears were the incense offered by several of the ladies, and Doctor Sydenham. Fitzroy, entranced, felt the magic of her power, and gazed and "looked unutterable things." Lord Francis felt too, but, covering his brow with his hand, hid his expressive countenance from observation: while Lady Gaythorn, who had determined to yawn through Julia's song, found her-

self suddenly bound by an overpowering spell, that led her gently, sweetly, unresistingly from the influence of envy and unkindness, to pure, unprejudiced, delighted admiration; and she suddenly exclaimed with energy unusual to her—

"If you do not sing another song, thou fascinator! I shall expire with grief."

Julia now, covered with the glowing blushes which such flattering applause called forth, and with a sweet acceding smile, in compliance with the general entreaty, immediately reseated herself. Her second song only created ardent solicitude to hear more; and as Lord Gaythorn still was awed to a respectful distance, she had no longer any motive for not obliging those who wished to hear her; and, at the request of Doctor Sydenham, she sung "I know that my Redeemer liveth," with such sweet and melting delicacy, such chastely beautiful embellishments, and such subduing emphasis, that all felt it was magic—the magic of melody and feeling. At the conclusion of this last song, infinite was the concern of every one of Julia's

charmed auditors, to hear supper announced.

With tremulous eagerness, Fitzroy grasped the hand of our heroine, to lead her to the dining-room. She had been hurt, and offended, by Fitzroy's address to her when she quitted him for the piano-forte; as she felt it not evincing sufficient respect for the delicacy of her feelings, and too much eagerness for the gratification of his own; therefore, though she permitted him to take her hand, she still was grave and dignified.

"Oh!" said he softly to her, as he walked beside her—"Oh! Miss De Clifford, after all this—after thus enchanting me by every fascinating spell—should I never, never touch your heart, what will then be my misery!"

The soft, seducing tenderness of Fitzroy's look, and the risistless pathos of his voice as he spoke, subdued Julia's little displeasure; and she gently replied—"Why for, you ever, thus, woo the anticipation so, of every evil; when, perhaps, there is not evil, at all, for you?"

Fitzroy now caught again the truant Hope;

his spirits were exhilarated to their very altitude; he was animated and entertaining to a fascinating degree. The rest of the company, catching more or less of his enlivening *agrémens*, bore their part with proportinate spirit in the pleasing conversation of the evening, which glided off so cheerfully, that with regret the party separated.

CHAPTER XIII.

In compliance with Mrs. Goodwin's request, Julia arose not the following morning to ramble with Doctor Sydenham, upon account of the ball she was going to in the evening, which would keep her up to an unusually late hour: however she arose sufficiently early to permit her taking a short, but refreshing walk, alone, in the Rectory grounds, before the family assembled to breakfast. The events of the last few days employed her thoughts; and prospects the most flattering presented themselves to her imagination. She looked upon the past as lessons for her to form her future conduct by; and hoped in prosperity, she should never forget the precepts she had received from the affliction of her early life. To pitying Heaven she was grateful for thus inspiring such a being as Fitzroy with affection for her, powerful enough to induce him to rescue her from adversity, and to become her friend, and protector through

life—Fitzroy, for whom her grateful heart began to glow with sensations softening rapidly towards the most tender attachment.

With a countenance glowing with the beams of softened sensibility, and the roseate blush of Hebe, Julia entered the house upon the summons of the breakfast bell; and in the hall, most unexpectedly, met Fitzroy.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, as he eagerly took her hand, and looked on her with tenderness and delight, "you have been walking, and alone! Had I known this, I would have been here earlier:—but are you now too much fatigued to lengthen your walk with me?"

"With pleasure, very much, I would you accompany," she replied; "only the bell, has been rung for us all, to come eat breakfast; and it would not be right, for me, to go, and keep Mrs. Hargrave, to wait for me, you know."

"How unlucky I have been! Had I known you were walking, I could have been here hours ago; for I was up betimes, I could not sleep; and you have my loss of rest to answer for.—Oh Julia! the sound

of your voice still vibrated on my fascinated ear; — your image, engraven on my heart, was sweetly reflected on my vision, and I could not, would not, sleep, lest my dreams should not be of you."

Julia now, averting her blushing face from the ardent expression that irradiated Fitzroy's eyes, asked him, with a voice of timed sweetness, "If he had breakfasted?"

"No," he replied, "I am come to Mrs. Hargrave's *déjûné*, by the kind invitation of her fair daughter, who has promised to show me her Menagerie; — an invitation you cannot doubt that I most joyfully accepted."

Mrs. Hargrave now appeared, descending the stairs, and politely she welcomed Fitzroy. Breakfast passed pleasantly. Celestina, with much delight, conducted her visitors through the repository of her favorites; but though Fitzroy politely admired them all, still Julia was the sole object of his contemplation; and, by his unceasing, and flatteringly respectful, attentions to her, betrayed to every one the tenderness of his attachment.

At length, the clock, announcing the

hour, called Fitzroy, most unwillingly, away to the approaching ceremony, and the ladies all hastened to the market-place, where, in the curate's house, they were accommodated with windows, to see the elected members pass on the shoulders of popularity. Mr. Smith preceded Fitzroy, in a whimsical chair resembling a fairy's bower, decorated with all the emblems appropriate to that tiny race.

Fitzroy's chair was simply elegant, adorned with green-house plants, and hot-house flowers; and he looked, and moved, in all the captivating charms of graceful symmetry, and striking beauty.

Mr. Smith returned the gratulations he received, with comic grimace, well calculated to carry him through with rapturous plaudits, little inferior to those bestowed upon the popular favorite, — the handsome and elegant Fitzroy.

In every first-floor window, the ladies saluted them with the waving, snow-white, cambric banner. In every second story, the housemaids, with cordiality, shook their dusters on them. The men, in the streets, huzzaed and shouted; and the wo-

men yelled and screamed their compliments and congratulations. As Fitzroy passed the window where Julia stood to view him, all, who could see him at the moment, observed the eagerness with which his eyes sought her out, and rested, as long as his bearers would permit them, on her blushing face, and the flatteringly respectful manner in which he particularly made his passing bow to her.

It was near two o'clock before the bustle and confusion of the streets allowed the Rectory family to return home, whence they shortly after proceeded on an excursion planned by Mrs. Hargrave, to show our heroine and Mrs. Goodwin a beautiful castle, and some other curiosities, in the neighbourhood of Z. From this expedition, they did not arrive at home until late, and immediately after sat down to table; as Mrs. Hargrave had arranged that none of her guests were to dress for the ball, before dinner.

At length, the Rectory ladies were decorated for the ball; and certainly, for beauty, and for fashion too, made no contemptible group. With delight, almost maternal,

Mrs. Goodwin beheld Julia De Clifford look more strikingly beautiful, and attractively lovely, than she had ever before seen her. Hopes and fears, half-pleasurable, half-painful — sensations hitherto totally unknown to our heroine — had now begun to agitate her bosom; irradiating her eyes, and brightening the bloom on her cheeks, with the brilliant glow of timid, conscious sensibility.

At a late hour (and not until some of the party were out of patience at the delay), Lady Gaythorn and cousins, with a numerous retinue of beaus, called for Mrs. Hargrave and her friends.

The external of the Castle inn, where the ball was given, was fancifully illuminated with colored lamps: the staircase very well decorated with transparencies, green-house plants, and lights innumerable. At the ball-room door this large party was received by the new members, and their immediate friends: but Fitzroy seemed only to see Miss De Clifford, whose hand he eagerly took, and, as he delightedly gazed upon her, said —

"I am told, I must not dance to-night,

after I open the ball with Lady Gaythorn; as, since it would be impossible for me to dance with every one, I might give offence by particular attentions. This is Lord Gaythorn's malice, I do really believe, on purpose to retaliate on and torment me; however, be it as it may, my happiness for the evening is destroyed by their cautious forms: but since I am not allowed the pleasure of dancing with you myself, I am anxious to oblige my friend, and obtain that honor for Lord Francis Loraine."

"With pleasure, very much, I would dance, with his lordship," Julia replied, "did I at all purpose, for dancing; but.... Do not, Mr. Fitzroy, hold me mortifyingly cheap, when I do tell for you, I was never to the ball, in my whole life, before. I know not of the forms, and rules, prescribed here; and though I have learned, to dance, and have practised, certainly, a great quantity, it was only amongst girls, in a convent abroad; and I should be, so very frightened (yes, indeed, from my poor wits, I am sure quite), was I to stand up, among strangers, so many. Of myself, to take hands of people, whose very names, I

not know—and from want for custom to it—I should feel as if I had too much of courage, could I make attempt, to do it. So, to-night, I will be observer only; and if, by seeing how others manage, I think, I may venture too, why then, when again, I do meet, Lord Francis, at the ball, I shall delighted be, extremely, to dance with him; because I like him, exceedingly more, than I do, almost any of the men, I have met with; and he too, I know, will tell to me, when I go wrong way."

Fitzroy, with a countenance illumined by rapturous delight, attended to Julia; as, with bewitching *naïveté*, she told him of her inexperience in the customs of the world. Fervently he pressed her hand; and, with augmented tenderness, said—

"The next ball, Julia!—If the canon law, by exalting me to greater happiness, does not prohibit my dancing with you myself, I will not resign your hand to Lord Francis, or any other man in existence."

Julia's beautiful face was suffused with timid blushes. The party now, arriving at the upper end of the ball-room, became stationary. Fitzroy was called upon, to

hand Lady Gaythorn out, to begin the ball; and as he went, unwillingly, to perform his duty, he softly whispered Julia—

"Oh! why am I thus called from listening, with delighted ears, to the fascinating, artless, ingenuous remarks of a mind so pure, so innocent, so unsophisticated in the ways of that world, in which, I trust, it will be my happiness to be your protector, and to see you hold a place not more elevated in rank than exalted by virtue!"

He now glided off to Lady Gaythorn; and dancing commenced. The whole of the large party our heroine came with (except herself, Mrs. Goodwin, Doctors Sydenham and Hargrave) joined the merry, active columns. Innumerable were the grotesque, absurd, laughable, and extraordinary figures and characters here exhibited, in this motley assemblage; but the crowd, heat, and press of people, were so great, that discrimination was totally precluded; and Julia, from her attractive beauty, and other adventitious circumstances, was so much an object of gazing curiosity, that she narrowly escaped being crushed to death by the admiring throng.

At length, Lord Francis Loraine, in going to procure some tea for his partner, Lady Diana Strictland, passed where our heroine stood, in terror, stemming the torrent that pressed upon her. Instantly he extricated her from her dangerous situation, obtaining for her, and partners in distress, Mrs. Goodwin and Doctor Sydenham, seats upon one of the back benches, quite out of the way of every annoyance; and where there was a free circulation of air from the open windows. The rescued sufferers were all gratitude to their kind deliverer, who, the moment he quitted them, said, with a smile, "I believe I have now accommodated every body:" and it was literally so; for Julia De Clifford now, in her elevated situation, could see every one, and every one could see her, to the greatest advantage.

Julia, having now a full view of those engaged in the amusement of the evening, beheld with amaze the languid Lady Gaythorn dancing with the most striking animation and gaiety. Her ladyship ever wishing to evince eccentricity, and make people wonder, now chose to throw off her habitual supineness; and as the evening was

sultry, the dancers innumerable, and scarcely room to move, to begin with Money Musk, and dance it down with the true spirit it required, to the very bottom of the room, and not to let a couple, however inattentive, escape her fangs.

Fitzroy's was the dancing of a gentleman, and that to perfection; and Julia beheld him with the highest admiration: but Celestina Hargrave, with petticoats which fell, indeed, short of impeding the view of the spectator, and dancing with Charles Goodwin (a very graceful, agile youth), was the wonder and admiration of every beholder; and certainly even *Duport* himself might not have disdained her for a partner.

Fitzroy was kept upon such indefatigable duty, by his now gay, and always beautiful partner, that he could not steal one moment to speak to Julia; but his eager eyes strayed to gaze upon her, whenever it was possible.

And now a new bustle and crush amid the crowd commenced, to make way for the Duchess-dowager of Springcourt and her party, whom Mr. Smith, like the dwarf of

the Castle, was endeavouring to usher to the place of honor in the room, but could only succeed in convoying them as far as about where Julia sat, like a fixed star of attractive brightness.

Her grace of Springcourt was a laughter-loving, pleasure-seeking, dame, who had resolved to be young all the days of her life; and had, from her infancy, discarded Thought and Spleen from her suite. She had been thrice married; yet had never known care: had buried three husbands; and had never felt sorrow: and now, a great grandmother of sixty-two, was come to the ball, to dance merrily the whole evening, with the handsomest and most dashing young men in the room, whom, like a second Ninon, she seemed ever to fascinate. By each of her marriages she had offspring: many of them daughters; who, without much beauty, much fortune, much sense, much information, or much discretion, all made great alliances, almost immediately upon their first appearance in the public eye. The same unaccountable favor of capricious fortune attended her sons; who all succeeded early, and with

merely negative merit, little exertion, and less claim, to the highest rank in their respective professions.

The duchess, by three good jointures, was tolerably wealthy. Her house in town, her villa on the banks of the Thames, and her mansion fourteen miles from *Z.*, were all dedicated, respectively, to festivity and fashionable dissipation. The young, the gay, the thoughtless, ever found a hospitable reception from her grace; whose houses, in succession, were ever filled with merry guests: and if any thing occurred beneath her grace's roof, which Decorum or Propriety might look grave at, Good-nature immediately interposed, and, in extenuation, pleaded, "The Duchess of Springcourt was so giddy, and so good-humored, no one could condemn her."

Every one knowing her grace's propensity for appearing in public, no one felt surprised at her coming so many miles to an election ball: but in the train of this giddy great grandmother was a being who created universal astonishment, and took from our heroine the eye of general observation.

With her grace arrived a most strikingly

beautiful woman, of about six and twenty. In height, even far above what is usually termed commanding: her figure, to the eye of common observation, exquisitely formed; for art had so judiciously disposed her light drapery, as to conceal only defects, and display her beauties to the most conspicuous advantage. Her face, naturally fine and expressive, was now most skilfully painted, as well as her neck, bosom, shoulders, and arms, an almost alabaster white, that spoke, most decidedly, interesting languor; her large, dark, and eloquent eyes languished in perfect unison: whilst her whole dress was calculated to inspire — certainly, any thing rather than respect. Her hair seemed arranged by the wanton Zephyrs with alluring negligence: she wore a light, but sumptuous diadem of sparkling brilliants; from which gracefully flowed, until it swept the ground, a veil of black lace, so exquisitely fine, it seemed the work of sylphs. Her body, but not her arms, was closely enveloped by a blush color, elastic, silk web: and her only other covering was a soft, scanty, and short, white sarcenet petticoat; over which, and her web boddice, was tastefully flung

a kind of robe, and drapery, of transparent white lace, of the same ethereal manufacture as her veil. A zone of brilliants fastened it round her waist; a costly gem secured on the tip of each, fully displayed, shoulder. Her gloves were pushed down to her wrists; and her arms, from the shoulder, were uncovered, except by costly armlets, and bracelets of brilliants. A very slight Italian chain, of beautiful workmanship, formed the only veil of her bosom; except an attractive brilliant star, which fastened her robe together.

Julia De Clifford, attracted, like others, by this liberal exhibition of striking beauty, looked until burning blushes tinged her cheeks; and, humbled at such a degradation to her sex's delicacy, turned away ashamed. Mrs. Goodwin felt a secret joy that Rosa was not there, to see immodesty countenanced by rank; and Doctor Sydenham felt highly indignant, "that one of the Cyprian corps had been thus incautiously admitted, in a mistake, as one of the Duchess of Springcourt's party."

The second dance had been commenced some time: it was a Scotch or Irish rant,

of inconceivable fatigue; yet Julia had seen Lady Gaythorn dance it down with unsubdued spirit; and now, to her utter astonishment, Lord Francis Loraine hastily advanced to her, with an entreaty that she would go immediately to Lady Gaythorn, who was taken suddenly and extremely ill.

"Shall I, too, attend her ladyship?" asked Mrs. Goodwin, good-naturedly.

"No," Lord Francis replied, "she has expressly requested that only Miss De Clifford should be called to her; and has forbidden my mentioning her indisposition, even to the Strictlands."

Julia was now led away by his lordship, whose hand, she found, trembled excessively, whilst his countenance portrayed agitation and inquietude. They were obliged to pass close to the beautiful transparency, who immediately accosted Lord Francis, with a soft alluring smile:—

"Lord Francis Loraine does not know me, I believe!"

Nature, in her caprices, as she had destroyed the perfect beauty of the peacock by the deformity of his legs, so had given a discordant drawback to the harmony of

loveliness here, by a voice from which the nice ear must recoil, as it murmured it's deep-drawn, grating tones. —

" Lord Francis Loraine does not know me, I believe!" growled out this languishing fair.

" Certainly, madam, I did not immediately recognise you," replied Lord Francis, with frigid gravity; " since I should have looked for Lady Enderfield in a doleful dress, and in the house of mourning: for I had heard your husband was very lately deceased; and I sincerely congratulate your ladyship, upon the report being so happily without foundation." His lordship, profoundly bowing, now hurried on with Julia.

At the door of the ball-room they found Lady Gaythorn, pale, trembling, and highly agitated, leaning upon the arm of Fitzroy, who first espied our heroine. —

" Here is Miss De Clifford!" he exclaimed with animation: " I knew she would come, when she heard you were ill."

" And I feared she would not encounter the crowd, for one she knows so little of," said her ladyship, who now, with tremu-

lous eagerness, grasped Julia by the arm. "And," continued her ladyship, "I have done dancing for the night, Fitzroy; so you are freed from your attendance upon me. Do you, and Lord Francis, now leave us."

"Can we, then, be of no assistance to you?—None at all?" said Fitzroy, with concern; and anxious to remain with Julia.

"No," replied her ladyship; "no; I have now Miss De Clifford with me; and the magic of her melodious voice shall charm my perturbation to sweet tranquillity, and she will lead me back to the scene of gaiety myself again:" and her ladyship attempted a smile; but it was so ghastly, so wild, so foreign to her heart, that Julia, alarmed, hurried her away from the gentlemen, to a private room, where her ladyship hastily dismissed the attending domestic, and, locking the door, to guard against every interruption, fell upon Julia's bosom, almost breathless with agitation.

Our heroine, in amazed consternation, knew not in what way to attempt consolation or relief: she could only say, "I am grieved;" and this short sentence came in a tone so resistless from her heart, that

it touched at once every feeling of tenderness in Lady Gaythorn's bosom, and instantly called forth her tears, which, by shedding abundantly, gave ease to her almost bursting heart.

"Oh, Miss De Clifford!" at length sobbed out Lady Gaythorn, "I am a wretch, who, by ingratitude, and treachery the most perfidious, murdered the beloved of my soul:—but had I, had I been left to myself, I could not have proved so base, so barbarously inconstant..... And she, the bane to my repose, who hurled my happiness down that fathomless pit, where it was for ever lost—why has she appeared, to overset me?—Why is she come, like the ill-omened raven, to blast your peace, as well as mine?"

Julia started, and horrid apprehension of—she knew not what—pervaded her whole frame, chilled her blood, and made her heart flutter with alarm.

"She, that indecorous woman, who makes every pure mind, of her own sex, blush at her indelicacy," resumed her ladyship, "was the first, and early love of Fitzroy, and his long betrothed wife."

Our heroine's heart felt this blow; but it

called back her retreating firmness, to sustain her.

" She was always beautiful, sensible, highly informed, and accomplished," said Lady Gaythorn; " but in her bosom lurks the most profound dissimulation, the most designing, treacherous heart, that ever throbbed to deceive. Her father lived in the village contiguous to Fitzroy:—for Lord Horatio Fitzroy's principal residence is in this county. She had no fortune; in family was a gentlewoman, and no more. Fitzroy, from a very youth, was much at her father's house; and the whole family of dissimulation combined, to captivate his susceptible heart in the wiles of this fascinating Circe (who is three years older than Fitzroy and myself, for she is now nearly twenty-seven). They succeeded; Fitzroy became distractedly in love: and his father and mother, adoring him, and gratifying his every wish, agreed to a marriage, which they approved not of, and which was now fixed to take place as soon as he became of age.

" Lord and Lady Horatio Fitzroy, partial to the Continent, principally reside

abroad; and Fitzroy, about three months before his minority expired, went to visit his father, at Naples, to arrange with him every thing for his approaching nuptials. In the interval of his absence, Lord Enderfield saw Fitzroy's intended bride, became enamoured, and offered her his hand. Fitzroy was then supposed to have no chance of his uncle's title; and the accomplished jilt, unhesitatingly, and without even a line to extenuate or soften her treachery, became a countess.

"Fitzroy sustained her perfidy with manly firmness; but it was supposed he deeply felt it; for though many unexceptionable matches have since been proposed to him, he has rejected them all: and much I feared, as the death of Lord Enderfield took place, at Venice, eight months ago (Heaven knows if fairly), that he was at length destined for this his first unworthy love; until you appeared, and silenced every apprehension, and gave me hope and joy. In the gay city of Paris, this—in every way I believe — Circe has spent the first months of her widowhood; and now is here, I doubt not, because she has heard of the Marquis

of Penmorva's death, and wishes to try and reinstate herself in the affections of Fitzroy, that she may become a duchess .... But, O merciful Heaven! grant that I may never, never live to see that torturing hour!"

Although sensations new and painful agitated the throbbing heart of our heroine, she yet felt gratitude to Heaven for this history having been disclosed to her; and for the ill-omened arrival of Lady Enderfield taking place, before her peace of mind had been for ever lost, in an unconquerable attachment to Fitzroy.

"This perfidious woman," continued her ladyship, "was once my dearest friend. We went to school together; and she won my guileless heart by her insidious blandishments. My father's riches then equaled his rank; and it was in my power to be very kind to her; nor did she ever fail to work upon my prodigal generosity. Often has she spent months together at my father's houses; where she experienced the greatest attention and hospitality.—But times changed. She became a countess: and my infatuated father, from an unfortunate *propensity* to gaming, dreadfully re-

duced the circumstances of his family. It was now that Lady Enderfield proved her ingratitude equal to her perfidy. She never came to see me, or honored me with her notice; except for the express purpose of mortifying me, and my beloved sisters. Oh! I could tell you such unkind, nay cruel, things of her doing: —— but, continually talking of her rank, her splendor, her court arrangements, she never failed to glance at my attachment to the most amiable of mankind, by saying — 'These are things younger brothers' wives, who live on love, in a cottage, can know nothing of. . . . .

"Will you not pity my deplorable weakness, Miss De Clifford, when you hear that it was the mortifying conduct of this woman that led me on to be a fiend — even more cruelly perfidious than herself; to blast my own happiness for ever; and murder him my Frederick? . . . . I gave my hand to the detestable Lord Gaythorn, because (oh! infatuated fool!) he ranked higher in the peerage than Lord Enderfield, that I might take precedence of this now hated woman; and from that dreadful hour, I have been most truly the wretch I merited to be. . . . .

Weak, silly, silly, rash fool that I was! she has still the advantage of me, in every thing.—Her husband died; and has left her at liberty to wed the man of her affections: while mine .... Though his death could have availed me little, but a release from an abhorred husband; for, maniac that I was! Lord Gaythorn's widow could not have been the wife of his son."

Lady Gaythorn now burst into a new flood of anguished tears; and Julia could give her no comfort. She sincerely pitied this self-devoted sufferer; yet despised the woman who could be led by perfidy so cruel, by such ignoble, puerile motives. She rejoiced the amiable Fitzroy had hitherto escaped the misery of an union with such a worthless being as Lady Enderfield; and fervently hoped he might escape her still, even though she herself might never have the happiness to become his wife.

Suddenly the tears of Lady Gaythorn ceased to flow; and energetically she exclaimed,—"Why do I loiter here, to defeat my own purpose!.... To see the vile, detested Lady Enderfield elevated above me in rank, would make me even more wretched

than I am. It is in your power only to save me from that misery. If the amiable Fitzroy is an object of interest to you;—if you prize his happiness;—if you wish not to see him the most wretched of mankind;—exert your fascinating powers, and rescue him from the destruction that now assails him, in the form of Lady Enderfield."

Julia's sensibility was painfully awakened. —"Dear madam," she exclaimed, "after Lady Enderfield's much perfidy, and so great deal strong ingratitude, to him; and after appearing in the soon time, of her widowhood, at the ball—and so attired! think, at all, Fitzroy can be for danger?"

"I know her.—I know Fitzroy too; and know his danger is imminent."

"Then, then is Fitzroy," said Julia, with glowing cheeks, "not worthy for, a virtuous woman's, love."

"Miss De Clifford," exclaimed her ladyship, "be not childishly romantic. Expect perfection in no man. Fitzroy has ten thousand merits. Were you his wife, he would adore you for ever: if Lady Enderfield is his, the moment the illusion of her blandishments is past, he will abhor her.

Throw not fastidiously the now offered smiles of fortune from you. Consider it worth your exertions, to save the happiness of Fitzroy, to secure your own, and become a duchess."

"But to proceed, how am I, to do?" asked Julia. "Not by entering lists, with this, so subtile, Lady Enderfield?"

"One look of love from you, would secure your triumph, and bind Fitzroy to you for ever."

"Oh, Lady Gaythorn!" Julia replied, in gentle accent, but determined tone, "and that look, shall not ever, no not ever come, premeditately, from my eyes. Fate, dear madam, must here, go her own part to do: she cannot, through my means, find art, to be for her, the auxiliary."

"Promise, however, you will do nothing to repulse Fitzroy;—that you will meet him again, as if you had not heard of his former situation with Lady Enderfield."

"I promise readily, not to make repulse for him; but can my agitated feelings, promise, for not to meet him, with an increase, of interest, from hearing the so bad news,

for his having been unhappy — so much deceived, of perfidy so cruel?"

"Since such is your disposition, this is an auspicious moment to lead you to him," said Lady Gaythorn eagerly, and smiling through her tears. "Let us hasten, therefore. He had not seen this Circe, when we left him; and I trust the crowd has yet concealed her from his sight. Remember, all that has passed between us is an inviolable secret: and should any one question you about my indisposition, have the goodness to say, 'The heat, and dancing, overcame me.'"

CHAPTER XIV.

LADY GAYTHORN and Julia now proceeded to the ball-room; at the door of which Lord Francis was anxiously waiting for them, but no Fitzroy.

"Where is your friend?" hastily exclaimed her ladyship.

"He was sent for, by the Duchess of Springcourt," answered Lord Francis, with an embarrassed air, and a countenance of increased inquietude. "Had we not better, Lady Gaythorn, quit this torrid atmosphere, for the less crowded card-room?—And, Miss De Clifford, I am sorry to tell you, that it would now be an impossibility to regain your situation by Mrs. Goodwin."

The agitated manner of Lord Francis developed at once his kind motive for this address, to the too well-informed Julia, whose cheeks now glowed from the sudden thrill of her agitated heart. Suddenly, through a *vista made* by the moving throng, Julia be-

held Fitzroy dancing with Lady Enderfield. Fitzroy, who had excused himself from dancing with her — with her whom he had addressed, and even not an hour before, in the most unequivocal language of serious, honorable love! — "Alas!" and every golden dream now vanished at once from Julia's vision of happiness with Fitzroy. The newly awakened tenderness of her bosom seemed, to herself, to die at once, before the rising contempt she felt for a man who could thus trample upon the rules of politeness prescribed by society; — who could thus, unhesitatingly, run the chance of offending those who had so handsomely elected him as one of their representatives in the senate, to pay homage to a woman whom decorum must shrink from, and the man of true delicacy contemn. She felt, that had the object of Fitzroy's early love now returned a widow, whose habit and deportment claimed respect, she should rejoice at the prospect of their union, as it might be for the happiness of Fitzroy; and though she should still be doomed to a life of unprotected dependence, no pang of envy or repining should murmur through her bosom.

Lady Gaythorn had declined, from powerful motives, to quit the ball-room; Mr. Strictland had joined her ladyship; but though each lady had now a gentleman, to attempt, at least, to guard them from the pressure of the crowd, they found the throng and heat so oppressive, that Lady Gaythorn, ever choosing to do eccentric things, determined upon going into the gallery to the musicians.

"We shall be stunned there!" exclaimed Mr. Strictland. "And suffocated into the bargain," said Lord Francis.

"Not more completely than in this room," replied her ladyship; who having resolved upon this project, lost no time in accomplishing it, although it was evidently against the inclination of her party, and contrary to rule, of not admitting any one but the musicians into this orchestra. There were only two places vacant, in the front seat of this gallery; and her ladyship, and young cousin, instantly took possession of them: and Lady Gaythorn, with her opera glass, amused herself with gazing about, as if she was in her own box at the King's Theatre. Julia *and Lord* Francis, delighted to find

an open window, near which they seated themselves, close behind her ladyship, were so completely in shade, that no one could see them from below, while they commanded a full view of every one in the ball-room, and Fitzroy and his conspicuous partner totally arrested the attention of them both.

Lady Enderfield had been an indefatigable votary at the shrine of Terpsichore, during the first months of her widowhood, which she had passed at Paris; and with her own close application, aiding the skill of the first masters there, was now equal to almost any dancer at the Opera-house. Her dancing was certainly very fine; but, only calculated for a professor, was much too embellished and theatrical for private life: and the uncommon height of her figure made her appear unpleasingly preposterous, as she bounded, capered, and formed attitudes, to the amazement of all—the delight of only a few.

One honest young farmer, who was footing it away, with his sweetheart, at length appeared inspired by Lady Enderfield, in attempting to cut capers like her ladyship, lashed up behind with ludicrous exertion,

and gave Lady Enderfield a kick upon the shin, which she chose to make the most of. Uttering a faint cry of anguish, she tottered, and fell into Fitzroy's arms, who, with a countenance of anxious tenderness, bore her from the dancers; and soon they were both lost to the following eyes of Lord Francis and Julia.

"Sorceress!—Fiend!" his lordship softly articulated, unconsciously; when suddenly his eyes met Julia's: his flashed with indignation; in hers sat pity and native mildness; whilst on her lips he saw a smile hovering: and, easily developing the expression of her intelligent countenance, saw at once it was a smile of contempt.

"Undone Fitzroy!" he softly whispered:—"Julia De Clifford despises you."

Julia started, and exclaimed—"My lord!"

"Forgive my strange exclamation," said he; "for the danger that threatens Fitzroy almost distracts me. Would to Heaven, Miss De Clifford, that you felt sufficient interest for him, to condescend to save him from the wiles of a syren—a sorceress, whose spells, I fear (without your interfer-

ence), will work his misery and destruction."

"I should be, a great deal ungrateful creature," answered Julia, with steady calmness, "was I not, exceedingly much, interested, for the happiness, of Mr. Fitzroy; but I possess not, at all, the power, which you seem, to me ascribe, for exorcising the influence, of this, so evil, spirit."

"Oh! you do possess it!' replied his lordship, with energy:—"and you only possess it; for Fitzroy loves you, reverences you, and estimates you, beyond all other women in existence. But last night, when we thought this sorceress far distant, he confessed to me, his affection was more tender, more respectful (and, he was convinced, more everlasting), than that his youthful fancy led him to conceive for Lady Enderfield:—but *that* love, he feared, was only doomed to meet the return from you which the grateful feelings of your heart, for some very trifling service he had rendered you, would lead you to conceive. This idea has strongly taken possession of his mind. His *is* an ardent disposition;—his love and

friendship must be to excess: nor will he ever brook a languid return to either; and he must have you as evidently, and ardently, in love as himself, before he will be satisfied that you care at all for him. Every one has faults; Fitzroy fewer than almost any man I know; and yet I, alas! know no one more vulnerable to the weakness of vanity (when assailed in the idea of being beloved) than Fitzroy: but were he shielded by the certainty of your affection, vain would be the attacks of every other woman. Your love would be all of happiness to him: —every thought centred in your mutual tenderness, you would be his defence, his buckler here; and you would lead him to everlasting bliss hereafter."

The solemnity with which Lord Francis uttered his last sentence, struck Julia forcibly. It seemed to call back her fleeting tenderness — her interest for Fitzroy, with awful impression. She felt no wish for reserve upon the subject, with this most amiable young man, whom Fitzroy himself had announced to her, as "the soul of honor;" yet in bashfulness, and not exactly knowing what reply she ought to make him, she still

sat silent, but attentive; while Lady Gaythorn having caught sufficient of their conversation, to know that Lord Francis was pleading that cause she had so earnestly at heart, resolved he should not be interrupted; and now entirely engrossed the attention of Mr. Strictland, in quizzing the busy assemblage before them.

And now Lord Francis entered into a more circumstantial detail of the attachment of Fitzroy, and the perfidy of Lady Enderfield, than Lady Gaythorn had done; and giving it with more feeling, Julia's pity for Fitzroy was sensibly awakened. After a pause, Lord Francis proceeded.—"Amiable, compassionating Miss De Clifford, will you, will you not, in pity to my friend, save him from the sorcery of this vile inchantress?"

"What would you have of me, to do?"—asked Julia.—"Surely not to deceive him; and tell for him, I love him, when I do not?"

The whole frame of Lord Francis seemed now to vibrate with some newly-awakened emotion; and eagerly, and expressively, he demanded—"Does your heart, then, really

experience no . . . . nothing of tenderness for Fitzroy?"

"Not one hour, since it did," she replied, with a fascinating blush of innocence and simplicity; "not one hour quite, since my heart, very certainly, did experience, sensations for softening, into tenderness, to your friend. They were, assuredly, for gratitude, the offspring; and if affection, which did spring from that source, could not make for, Mr. Fitzroy, happiness, it is well, very much, that Lady Enderfield, has now appeared, to save my peace, from being so sacrificed, at the shrine for gratitude, and admiration, which, too, did tell, for my erring judgement, Fitzroy had made possession, of all great virtue, under heaven."

"By my testimony, Fitzroy certainly stands convicted of vanity," said his lordship; "but in what other failure, in goodness, has your judgement been deceived relative to my poor friend?"

"Of the very much, refined, feelings, for the human mind, I will not now, to speak," she replied; "for perhaps, the difference in formation for the heart, of man, and woman, might make for us agreement, not

very well; for what I might have feel, in conviction was just, you might consider, for fastidiousness: I will therefore, only say for now, Mr. Fitzroy, did not act quite amiably, when he made attempt, to gain my affections; when knowing very well, his own, were not firmly, from Lady Enderfield, withdrawn. — He should very much, have tried, his own heart, before he did listen, to the mere impulse, for fancy, to assail mine. The peace for a fellow creature, ought to be of estimation, too, greatly, much, to be lightly sported with. That the heart to your friend, was never at freedom, from the chains of his first attachment, I am convinced: — that I stand chance, none at all, for rival being, to Lady Enderfield, you will own yourself, when you do remember, that very much patiently, he acquiesced, to the advice, from friends, not to dance, when I was the partner, he was to make forego of; but when Lady Enderfield, did appear, the advice from friends, and every consequence, did vanish before, the much happiness, for dancing with her."

"Oh! do not say his acquiescence was very patient!"

" Well, at smallest, it was rational; and he did listen, for advice, and acquiesced, because it was so right; but when real, love, did come, prudence, and sage advice, did get sent, about their business."

" But his dancing with Lady Enderfield, I must think, was brought about by some stratagem; and that it was not his voluntary doing, I am convinced," said Lord Francis.

" Really you do think, that not voluntarily, he is in the dance, with Lady Enderfield?" said Julia, eagerly, with a brightening countenance.

" I do, absolutely, think it," replied Lord Francis, struggling with a deep-drawn sigh. " But Fitzroy's heart I will probe, and well examine, before I sleep. — I will impart to him what, I have not a doubt, will prove his talisman against the wiles of this sorceress. To the utmost of my power will I exert myself, to save him from destruction; for he is the most beloved friend I have: and, Miss De Clifford, if you knew every secret of my heart, you would be convinced how much I love, how highly prize, him, by my making exertions for the only event which can secure his happiness."

think I may venture to promise Mrs. Hobbs will supply you with some kind of refreshments."

"I not wish, at all, for any, my dear sir," said Julia, in a tone of ineffable mildness, but touching sadness; which instantly determined her good and venerable friend to bring her some wine, at least, if he was even to procure it at the hazard of being well buffeted by the multitude below.

Julia De Clifford was no faultless monster: she had rather a large stock of pride, and some vanity; both of which were now severely mortified and wounded by this public dereliction of Fitzroy, who had seemed to take such unwearied pains to evince to the world his attachment to her: and not only was she deprived of the attentions of Fitzroy, which had been so interesting to her heart, and had given her consequence in the eyes of every one at *Z.*, but she sat, in this house of festivity, like what she was in the world—an unprotected, unconnected, solitary being: and such ideas, in a mind of strong susceptibility, could not fail—aided, too, by the other pained feelings of her heart—of making sad impressions; giving

to her voice the tone of sorrow; her face, the look of pensive melancholy. But soon, Doctor Sydenham, with a smile of almost celestial benevolence, tottering beneath a sandwich tray of refreshments (which he could not find any one whom he thought it judicious to entrust with eatables, in the present demand for them, to carry for him), roused her every thought to gratitude. For her, and her beloved friend Mrs. Goodwin, this venerable man had made this kind exertion, as he himself never ate suppers: and how could she evince her sensibility of his great kindness, but by cheerfully partaking of the viands he had brought her. Instantly, she remanded every gloomy thought back to the cave of spleen.

"Have I not, two friends, with me, of inestimable worth; and am I not, therefore, fortunate, very greatly?" said she, mentally. Gratitude, now, illumined her lovely countenance, with every sparkling gem from the stores of innocence and beauty. She helped Mrs. Goodwin; then an old and gouty farmer, who was unequal to encountering the crowd, and who still sat in the ball-room, reconciled to the idea of getting

no supper, "as his boys and girls," he said, "were merry below:" then she took some chicken herself; drank Doctor Sydenham's health, with a tear of gratitude glistening in her intelligent eyes; chatted, with playful gaiety, and chastened mirth, to entertain her two kind friends (whom she clearly saw were chagrined upon her account), with such resistless sweetness, and amiable exertion, that the delighted Doctor Sydenham again sighed with regret, at not having such a child to bless his declining years.

When this repast, made cheerfully pleasant by the fascinating gaiety of the grateful Julia, had been some time ended, she, with her two admiring friends, walked up and down the ball-room; or occasionally strayed into the illumined balcony, to catch the refreshing breeze of night, and to look at pale Cynthia, now in her wane, until the return of the ladies, attended by many of the men, from the supper-room, where the eccentric Lady Gaythorn had rather prematurely broke up the party.

When Fitzroy answered the summons of her grace of Springcourt he little expected to find with her the woman he had long

adored, and whom he now supposed a disconsolate widow, bemoaning, at Venice, the man whom she had preferred to him. Whatever emotions might have assailed him at this unexpected meeting, certainly astonishment overpowered him, in the moment the duchess put Lady Enderfield's hand into his, and desired him to follow her, with his fair partner, to the dancing set.

Fitzroy instinctively obeyed, and seemed lost in a tumult of rapid and overpowering sensations; dancing like an automaton, unconscious of what he was about; until the accident which befel her ladyship, and her consequent scream, roused him to a belief, that times which were past still were in existence. Under this impression, he bore her from the throng to the card-room: but there she would not remain; "the heat," she said, "oppressed her;" and such was her objection to every place he led her to until, through the supper-room, he conducted her to the garden, which was now but dimly lit from the rooms, which they were only just beginning to illuminate.

From the garden bench, upon which,

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From the garden bench, upon which,

Fitzroy placed Lady Enderfield, with tender care, she now sunk down on her knees before him, and, in all the melting pathos of contrition, implored forgiveness; judiciously implicated her father as the sole mover of the perfidy practised towards him; painted herself as the obedient child, sacrificing her happiness to filial duty; and concluded with the most pathetic description of her own misery, in her wedded life, with a husband whom her soul abhorred; whilst her tenderest affections had ever been irrevocably devoted to Fitzroy.

Vain was his every effort to raise her from the ground, until she had completed this eloquent passion snare: then she suffered herself to be raised from her humble, suppliant posture; and, on the bosom of the agitated Fitzroy, wept "for joy," she said, at what she frequently and pathetically termed, "their blessed, everlasting reunion:" — told him, "she had only the preceding day arrived, from Paris, in London; where, hearing that he was at Z., she had, in defiance of former fatigue, traveled all night, for the purpose of reaching Springcourt in time to join her grace's party to

the ball; where she should, once more, have the transporting happiness of beholding him—her first, her only love!".

And thus did the insidious syren continue to twine round the susceptible feelings of Fitzroy, until the supper rooms were thrown open for the reception of the eager guests: then it was Fitzroy seemed to awaken from his trance of infatuation, and recollected his duties to these guests.—Into the supper-room he hastily led Lady Enderfield; but vain was every attempt he made to gain the ball-room: he could not stem the opposing torrent; and, at length, was compelled to seat herself by her ladyship, at one of the tables.

Chance favoring Lady Gaythorn and Lord Francis Loraine, they were carried, by the resistless crowd, to the very table where Fitzroy had been drove to; and they got seats exactly opposite to him and his fair besieger.

From the supper which Lady Enderfield eat, no one could have been led to suspect that which she herself had declared, "her being deeply in love;" nor did she omit a more than *feminine* portion of wine: by

that, at length, between the exhilaration from the champaign and joy of her being likely to succeed in her project of becoming a duchess, her natural great spirits were elevated to that critical pitch, where vivacity, wandering from it's chastened bounds, but narrowly escapes ebullating into levity. Her eyes, and wit, now sparkled like the champaign that inspired her:—innumerable were her lively sallies, and the *bon-mots* she uttered; and every one at the table, except her *vis-à-vis* neighbours, deriving much entertainment from her wit.

At length, the patience of Lady Gaythorn was quite exhausted; and she resolved upon instant retaliation by calling off the attention of every one, from her *ci-devant* friend, to herself. The ruby lips of Lady Enderfield just opened to utter something, which her attentive auditors, from the arch smile that was it's intended prelude, expected to be even unusually witty; when Lady Gaythorn most critically preceded her in sound, by uttering an audible yawn. The jaws of Lady Enderfield were instantly seised with an involuntary inclination to sympathise; but quickly she closed her but

just parted lips, and felt, at that moment, unequal to speaking her *bon-mot* with the spirit it required. She had now recourse to her enlivening auxiliary: and, after gulfing down a sparkling glass, she found a quickly circulating renovation of her lively faculties, and dashed out her wit with redoubled spirit: but it was in the moment when Lady Gaythorn had composedly leaned her head back against the wainscot, and had set her eyes in a closing position, with such an overpowering expression of drowsiness, that an instantaneous infection operated, as if guided by magic; and the sally of wit was received with a half suppressed, but universal, involuntary yawn.

The highly mortified Lady Enderfield, finding her spell for charming all was dissolved, now consoled herself with renewing her assault, and lures, for the retaking Fitzroy's heart. Her obedient eyes now ceased to sparkle, and melted into all-bewitching tenderness; and, to give pathos to her love-fraught accents, she attempted to reclaim her voice, and soften it to subduing melody: but vain was the attempt; the voice, obsti-

nately, continued growling in discordance; until Lady Gaythorn, suddenly starting from her momentary, all-eye-attracting doze, as if yet only half awake, and wholly unconscious of where she was, carelessly, but archly and emphatically, warbled out:—

"Listen, listen to the voice of love!
"Oh! listen, listen to the voice of love!"

and then, hastily rising from her seat, declared "she was half dead from the heat of the room, and from *ennui*, caught from the dull and spiritless party she had unfortunately sat among.—Do, dear Lord Francis," she continued, "have the charity to lead me from the cave of Trophonius; until my poor tortured senses are lured back to harmony and comfort, by the dulcet voice, the seraphic look, and fascinating conversation of that loveliest of all human beings, Miss De Clifford."

Without scruple, her ladyship now routed and disturbed every one who impeded her way; and, once disturbed, the majority of the company followed her to the ball-room, where she found, and instantly joined, our heroine; whom she playfully accused of

staying from the supper-room, to aid nature (by keeping out of the heat and fatigue) in making her surpass every female present in beauty.

"Do look at her! Lord Francis," she exclaimed; "observe the refreshing loveliness of her unwearied countenance, the unflushed clear transparency of her blushing cheek; and then look round at the heated, hideous, *bacchanalian* figures, emerging from that crammed-up cauldron below!" and she looked full at Lady Enderfield, who, unattended by Fitzroy to the ball-room, and attracted both by this speech and her ladyship's encomium on Julia at her exit from the supper-room, now drew near to gaze at our heroine; and, taking her station close beside her, gave to every one an opportunity of making comparisons between the rival candidates for Fitzroy's love. Fitzroy's early attachment to, and disappointment from, Lady Enderfield, were at Z. no secret; where her ladyship and family were well known, and universally disliked: and his marked conduct, during the election, to Miss De Clifford, had led every one to be-

lieve she was the object of his second love; and his dereliction of her this evening was too conspicuous to escape observation; and all these circumstances combined to occasion much animadversion.

CHAPTER XV.

WHEN Fitzroy obtained the power of moving, he roved about from room to room, to pay his civilities to the freeholders, still doing justice to the dainty viands spread before them; and did not re-enter the ball-room, until the company there had formed themselves into a kind of square, for Celestina Hargrave to dance a hornpipe in, at the request of the Duchess of Springcourt. Fitzroy entered this quadrangle; and saw, at the opposite end, still standing by each other, the two females who occupied his almost distracted thoughts. A string of the harp was broken, and, as Miss Hargrave would not dance without the accompaniment of that instrument, the repairing of the string occasioned a little delay; during which, the men of all ranks standing near Fitzroy indulged themselves

in making remarks upon Lady Enderfield, and our heroine.

"And look!" said the venerable Lord Beechwood (long the most celebrated critic of female beauty and propriety), "look, with what undaunted effrontery she stands, in her shameless gossamer drapery, as if braving the striking contrast! Yes! close by that darling of Hebe, the most lovely offspring of innocence and beauty, clad by celestial modesty's own hand; and, like the unconscious rose, unobstruvively stands, the pride of the garden; yet blushing in sweetness, and unrivaled beauty!"

"For all the world," cried a young farmer, "like a beautiful little lamb without blemish, whom every man, that had any heart, would wish to take to his bosom, to shelter from harm, and cherish with tenderness, and the best of every thing his farm afforded."

"And a good thing, too, Dick," exclaimed another half-inebriated freeholder, "to shelter her from that there ravening wolf, in sheep's clothing:—no, dang it! I means in no clothing at all, who might do her a mischief out of jealousyship; having

a hankering for the same shepherd: — but, dang it! were I the shepherd, I'd set my dog to bark her out of the fold. — I'd be bamboozled no second time, by no such sly puss; when such a sweet beautiful lass, as that there other, were to be had."

Fitzroy, not finding his situation very comfortable here, changed his place, but not the general conversation, which still assailed his ears in every direction, in condemnation of the indelicacy of Lady Enderfield's dress, and boldness of deportment; and in panegyrics upon Julia's captivating modesty, grace, and beauty.

"By why, Mr. Alderman," cried a smart young buck parson, to one of the corporation of Z. "why so illiberally abusive of this lady, who, all the time, exhibits as a virtue?"

"A virtue!" exclaimed the alderman, indignantly; "now, d——n me if you can, with all your learning, extract a particle of virtue out of her; or any of her hollow-hearted race, who all lived by their wits, and throve upon the oil of their subtile tongues."

"She appears as truth, Mr. Alderman,"

replied the young curate, chuckling at his own wit. "Is not truth a virtue? and is not truth ever delineated unattired?"

"You may be right," returned the alderman, in his turn, smirking at his own conceits; "for she verifies the old proverb of 'Truth may be blamed, but cannot be shamed;' for here, every one condemns her; but the d——l, himself, could not make her blush."

"There, there she be, Dan!" cried the elder of two young farmers, bustling and elbowing their way through the ranks to get a look at Julia. There she be, standing nigh that there painted wench with no clothes to her back!"

"Aye, Sim! I see the sweet creature," returned the other. "Lord love her! how mortal *pratty* she be, Sim!"

"Be n't she, Dan! But had you seen her as I did (when I slipt up to say, how be yau, feather?) quite melancholic loike, when all the great gentlemen had forsaken her; and more shame for them, Dan! Had I been a gentleman, I would not have done so for nobody."

"No more would not I, Sim."

"Wull, so melancholic loike she sat, until Doctor Sudnum comed with a *sandy dray;* when her face perked up in a minute, to smiles so sweet, and such *pratty* dimples; and the roses *blowed* brighter on her cheek, loike, for all the world, as if she was greatly *obligated* to him for taking so much trouble, as he was so old, and not used to be a waiter; and then, Dan, the moment she heard feather was decrepit, she put some chicken—no drum-sticks, but dainty bits, bless her! (which I verily believe she would have eaten herself, if feather had not been decrepit)—and ham too, with her beautiful little hand (with the back of it like snow-drops, and violets, and the palm like the finest rose, and so sleek-looking, and such taper fingers surlie), and put all on a china plate, and handed them herself, so she did, to feather, with such a good-natured smile, and looking so sweet, so very, very sweet, that as I looked on her, helping poor old feather, for the first time in my life, I was grieved to think I was not a great lord; and then, Dan, she brought a *goblin* of wine to feather (who looked ten years younger—

Heaven bless his honest face! so proud was he at being so attended): but she was not used to carry wine, sweet creature! for her hand trembled as she took it to him, and bid him 'drink health, and every happiness, to 'Squire Fitzroy.'"

Fitzroy, at this moment, made a sudden effort to gain the opposite side of the square; but was prevented from effecting his purpose, by Miss Hargrave darting towards him to begin her hornpipe, and compelled to return. He caught honest Sim by the arm, with marked cordiality; and the amazed Sim, afterwards, declared, "he had never been so *bashed* in his life, as by the 'squire's condescension."

The musicians demanded what hornpipe they were to play. Celestina hastily approached Julia, to ask, "which she should dance, *Del Caro's* or *Parisot's* hornpipe? for I had rather please you than any body else," Miss Hargrave added.

Julia blushed most beautifully at this public compliment, and smiled her gratitude; while, in the low hurried tone of timidity, she said, but still ineffably sweet

were her accents, "What is pleasure for yourself, Miss Hargrave, will most of gratification afford, for me."

"Do, pray, let it be Parisot's," exclaimed Lady Enderfield, "for I never saw that danced."

Celestina, instantly spreading her fan before her face, with a burlesque gesture of shocked modesty, eager to shut out an improper object, turned from her ladyship, and immediately called for Del Caro's, which she danced with a degree of spirit, ease, agility, neatness, and grace, that drew forth the justly-awakened admiration of every spectator: and she had but just finished her admirable hornpipe, when a sudden snap was heard; and in the instant, succeeded the fall of a very large chandelier, which hung immediately over the spot where Lady Enderfield and Julia De Clifford stood. It dropped between them. Julia, by the instantaneous exertion of Lord Francis, in snatching her away, escaped unhurt; but Lady Enderfield, less agile, and unassisted, had her diadem and veil torn off by a branch of the chandelier;

and received a slight scratch upon one of her shoulders.

Every one, but those immediately of the Duchess of Springcourt's party, as if actuated by one impulse, all flew to Julia's aid. Fitzroy was one of the foremost: he snatched her from Lord Francis, in wild dismay, and in agonised tenderness, clasped her to his breast, exclaiming:

"Julia! my life! my—my love! are you, —are you hurt?"

Julia, overwhelmed with amazement and confusion, gently disengaged herself from his arms; and, with a countenance of blushing soft timidity, replied, "I am totally quite, unhurt; except for causing consternation, so great deal, and such much kind concern, amongst my friends;" and she curtesyed gracefully to those who anxiously stood around her.

Fitzroy, pale, and trembling, took the arm of Lord Francis Loraine, who was little less agitated than himself. And now a piercing shriek was heard; for Lady Enderfield, finding that Fitzroy did not fly to her, and perceiving him tenderly devoted

to the mere child Lady Gaythorn had chosen to style a beauty, now thought it expedient to faint, which she accordingly did with great effect, first, uttering a cry of terror, upon hearing her shoulder was scratched: but, although most interestingly timed was this swoon; and that the attitude she reclined in was most beautiful; and the look of sweet resignation, her countenance wore, was most seducing; yet, all had no influence upon Fitzroy, who stood, immoveably, with the tender solicitude of ardent love portrayed in every line of his countenance, gazing at Julia; who, agitated by a variety of sensations, leaned in visible tremor upon the supporting arm of Mrs. Goodwin; whilst Lady Gaythorn, with apparent anxiety, held one of her hands. Mr. Smith, upon perceiving that Fitzroy was become a statue of contemplation, at length, as the other host of the evening, flew to afford his assistance in the recovery of Lady Enderfield; when from the striking contrast in their size and figure, and, from the burlesque manner in which he jumped about her, the scene became ludicrous in the extreme.

Young farmer Sim had, the moment he observed Julia's agitation, flown for a glass of water, which he was hastily taking to her, when Mr. Smith, as he was passing with it, demanded it from him. Sim refused it bluntly.

"Don't you see, sir," exclaimed Mr. Smith, with melancholy grimace, "the lady's in a feint!"

"That a blind man may see, sir; and this water is for miss, who is *not* in a feint," replied Sim, hastening on.

"Good Heavens! ladies," exclaimed Mr. Smith, "will none of you advise me how to act in this desperate case? Consider, dear ladies! I am (most calamitously for myself) a dreary bachelor, and know not, alas! how to manage you, dear lovely creatures, in your vagaries—your, bless my soul!—your indispositions, I—mean.—You see how grossly ignorant I am, by miscalling so your maladies!—Dear! dear! dear! what must I do?—which way can I turn? Is there no Lady Bountiful present to prescribe for this angel? Lovely, oh! how lovely, even in the semblance of grim visaged death!"

"Take off her gloves, 'squire, and pat her hands," said an old woman (a baker's wife), now decked in her holyday gown.

Mr. Smith obeyed with burlesque solemnity. "So, dame, so, as you do the ladies fingers, for their breakfast in a morning.—Pat, pat, pat;—and knead, and knead;—and roll, and roll, and roll.—Hey, the D—l! this will never do; it only creates a convulsion about the mouth, that is really very alarming. Zounds! we must have a doctor. What, is there not one doctor in this great assemblage? Oh! ye healthy tribes! and do ye feed no doctor? A doctor! a doctor! a guinea for a doctor! What, none, none, yet! Dame, dear dame! is there nothing more to be taken off?—Is there not something to be done about a lace?—Ay, to cut a lace; or some of the body clothes?"

"Sir," said the witty buck curate, before mentioned, "her ladyship you see, anticipating this event, has already *cut* her clothes."

"Ay, Mr. Smith," exclaimed the facetious alderman, you, this evening, practise more virtues than one, as you talked of, in your speech on Saturday.—You have al-

ready fed the hungry; you now attend the sick; and may clothe the naked, if you are truly charitable."

"Heavens! sir," replied Mr. Smith, "don't talk of virtues here, where there is no humanity. Will no one have the commiseration, the bowels of compassion, to get me a burnt cork to roll beneath this beautiful nose (which still is beautiful, though unlike my own), or give me a glass of water to sprinkle, drop after drop, like balmy dew, upon the lilies of this face?"

At this moment, Lady Enderfield opened her beautiful eyes, and fixed them, with strong expression of contempt and indignation, upon Mr. Smith; who, however, with undaunted persevering burlesque, gravely congratulated her upon her sudden recovery, and her ladyship, to get rid of his buffoonery (which was almost convulsing every one else with laughter), now arose with dignified *hauteur*, and taking the Duchess of Springcourt's arm, said, "she would go into the balcony for a little air: in accomplishing which, she passed by Julia and her party. On Fitzroy she cast an irresistibly inviting glance; but, whether he

wished to obey it by following her or not, it was not, now, in his power easily to move; for, during Lady Enderfield's swoon, our heroine and party had retired to seats, which, from the fast decrease of company, were easily obtained. On chairs, near an open window, Fitzroy and Julia sat; and Lady Gaythorn and Lord Francis contrived, as if accidentally, to fix their own chairs so as to securely jam them up there.

Fitzroy had, with all the tenderness of ardent love, expressed his joy at Julia's escape from death; which his distracted fears had, for a moment, presented to his frantic imagination as inevitable; and she thanked him with ineffable sweetness, tinctured with that perturbation, all the events of the evening had combined to awaken in her susceptible mind; and in such a tumult were all her thoughts that she felt unequal to conversation; and eagerly anxious to meditate upon the paradoxical conduct of Fitzroy, who, not less agitated than herself, with the addition of feelings infinitely more embarrassed and untranquil, still wished to lure her into a conference with him; yet, conscious of some impro-

priety of conduct towards her, he almost dreaded what he, at the same time, earnestly wished for.

Very pale, and very sad, he, for some time, sat gazing at her in uneasy silence; but, at length, he summoned up sufficient courage to say, "I have scarcely for a moment seen you to-night."

Julia, more than ever astonished, raised her eyes, and would have answered this address with careless cool indifference; had not the languor and melancholy of his fine countenance, and the tremulous tone of his voice, disarmed the little resentment pride had awakened, and, with a good-natured smile of bewitching sweetness, she replied,

"Where you had, so great multitude for guests to attend, would it not, have been exceedingly, of impossibility, of any individual, to engage, much from your time."

"Sweet, as lovely! amiable as fascinating! I see you in every point of view," said Fitzroy with energy; "but, I, alas! deserve not this bewitching kindness; this sweet benign allowance for my infatuated desertion of you. But, why—why," he continued, in a saddened tone—"why did you

leave me, Julia? — Why did you not allow me to accompany you and Lady Gaythorn? Had I remained with you, you would have shielded me from every folly: — in parting from you, I have been betrayed into unpardonable weakness. — I have been infatuated by pity; and am unhinged, embarrassed, perplexed — made miserable!"

Julia paused for a moment, after Fitzroy ceased, to recover her firmness, which his words, his voice, his look, his manner, contributed to subdue; then, mildly, she said, with dignity and feeling:

"Mr. Fitzroy, my knowlege, for you, has, it is much true, been very, very small; but circumstance, after circumstance, have arisen, and combined, to display for me, so great deal forcibly, the virtues of your mind; that very certainly I must be, insensibility's very bad child, could your happiness, now be, object, of indifference for me. — I do know not at all, what has unhinged, embarrassed, and perplexed, you. — I wish for, not to dive, into your secrets, believe me; if confiding in me, would pain give for you. — It is very sufficient, of me to hear, the so sad news, that

you are miserable, to awaken, the whole interest, from my mind for you. — Heaven knows, how strongly fervent, I do wish, for you happiness; and if I can no longer at all, make promotion of it, allow me to say: — If, any of professions, which you have, to me said, at any time, cause to you, embarrassment, perplexity; contribute in any, even small degree, to your misery, erase them, for ever, of your mind, which I should do too, did not gratitude's claim, for the kind thoughts for me, which inspired them, forbid my memory, ever ceasing them, to cherish."

Fitzroy's eyes swam in tears of tenderness; his heart bounded visibly; and he almost gasped for breath ere he could articulate.

"Generous, noble, Julia! my whole heart is thine! And whilst you permit me to hope for your affections, though distant, far distant, the realizing of that rapturous hope may be, no power on earth shall force or lure me to relinquish it. — But you shall know every secret of my heart; for it is right that you should search it deeply, to learn all it's follies, it's weaknesses; though,

by them, you may find it unworthy the pure gem within your bosom."

"You do depreciate your own worth," said Julia, smiling, "only the exceedingly more judiciously, to give for me, astonishment, at your great deal value."

"Oh! no, no: I fear you will be disappointed in my worth; but judge me, oh, judge me, mercifully!—At what hour do you go to-morrow?"

"At eleven."

"After the fatigue and late hours of to-night, I dare not ask you to rise so early as to meet me in the Rectory grounds by eight o'clock."

"Oh!" said Julia, "I never do allow, for the late hour I retire, to act, for excuse, to encroach, upon my time, for rising."

"Then will you, will you oblige me, by allowing me, to-morrow, the happiness of accompanying you in your morning walk; that I may pour into your generous bosom every secret of my heart; tell you all my perplexity, and obtain your gentle pity and advice?"

"I will be in the Rectory grounds, at eight o'clock, if you do wish it," said Julia.

"But why, say communications, for me, that may only pain make for you? Lord Francis Loraine, is older friend, than I am. He, too, can judge the heart to man, by sympathetic intuition; and, therefore, more truly better far, than I could do.—My heart is very equal to the good purpose, of being merciful for you; but, I know not, you so well, as Lord Francis knows you. He understands of your heart, all it's secrets, all it's windings, it's meanings, and it's wishes: he might tell very well, what could make for you happiness; and though I should, greatly wish, to make it for you too, I might not find out for you, the way, by not knowing myself, the true direction."

Again, the gratitude and admiration of Fitzroy were powerfully awakened. "Oh, Julia!" he exclaimed, "why hold such fascinating language to me here, where I must only dare, in a cold and languid whisper, thank you? To-morrow, I know, you will not speak so kindly to me; but, to-morrow, I entreat, I implore you to meet me."

"Again I do say, I will meet you, since you, so desire it; but remember, I had

greatly rather, you would not tell for me, any thing, that can pain give to yourself: only tranquillise your own mind, and, believe me, mine will be satisfied, quite well."

Lady Gaythorn and party's carriages were, at this moment, announced. They arose to go; and Julia saw, with disquietude, that one termination of the balcony reached the window, where she and Fitzroy had such an interesting conversation. She hoped, however, that no one there had overheard any thing they said: every thing, she knew, could have reached any ear, however attentive; but as to Fitzroy, even more than to herself, the idea of Lady Enderfield having heard any thing he said, must be particularly distressing; she forbore to mention the circumstance to him, who was, already, so disturbed by mental uneasiness.

Fitzroy, with tender anxiety, now wrapt Julia's shawl around her. A deep-drawn sigh reached his ears, issuing from behind where he stood. Lady Enderfield was keenly observing him, and her's was the sigh. He seemed aware that it was, for he start-

ed, changed color, and, without looking round, hurried Julia along; and, at the ball room door, he softly said:

"At this door, Julia, full of hope and joy, I first met you this evening: —at this door, you sent me from you, full of fond and flattering expectations, to be unstrung; to meet with misery; to be tortured with agonizing pity, for a being I no longer love, no longer estimate."

"Can pity of a being, we love not at all, we cannot even estimate, amount for agony?" said Julia, mildly.

"It can, Julia; for in my bosom is, at this moment, torturing proof."

"Forgive me, if I do doubt," she replied. "You mistake make, of your feelings. You either still, still, do love; or, not accustomed very well, to disquietude, you fancy do, the saddening thrills, of soft compassion, are pangs for anguish."

"Oh, Julia!" replied Fitzroy mournfully and reproachfully; "had your heart ever beat with one throb of affection for me, you could not thus coldly analyse my feelings when you see me wretched."

"Whatever name, the feelings, I experience for you, may justly claim, I not know of," said Julia, in a tone of wounded sensibility; "but they present for me, deep interest of your happiness: they tell to me, 'there is not, a blessing, in existence, they do not, much wish, for you.'"

"Then, then Julia!" replied Fitzroy, softened almost to tears of tenderness and joy, "they wish you mine for ever."

They now reached the door of the house, and Lady Gaythorn called to him:

"My coach is last, Fitzroy," said she; "and remember, I expect you to escort me home; therefore, if *politesse* has any demand up-stairs upon you, be speedy in your civilities; for I shall be in waiting for you."

"I know not that there exists any necessity for my going up again," replied Fitzroy coloring. "All the ladies have now left the ball-room; except the Duchess of Springcourt and her party, and they are Mr. Smith's guests and friends, not mine."

"And notwithstanding that," exclaimed Lord Gaythorn, who was taking tender

care of Miss Penrose, to whom he had most particularly attached himself during the evening — "and notwithstanding that; surely, the elegant, well-bred disciple of the Chesterfieldean system, will not offend against every rule of propriety, by failing to pay the friends of Mr. Smith the small attention which common civility demands."

Fitzroy felt Lord Gaythorn's malice, and was sensibly provoked; and to Julia he instantly applied for her opinion on the subject.

Julia colored at this public tribute of deference paid to her opinion; but, unhesitatingly, replied: "Indeed, Mr. Fitzroy, I do agree, very much, with his lordship, for thinking, the friends, to Mr. Smith, claim for you, this attention. — Surely you will, to them go," she added in a lowered tone; and with a smile, so ineffably sweet, and a look, so unaffectedly confiding, that banished the idea of every woman, but Julia De Clifford, from the mind of Fitzroy, at that moment; and having safely placed her in Doctor Hargrave's coach, he took the arm of Lord Francis Loraine,

and hurried to pay his parting civilities to the duchess and her friends. The lures of Lady Enderfield, for detaining Fitzroy, were exerted in vain; and Lady Gaythorn had not to complain of being long delayed.

Ere Julia sought her pillow, she imparted every event of the evening to her kind and sincere friend Mrs. Goodwin, who had heard and observed sufficient of Lady Enderfield, to make her tremble for the success of her ardent wishes, relative to Fitzroy and Julia, until the falling of the chandelier; when the conduct of Fitzroy banished every fear: and, now, the communications of our heroine strengthened her most sanguine expectations.

Full of hope and joy, this excellent woman quitted the chamber of Julia, whose gentle bosom felt the fluttering of an innovating guest, who seemed to monopolize every thought, and soften them into tender solicitude for Fitzroy, whose brilliant perfections, aided by the highly flattering attentions, and unequivocal language of respectful love, with which he assailed her, had imperceptibly made their progress to-

wards attaching her; and although her resentment, and her momentary contempt, had been excited by his conduct during some part of this evening; yet had her pity for his past sufferings; her anxiety and sympathy for his present distressing embarrassment; being so powerfully awakened, resentment and contempt had been lulled: and the almost frantic anguish he evinced when danger threatened her, had so completely subdued the last struggles of her affection for freedom, that rest for this night was banished from her pillow; and Fitzroy was now enshrined in the pure temple of her heart.

With this newly awakened fascination, she found ten thousand fears obtrude to agitate her bosom; and her thoughts were all tumult, without a certain hope to rest upon, except the affections of Fitzroy, and some entanglement with Lady Enderfield; some unguarded promise, or wrong interpretation, might make imperious honor demand the sacrifice of those affections. "And would the sacrifice be great which restored them to the object of his first at-

tachment?" was a question her throbbing heart suggested; and the same heart nobly breathed a fervent wish, that if the trial should be required of him, the pain it inflicted might not be lasting or deeply felt.

CHAPTER XVI.

TRUE to her appointment, Julia inhaled the refreshing breeze of morning in the Rectory grounds by eight o'clock; and as, with fluttering expectation, she gained the mound, whence she could command a view of the footpath from the Priory, she beheld Fitzroy dashing the dew-drops from the tender grass in eager speed, that *would* not take the lengthened way that others trod; but hurried on, in an undeviating line, from the house to the boundary of the demesne. Over a style into the high road (which only now separated him from the Rectory grounds) he vaulted; when, to our heroine's inexpressible amazement and consternation, she suddenly saw Lady Enderfield walking in the public road, unattended, and already advanced quite close to the spot where Fitzroy stood, in a retreating attitude, as if he meant to elude

her observation. Her ladyship now seemed first to recognise him; she started, stumbled, screamed, and then, in a tumult of tenderness, joy, and pain, declared she had dislocated her ankle. Fitzroy now flew to her assistance; she threw herself into his arms for support: he led, or rather bore, her to some felled wood lying near, where he seated her; and then, kneeling before her, examined and gently rubbed her ankle.

The first feeling of Julia's mind was an impulse of humanity, which would have led her to afford her assitance to Lady Enderfield; but, ere she had advanced two steps, reflection restrained that impulse, and the rectitude of her heart instantly led her from the mound, where the thick surrounding foliage rendered her a concealed observer of them; and to remain a moment longer there, she thought, would be mean, degrading, and ungenerous. To the lawn she now bent her steps, disgusted and ashamed at the indelicacy of Lady Enderfield, in permitting any man, except a surgeon, to assume the necessary privileges of that profession.

Julia had not been long rambling about the lawn, before she beheld Lady Enderfield, limping, and leaning upon the arm of Fitzroy, walking towards the town. Julia considered this unlucky accident a most provoking interruption to her *tête-à-tête* with Fitzroy; but she felt no pang of jealousy. She looked upon his attending Lady Enderfield home, as the indispensible duty of humanity; and she should have felt grieved, nay have absolutely hated Fitzroy, could he have acted otherwise than he did. She concluded Lady Enderfield had slept at the Castle inn, and calculated that, in slowly walking there, and quickly back again, and allowing ten minutes for etiquette and formal civilities, that half an hour must necessarily elapse before Fitzroy could return.

Patiently Julia walked for this half hour, her eyes often directed to the church steeple, to mark the, now, slow progress of time: but that glided by, and minute after minute, in listening, gazing expectation; but no Fitzroy appeared. The clock struck nine, and the chimes announced another *half* hour gone for ever; and hope after

hope, mounted buoyant on her bounding heart, had sunk back to the dreary shore of disappointment; as conviction told her, the passing footstep, the approaching figure, were not those she waited for.

The benignant Doctor Sydenham, with kindness and paternal affection beaming in eyes, that even age had not power to dim, met her, as, with languid melancholy steps, she, in obedience to the breakfast bell, advanced towards the house; her mind imbibing ten thousand apprehensions from the machinations of Lady Enderfield, who has thus found means, by some potent spell, to detain Fitzroy from fulfilling his own appointment with her: for that his absence was involuntary she had no doubt.

The languid countenance, and want of cheerfulness, conspicuous in our heroine, were placed to the account of fatigue and late hours; for as only Mrs. Goodwin knew of her assignation, so no one else knew of her disappointed expectations.

Breakfast had been ended but a short time, when Lord Francis Loraine was announced. He entered with a countenance that be-

spoke mental disquietude, though the veil of affected cheerfulness was evidently thrown over it. His conversation and manners were always pleasing, and prone to gaiety; but now they were lively to excess: and whilst his large fine and intelligent eyes were sunk in sadness, he rattled and talked of every thing mirthful, with a whimsicality that excited the emulating vivacity of the chief part of the circle; but which to the eye of the observer, was clearly assumed to banish thought, and wrest him from himself.

After some time passed in rattling general chit chat, Lord Francis obtained a seat by Julia, and asked her "had she any commands to Vienna?"

"To Vienna! Why who would execute them for me?" said she.

"I would with the greatest pleasure; I am going thither immediately: in two hours time I set off for town, to arrange for my speedy departure."

"But why, you go to Vienna; when you did tell to me, my lord, one day before yesterday, you greatly much disliked Austria?"

"To Vienna! Lapland! any where I'll go, to fly, if possible, from——myself!"

Julia was shocked; and the tone of voice in which his lordship uttered this, grieved her very heart; and, with the mild pity beaming eyes of inquiring friendly solicitude, she looked upon him.

He caught her hand, which he grasped with fervor; but averted his eyes. "I am not well," he said; "and change of air and scene, I think, will be the best prescription I can follow."

"Not well, too surely!" said Julia, much affected. "Your hand, is cold, for death, and so tremulous, it is quite grief for me. I hope Lord Francis, you do mean, to have very good, medical advice, before you London leave?"

"Oh! no," replied Lord Francis, with a visible exertion of gaiety; "no: my most efficacious plan must be to dash about to every part of the Continent, where I shall be permitted to go; and when I revisit my native land, I trust I shall be able to take the hand of my friend's wife without such tremor. Before I return, Miss De Clifford, you will, I hope, be united to Fitzroy,

and may your mutual happiness be the peculiar care of heaven! When we went home last night, I had a long and interesting conversation with Fitzroy. My fears of Lady Enderfield's machinations were vain; and fervently do I hope the ardent affection which my friend feels for you, may prove reciprocal. You, I am convinced, would be happy with him; and in wishing you to be the wife of Fitzroy, I know — I see — I feel — I wish him every blessing under heaven." He now turned from Julia, who was considerably affected by his manner and his kindness, and addressed Doctor Sydenham with some questions relative to his journey.

"We shall travel so slowly," said Doctor Sydenham, "or I would ask you to join our little party to town."

"I go the other road, or should be extremely happy to join you, sir," replied Lord Francis with stifled emotion.

"I thought your lordship was in a hurry to get to London; and that road is seven miles longer than the one we mean to go," said the good doctor.

"Man is a capricious, wayward animal,

Doctor Sydenham. We often go the most lengthened ways to attain our wishes, and sometimes take arduous pains to fly from and shun that which we would give worlds to obtain." And now again Lord Francis, turning to Julia, asked her, "how long since Fitzroy had left the Rectory, and whither he was gone?"

"He has not been, at all, here, this morning," she replied.

Lord Francis was astonished and alarmed. "Why," said he, "Fitzroy left the Priory at an early hour this morning, all anxiety, to make some necessary explanations to the most generous, most estimable of her sex."

At this moment, Lord Gaythorn entered, and, eagerly advancing to Julia, with a fixed smile upon his countenance, assumed to conceal the gratified malice of his heart.

"Miss De Clifford," said he, "I rejoice exceedingly, to perceive you have not suffered from that terror, the accident which so imminently threatened your safety last night naturally occasioned. Your companion in danger, too, the fascinating

Lady Enderfield, is also perfectly recovered, and looking most divinely this morning.—*A propos!* I have to congratulate you upon the influence your opinions have acquired over Fitzroy. You know, last night, how extremely averse he was to paying the requisite civilities to the duchess and her party, until you coincided with me; and lo! this morning, so perfectly has he been convinced by you of civility and attention being due to them, that he has, for now nearly three hours, been paying his devoirs there. He, as well as myself, breakfasted with the duchess. I asked him to accompany me hither; but who (knowing his former ardent attachment to Lady Enderfield) can wonder at the infatuation which now detains him, from paying his parting compliments, where so justly due, to Miss De Clifford and Doctor Sydenham!"

Julia's heart felt the pang intended for it; but her early griefs had taught her, by the precepts of duty, the difficult task of wearing the placid smile of tranquillity, when her bosom was torn with anguish: and now pride, or rather, in our idea, the

innate delicacy of a truly pure mind shrinking from the thought of evincing love for a man who slighted her, and trifled with her feelings, commanded every exertion to sustain a dignified composure. The momentary conflict was painful, but pride and delicacy triumphed; and with a mild, unembarrassed air, she coolly addressed his lordship, saying:

"If you fear, of a wasp, Lord Gaythorn, you had better, to beware of one, that has this instant made his creep into your sleeve."

Lord Gaythorn found the wasp; and was amazed and provoked to perceive he had failed in the attempt of wounding the feelings of Julia, which her observation of the movements of a wasp, whilst hearing intelligence he hoped would mortify her, and prove his ample revenge for her scorn of himself, plainly evinced. But Lord Francis displayed not that indifference which Julia assumed: astonishment, indignation, and regret, were strongly portrayed in his intelligent countenance; whilst he eagerly demanded, "Where was the Springcourt party?"

"At her grace's lodgings," replied Lord Gaythorn. "Apartments she engages, by the year, for the convenience of herself and friends upon all public occasions. After the country balls, during the races, or any other festivity, she never returns to Springcourt; but sleeps at these lodgings; and gives delightful *déjeúnés*. I never was at a more gay and charming one than that of this morning. Lady Enderfield, ever brilliant in beauty and wit, was all that was seducing; and our fascinated friend sat by her side entranced, drinking large and potent draughts of renovated love."

"I can read very well, in his lordship's odious countenance, so strong of malice, that see I do, for certainty, there is great deal from malevolence, in what he says; and therefore, misrepresentation extremely much, I at all not doubt;" said Julia, mentally. "I will not for this belief, make the condemnation for Fitzroy; although I have for thought, he cannot for possibility, have exemption from all, censure, since after his professions, so much in seriousness, ought he not (however in situation with others) here to come, and speak

farewell, and say for me, in honesty, why he not fulfilled appointment, of his very own making."

Lord Gaythorn now seated himself by the simpering Miss Penrose, and commenced the continuation of his flattering adulation; and Lord Francis, calling Julia to the garden door (under the pretence of showing her a beautiful plant), eagerly assured her, he conceived "The intelligence of Lord Gaythorn's, if not an entire fabrication of his own fertile imagination, at least a malicious exaggeration. For, if there is truth in man," his lordship continued, "the affections—the tenderest affections of Fitzroy are your's; and so incontestibly, that I have in my possession (confided to my care, in the sacred name of friendship) a letter from Fitzroy to his father (now at Vienna), announcing his attachment to you; and requesting his lordship's approbation to his marriage with you, should he prove so fortunate as to obtain the blessing of your affections. Fitzroy, knowing this letter is only to claim the long promised consent of his parents to his marriage, whenever he should find the choice of his heart, would not dare

to send it if he was not seriously and honorably attached;—would not *dare* to make *me* the bearer of it. Entrusted with such a mission, can I doubt the sincerity of Fitzroy; and do not you doubt it, Miss De Clifford, if doing so can pain your gentle bosom. Though strange and mysterious his absence is, I will believe that he can well account for it. He leaves Z. at eight o'clock this evening for London; and, rest assured, when he calls upon you to-morrow, he will explain every thing to your satisfaction."

This intelligence of the amiable Lord Francis withdrew at once the veil which concealed the sensibility of Julia: her agitation became visible; she blushed, she trembled, she could not speak. The agitation of his lordship baffled concealment, too; his color changed to a death-like paleness; his tremor was excessive; and his articulation was a sigh from his heart.

Lord Gaythorn, conjecturing the nature of this conference, hastily approached them, leading the pliant Miss Penrose, to admire this beautiful plant which so engaged them. Celestina now advanced from the greenhouse, with a basket of choice flowers she

had been gathering for Julia, who she knew delighted in fine flowers; and who had, from the sweetness of her manners, won the goodwill, and even the highest admiration, of this eccentric, unmannered pupil of reason.

Celestina, as she came, with her hoyden gambols, towards them, looked so uncommonly pretty, that she excited the attention of Lord Gaythorn; who, affecting playfulness, attempted to kiss her, and Celestina repulsed him with a smart box on the ear.

"There," cried she, resentfully, "that's for you. You dare not take such a liberty with Miss De Clifford, and shall not with me, I can tell you, though you are a lord that my father chooses to make an idol of; —but I worship no brazen images."

"What!" exclaimed Lord Gaythorn, attempting to laugh off this violent rebuff, "has Miss De Clifford been setting you a lesson of disdain?"

"No," said Celestina; "but she has set me an example that I wish I could imitate; but was I to try till I am as old as you are, I shall never be able to obtain that wish.

so, as I cannot be like Miss De Clifford, I will not be like any body else;—so I won't."

"What!" exclaimed his lordship, in affected astonishment, "what! and will you not strive to imitate the fascinating Miss Penrose?"

"And let you, my old boy, make love to me.—No, don't you believe that:—no old frumps of a married man shall ever squeeze my hand, or kiss it.—Faugh! the thoughts of it makes me sick."

Lord Gaythorn, although deeply mortified and offended, chose not to appear angry; but still laughed, while Miss Penrose blushed, and looked extremely disconcerted.

"Pray, my lord," asked Celestina, on observing the displeasure and confusion of her friend, "is Lady Gaythorn in a bad state of health?—any chance of her soon dying?"

"Oh! no," said his lordship—"I have no such consoling prospect; no such flattering hope: but why do you ask, my pretty romp? Do you mean to be her successor?"

"Me!" she replied, with a shudder expressive of recoiling disgust—"Oh! no; but Miss Penrose does."

"Me! Miss Hargrave! How can you say such—such a spiteful thing?" exclaimed Miss Penrose, angrily.

"Why because you awoke me in the middle of my short sleep this morning, to ask me, 'if Lady Gaythorn was not in a very bad state of health?' Consumption, lethargy, or some incurable disease, you wanted to attack her with; and, had you not wished for her death, why think of killing her? For my part, I had rather, a great deal, his lordship was to die; and so would you too, only, for only: though I can't read very extraordinarily, I can spell as fast as those who set the letters, and I know what C-O-R-O-N-E-T stands for; so I do."

"Really, Miss Hargrave, I am astonished at your ill-nature;—your—your cruel insinuations. I cannot conceive why you should say such very reprehensible things," exclaimed Miss Penrose, almost in tears, with shame and vexation.

Doctor Sydenham now entered the grounds. "The carriages are drawn up for our departure, Miss De Clifford," said he; "but if you wish to stay longer, they can very readily wait."

"Oh! no, dear sir," Julia replied, suppressing an obtruding sigh. "I have not particular wish, for longer stay; that is, I do mean, I—I cannot, very well, quit Z., where I have experienced, so exceedingly much, of kindness, and hospitality, without, great deal, of regret; but yet I think," she added, (although her bosom entertained a secret wish to see Fitzroy; but conceiving it would be degrading to her to linger, in the humble hope of his coming) "as we shall travel, not, particularly fast; we had better much, make no unnecessary, delays; and at your time, and Mrs. Goodwin's, sir, I shall be ready quite, for to attend you."

As all amusement, for the present, was over at Z., Mrs. Hargrave, now all anxiety to get to Bath, made no effort to detain her sister a moment; nor did the wary rector, now he perceived Lord Gaythorn's admiration of Miss De Clifford was changed to envy, hatred, and malice: so that, every thing having been already arranged in the carriages, the ceremony of farewels, and the departure of our travelers, immediately took place.

Lord Francis led our heroine to the neat

and comfortable chariot of Doctor Sydenham: he pressed her hand with tremulous fervor; but his faltering tongue could not pronounce adieu; and the moment the carriage began to move, he darted across the road into the Priory grounds; hurried rapidly along; nor turned his face, nor cast "one longing, lingering look behind."

Doctor Sydenham accurately observed him. "I wish," said he, in a voice of pity, "I wish Lord Francis had accompanied us to town."

"I wish he had," replied Julia.

"I also wish that I was obliged to unite your hand and his, to-morrow morning," said Doctor Sydenham.

"A most exceedingly, much excellent wish, for me, sir; since whoever, is so fortunate, as to be, to him wife, must be, a quite happy woman," replied Julia, smiling; but much surprised at Doctor Sydenham's wish.

"He seems a most perfectly amiable young man, and very handsome, too," said Mrs. Goodwin. "When I first saw him, I thought nothing of him; but, every time I

have looked at him since, I found he became handsomer, and still handsomer."

"Lord Francis," observed Julia, "has so great deal of mind, that it gives for his countenance, the most interesting kind, of beauty. He is, in every respect, so greatly amiable; that I do grieve for finding, he is so much ill; and fervently I hope, this expedition to Vienna, may completely make effect for his cure."

"I hope no such thing," said Doctor Sydenham, with unusual quickness.

"Dear sir!" ejaculated Julia in amazement—"Not wish, for poor Lord Francis, to get cure!"

"I suppose," said Mrs. Goodwin, "you do not wish foreign air, or foreign physicians, should have the credit of his recovery."

"I wish him to return with his malady, and to find the successful physician here," replied the good doctor.

"Well, that is being, very greatly, national, indeed," said Julia, astonished at such unjustifiable prejudice, which, in this case, she thought was cruelty.

Our heroine did not leave Z. without a sigh of regret; nor pass through it, from the Rectory, without stealing many a wistful glance, from beneath the long silken fringe of her eye-lids, at each door and window, where she thought it likely her grace of Springcourt's lodgings might be; but, alas! no Fitzroy could she see. As they proceeded on their journey, her retentive memory faithfully recognised the spot where Fitzroy had gallantly leaped from the sociable to Biddy O'Connor's rescue. She remembered, too, the farm-house, where the sociable stood waiting; and hailed the very spot where it passed them on the road, and surprised her with the unexpected sight of Fitzroy.

These recollections, and many more, occupied the thoughts of Julia! and many of these reminiscences saddened her heart; for, notwithstanding the intelligence Lord Francis had so kindly communicated, she trembled at the fascinations of Lady Enderfield, and the influence of first-love; for although that love had been requited with perfidy, Fitzroy seemed not to recollect the injury; and Lady Enderfield, who had found

means to detain him from her that morning, might possess the power of making that consent, he had sent to solicit his father for, of no avail, even before it could arrive. The more she reflected, the more these desponding thoughts acquired strength; but, although her heart was dejected, her countenance was serene, and she exerted herself to entertain her kind companions, and was eminently successful.

Mrs. Goodwin, better than she promised to be, did not evince half the fears she experienced on her journey down, and did not quit the carriage to walk near so frequently as she threatened; so that, notwithstanding they did not travel post, they arrived in Great Russel-Street about seven o'clock; and the pain of parting was now fully equaled by the joy of meeting.

Doctor Sydenham was received by Mr. Goodwin (who had been apprised of his coming) with cordiality and respect. Julia the good man greeted as the child of his affection; and he gazed on his adored wife, and boy, in silent joy that told it's feelings by a starting tear. The children were all wild with rapture, and clung to their mother,

to Charles, Julia, and Biddy O'Connor, as if they apprehended their leaving them again; and Mrs. Goodwin, with eyes that sparkled in tears of conjugal and maternal tenderness, thought she had never seen Mr. Goodwin look so young, or well, in all her life; thought the children all handsomer than when she parted from them; the house more cheerful and comfortable; and even puss, she was sure, looked sleeker, and whiter, than usual.

Doctor Sydenham was highly pleased with his accommodations; was charmed with Mr. Goodwin, and his lovely children; and the evening went off most completely to his satisfaction, in this family of concord.

CHAPTER XVII.

OUR heroine was not yet so much in love as to lose her whole night's rest after a day of fatigue. She slept very comfortably, in defiance of London noise, and Mr. Cupid; and awoke by seven to think of Fitzroy, who, from eleven o'clock, she began anxiously to expect; but hour after hour crept on, and every coach she heard approaching, every hasty step, every door that opened, making her heart bound in expectation of Fitzroy; but he came not. Night arrived; but not Fitzroy. The succeeding day passed in disappointed expectation; so did the next, and the next; until a week, and then ten days, elapsed; and nothing of Fitzroy was seen or heard.

We will not weary the patience of our readers, by attempting to delineate the feelings of Julia, during this painful period of expectation, solicitude, and disappoint-

ment. A heart of sensibility, like hers, could not but deeply feel all the pangs which a situation like this could inflict; but still she had powers of mind sufficient for exertion, and she rallied all her mental forces to sustain her through this severe trial.

She had confided every secret of her heart, with all her hopes and fears, to Mrs. Goodwin; who, not faithful to this confidence, yet just to friendship, imparted all to her husband, and Doctor Sydenham. The latter instantly determined, that the feelings of his dear child, as he now constantly termed Miss De Clifford, should not be tortured longer by suspense; nor her inestimable affections trifled with: he, therefore, wrote to a confidential wary friend, in the neighbourhood of Springcourt, to learn what tidings he could relative to Fitzroy; whom he found had never returned to his house in town since the election, and all his letters were sent to Springcourt. On the tenth morning after our heroine quitted Z., an answer to Doctor Sydenham's inquiries arrived, and

overwhelmed these three anxious friends with pity, grief, and alarm, for Julia.

The intelligence, which this letter brought, was "that Fitzroy had attended the duchess and her party from Z., the day after the ball, to Springcourt, where he had continued ever since, the acknowleged, favored lover of Lady Enderfield, whom, there was no doubt, he was very shortly to lead to the altar of Hymen."

These three anxious friends of our heroine were, with real grief of heart, deploring the contents of this most unwelcome epistle, and bemoaning the sad fate of Julia, in thus early meeting a disappointment of the heart; justly reprobating the conduct of Fitzroy, and consulting how they could, most kindly, break the distressing intelligence to her; when the object of their solicitude entered the room; a newspaper in her hand, and the most eloquent look of melancholy resignation visible in every line of her beautiful countenance.

The sudden cessation of earnest conversation, that marked her entrance, struck

her forcibly; and the tender look of interest, with which each of her friends regarded her, convinced her they, too, had heard of Fitzroy, and all was true.

"Doctor Sydenham," said Julia, in a hurried unsteady voice, which bespoke the mind but ill at ease—"Doctor Sydenham, I do know very well, you received letter; and I see, I know, by the looks, for pity, of all my benevolent friends, you have, for intelligence, something, you fear, will be sad affliction, for me: but I can anticipate all, even all.—This paper, announces for me, the approaching marriage, for Mr. Fitzroy, and Lady Enderfield. Here, dear sir, you can it read, yourself." Julia, at this moment, having caught the sympathising glance of Mrs. Goodwin, smiled, and burst into tears. "I feel, for it, Mrs. Goodwin," she continued: "I do not deny, I feel for it; but I do trust, I can bear it.—I—I shall now go, to my own room; but do n't you follow me—I pray you, do not; nor do not, let dear Rosa come to me: for I will to you come, when I can smile again; but that will not be in quite soon time.——Heaven bless you all.

my friends!—My heart, though now full, of great trouble, is very equal still, for gratitude; and cannot bear, to see you sad, for me; and I will, so soon as my power does come, return to you.—Oh! so tranquil, you shall not need to think, I have had any grief, at all, for conquering." She now kissed her hand affectionately to them all, smiled and sobbed, and sobbed and smiled, and so retired; leaving her friends, struck to the heart, in sorrow for her, and more indignant than ever with the infatuated man, who could thus sport with the happiness of such a gentle, amiable being, and blindly become the wretched dupe of art.

These sincere friends of our heroine knew so much of her heart, that they firmly believed her peace of mind destroyed. Her affections, once gained, they considered for ever gone. This was not a light attachment for a common object. They all knew the captivating graces, the brilliant attractions, of Fitzroy; attractions which it was scarcely possible any woman of sensibility could withstand, whom he sought to win. Mrs. Goodwin and Dec-

tor Sydenham both knew how Julia had been wooed by every fascination of allurement in the suitor; by strongly awakened gratitude; by the voice of popularity; the force of contrast; by attention the most seducing, tender, marked, and flattering. Every susceptible feeling of her mind had been powerfully, almost magically assailed; and all, separately ensnared, became combined auxiliaries in the conquest of her heart. Bitterly they all deplored Julia's unfortunate excursion to Z.; and Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin severely censured themselves for the adoption of a scheme, which, though so well they meant it, had sacrificed their favorite's peace of mind, they feared, for ever.

Thrice the anxious sympathising friends of Julia heard, with beating hearts, her chamber-door open, and her light footsteps descending the stairs; but twice, with grief, they heard her suddenly retreat, and close her door, for she found she could not yet smile; but her third essay proved successful: she joined her friends, and, true to her word, looking so tranquil, that, had they not been so well informed,

they must have thought indeed she had no real grief to hide: but though serene was Julia's aspect; though she smiled in sweetest resignation; though she entered willingly into conversation, and sedulously strove to entertain others, and be entertained, and instructed herself; yet symptoms were not wanting, which, tacitly, though touchingly, proclaimed an afflicted heart.

Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin, with Doctor Sydenham, now evinced, with anxious care, their affectionate and parental solicitude for the restoration of Julia's peace. Mrs. Goodwin, with amiable perseverance, daily ransacked her brains, her mother's choice receipt-books, and the markets, for some new and unexpected delicacy, to tempt the flown appetite of her beloved Miss de Clifford to eat. Mr. Goodwin, as industriously, supplied food for her mind; for every new publication of amusement he anxiously sought; perused with care himself; and if he conceived it might entertain, without enervating, a mind he wished to lure from grief, he gave it her to read; whilst Doctor Syden-

ham took her out every day, with some of the Goodwins, on new excursions, round the environs of London; or to see some sight contained in the metropolis, not a lion of which had Julia or Rosa ever seen before; and, as adversity had deprived our heroine of her harp, Doctor Sydenham presented her with the finest-toned one, on sale, in town: and thus, with every moment employed, and amused by these her zealous friends, Julia, too grateful for their kindness not to aid their benevolent exertions, and too pious, voluntarily, to feed on grief, that must ultimately destroy her, found the poignancy of her disappointed love imperceptibly gliding into the calm of resignation, and, although not happy, could think of Fitzroy, as the husband of Lady Enderfield, without shedding tears; and dwell on the idea of never more beholding him without that anguish of heart, which had at first assailed her when these painful ideas recurred.

Unfortunately for the speedy recovery of our heroine's tranquillity, no resentment against Fitzroy had been awakened. Instead of indignant reprobation

of his conduct towards herself, her gentle bosom harboured pity for him, as the dupe of art the most refined; blandishments the most alluring; the unfortunate victim of credulity, doomed to a life of wretchedness and repentance: and now, each day, with composed resignation, almost heroic, on her own part, but with tender, agonised solicitude for the dreaded fate of Fitzroy, she examined the newspapers, to learn when that unpropitious knot was to be tied, which the papers daily announced something alluding to the approach of.

One month had just elapsed since our heroine's return from Z., when, one evening, about eight o'clock, as all the juveniles of this family of harmony (who were not too young to engage in it) were playing at blindman's buff in the 'drawing-room, where they now took their tea every evening, their ears were suddenly assailed, on the moment of a carriage stopping, by a knock at the street-door, so loud, and *tonishly* lengthened, that it seemed to threaten the overthrow of the house to it's foundation. Such a phenomenon was this

sound in the house of Mr. Goodwin, that the younger children, in terror, clung to their mother; whilst those engaged in play, conceiving it certainly a mistake of houses, went on unconcernedly with their pastime, in high delight; as Julia now was hoodwinked, and who, from her agility, and quickness in turning upon her pursuers, they considered it infinite honor and cleverness to elude. Mr. Goodwin looking, with rapture, at his happy offspring, and, with Doctor Sydenham, mentally rejoicing that Julia's mind seemed really engaged in the amusement, who now appeared as much a playful child as any of her companions; when the room door was most unexpectedly thrown open by Doctor Sydenham's footman, "Lady Delamore" announced, and her ladyship entered.

Julia was electrified. The name of Lady Delamore and Fitzroy she felt as synonymous. Her heart bounded and fluttered painfully. Lady Delamore was come on an embassy from Fitzroy, she instantly conjectured, but of what nature she was yet to learn; and such was the trepidation of her frame, that she could not

disentangle herself from the band which still blinded her; and Mrs. Goodwin, occupied in receiving this unexpected visitor, thought not of extricating our poor heroine from her embarrassment.

Lady Delamore was now only in her thirty-ninth year, although her eldest child wanted but a short period of attaining her twenty-third birth-day. Her ladyship had married before she was quite fifteen; and, in despite of rather delicate health, and a long series of mental disquietude, still retained, unimpaired, the dazzling, and almost unparalleled, beauty of her youth; for, like the fabulous deities, years passed over her head without affecting her appearance. Time, enamoured of her charms, seemed resolved to spare them, fearing never more to behold them equaled; nor suffered age to trace a furrow on a brow, where sweetness, benevolence, sense, mildness, and dignity, happily blended, sat conspicuous. Her manners were as fascinating as her countenance: she seised, at once, the admiration of every beholder, and won the affection and esteem of all whom she wished to please.

Her ladyship, as she politely returned the civilities of Mrs. Goodwin, inquired for Miss de Clifford; "to whom her visit was," she said.

"Miss de Clifford, madam!" replied Mrs. Goodwin, now perceiving the distress of Julia, and hastening to her assistance — "Miss de Clifford, madam! has just been, with her usual goodness, making my children happy, by condescending to join in their very juvenile amusement."

Lady Delamore looked with surprise and pleasure upon the lovely group, whose innocent mirth she had disturbed: and now the no longer hoodwinked Julia, emerging from disguise, and although agitated almost to agony, gracefully paid her compliments to her ladyship; whom, the instant she beheld, she found a resistless impulse leading her to love, from the striking resemblance she bore, even stronger, infinitely, than Fitzroy himself, to the dearest friend of her heart, Lady Storamond.

For a moment, Lady Delamore gazed on Julia with astonishment and admiration, in which something of pained emotion was certainly blended; then took her hand

with marked and cordial kindness; and, as they approached a sopha together, perceiving Mrs. Goodwin, the gentlemen, and children, were about to retire, politely requested that no one might leave the room.

"I have unfortunately disturbed your mirth, my dears," said her ladyship, kindly addressing the children; "but do not fly from me, as if you were angry with me for so doing." The children smiled at Lady Delamore, and all retired to different parts of the room, as fancy led them; not to sit in painful, stiff decorum, each stuck on a chair to stare at the stranger, but, in natural innocent groups, quietly to carry on their own amusement in dumb-show.

"To-morrow, Miss De Clifford," continued her ladyship, "I shall request a private conference with you. At present, an engagement compels my making you a mere flying visit—indeed limits my stay to the delivery of a letter, which I received for you from my brother, but a few hours ago."

Julia only thought of one brother, Lord Horatio Fitzroy, and her agitation increased.

"It came from abroad with the Admiralty dispatches, and came accompanied by one to me, upon the same subject; and knowing the importance of this letter, I thought that I only ought to be the bearer of it: and beside, I wished to convey your first introduction to that amiable man, whom, from henceforth, I trust you will, with pleasure, consider as your father; for, as his child, he claims you, and in him you will find (believe me) a tender parent."

The respiration of Julia became painful: her cheeks were blanched by agitation; and to articulate was impossible.

Lady Delamore arose. — "To-morrow," said she, "at one o'clock, I will be here again, if convenient to you then to receive me." Julia bowed assent; she could do no more. "When I trust we shall meet not as strangers, but as friends, destined to love each other: that you will look on me as a parent, henceforth, I sincerely hope; and as the guardian delegated to protect and make you happy, until my brother's return to England. Adieu, my dear young friend!" her ladyship continued, kissing

the pale cheek of Julia, in amity, and pressing her with maternal kindness to her bosom. "Adieu! I see I have surprised, and, I fear, painfully agitated, you; but I hope more pleasurable sensations will succeed. — Mr. Goodwin, will you have the goodness to conduct me to my carriage?"

Her ladyship now, with much sweetness and good breeding, took leave; and poor Julia, subdued by astonishment and a diversity of emotions, all painful in the extreme, since she found the embassy of Lady Delamore was not through the medium of Fitzroy, burst into tears.

Mrs. Goodwin, ever attentive to the delicacy of her young friend's situation, sent the children away.

"Ah, what of avail, is this letter, now!" sobbed Julia. "The assentment, it brings, was asked for, under great delusion, that has since quite, vanished; and very much in kindness, as this letter may be, it is now, only pain for me. I cannot, at all, read it; but you, and my other dear friends, may, Mrs. Goodwin. I — I will, to my room go, for you to talk, unrestrain-

edly, it's, sad for me, contents over." She gave Mrs. Goodwin the letter; and as she was departing, was met at the door by Mr. Goodwin, with a countenance illumined with pleasure.

"Why look so sad in the moment of such joy?" said this good man, kindly taking her trembling hand: "Ah, my child, did I not tell you how it would be?"

"Joy!" replied Julia, mournfully.—"Letter of Lord Horatio Fitzroy, can now be, joy none, for me."

"You then have not read your letter," said Mr. Goodwin: "It is not from Lord Horatio Fitzroy."

"No," exclaimed Julia, catching the ready arm of Mrs. Goodwin for support. "Then who from, is it? Who to me, has written, sir dear?"

"One of the most celebrated of our naval heroes, one of the most inestimable of men—the Earl of Ashgrove, Lady Delamore's own brother. Harriot, dear Harriot, give Miss De Clifford her letter. Oh, my child! did I not tell you the stranger was faithful? This is his doing, I have no doubt."

"The stranger!" exclaimed Julia: "blessings! blessings great, and much, be ever his! But since it is, of the stranger, I cannot at all read it; but do you, sir dear, for me do it."

Mr. Goodwin, who had the contents of the letter anticipated by Lady Delamore, read with an audible, though not an undeviatingly steady voice, as follows:

"MY CHILD,

"For my child I will, I must, call you; as your father was the brother of my heart. And henceforth I shall consider you as a precious charge, delegated by Heaven's own sacred ordinance to my care.

"It was your misfortune, my child, to lose in your tender infancy a parent beloved, respected, honored by all who knew him. His heart was enriched by every virtue; his disposition kind and affectionate; and he would have cherished you with all the tenderness and care your sex and helplessness required: but, poor precious babe! it was your sad fate to lose him, and to be left to the protection of a monster.

" I have heard of the griefs of your hapless childhood; of the misery inflicted by your barbarous grandmother: my heart has bled for you, Julia; and, to heal the wound your sufferings gave, it has vowed to protect you, to guard you from every possible evil, and to make your future happiness it's study.

" Your uncle Almerino, Julia, and myself, entered Eton school on the same day, and from the first hour of our meeting a mutual dislike commenced, which each passing hour augmented. I was an object of deadly hatred to Lord Almerino; and he was scorned, contemned by me, when your noble father became one of our community. I, with the erring judgement of a boy, believed both brothers must be alike contemptible; and the amiable Frederick learned a character of me from Lord Almerino, which led him to despise and shun me; and the first months we passed together were marked by mutual disgust, petty insults, and the puerile reprisals of two arch boys of spirit. Lord Almerino, the *boute-feu*, and the malicious stimulator of all your father's pranks,

which, without mercy, he played upon me; nor was I outdone by him in retaliation, so that feud after feud succeeded, and amounted our dislike almost to detestation.

"But at length the veil which disguised us to each other was happily removed. The house of our dame took fire, and blazed forth in dreadful violence in the dead of night. My apartments (chosen by myself) were remote from every other. An intense frost then froze up every source of water; and the fierce wind blew in destructive blasts, and the conflagration was rapid. I slept soundly, unconscious of the terrible fate which almost inevitably threatened me. In the general confusion, I was at first forgotten; nor remembered, until destruction menaced any one who should, in dauntless pity, strive to save me. Terror deprived our dame of her senses; and no one, no, not one, would attempt my rescue but your noble father. Yes—hear it, Julia, with exultation—the enemy I had industriously made for myself, he, even he, came to my rescue, and, inspired by supernatural strength, bore me in his arms (for he could not awake me) to a place of

safety, and there sunk down beside me, subdued by exertions unparalleled.

"From that memorable night I earnestly wished for the friendship of Frederick De Clifford, and I formed the design of weeding his heart from every error which prejudice had led me to believe had sprung up there. When morning came, I sought my young preserver, held out my hand in amity to him, and entreated, 'that he, who saved my life, would give me his friendship.'

"'I saved your life, because you were my fellow creature; but I will not give my friendship to so bad a boy as you are:' he replied as with contempt, he turned from me. Julia, every word was noted in my heart.

"I was grieved at his rejection of my friendship, and severely wounded at the unjust opinion he had formed of me, but hoped time and my conduct would convince him of his error; but from that hour my mischievous persecution of De Clifford ceased, whilst his continued against me until he found no retaliation; and then his were no more, for he was too *generous to* attack an unresenting foe.

" Christmas vacation commenced: we met on a visit of a week at the house of a friend, and were secretly amazed at the good conduct of each other. Again we returned to Eton, where, very shortly after, the misconduct of Lord Almerino caused his expulsion. His dastardly lordship implicated his brother so deeply in his own misdeeds, that the amiable Frederick must have shared his disgrace, as he was too generous, too affectionate, too benevolent, to stigmatise his brother's probity by any vindication of himself: but I, my child, I knew every circumstance; I was a potent witness; and my testimony, which I hastened to give with all the energy my heart was inspired with, by the treachery of one brother and the noble forbearance of the other, my testimony effectually secured your dear father from expulsion.

" It was now the turn of Frederick to seek me out: he came to me with his fine and prepossessing countenance flushed with agitation. —

" I saved your life," he said, " but you have saved my honor. Greatly, greatly,

for myself, am I your debtor; but you have increased my brother's infamy, therefore I cannot love you:" and, bursting into tears, he fled from me, and shunned me for many succeeding days: nor did he take food or rest, so grieved was his noble nature at the disgrace of his profligate, perfidious brother.

"I fell ill; I could not eat, I could not sleep: my disease was grief. The being whom my heart and judgement now elected for the friend of my life shunned, and refused to love me. I fretted myself into a serious fit of illness: the cause was made known to the amiable Frederick, who instantly flew to my bedside, and became my principal nurse, and proved my prime physician. He gave me all my medicines; tenderly soothed me; promised me his friendship; as he had learned how he had been deceived into an erroneous opinion of me, and that from every one he now found his brother's own universal ill conduct, and got my testimony, had stamped his fame with obloquy.

"From that hour our friendship commenced. Frederick grasped my heart with

the strongest bands of friendship; nor in death has he lost his hold: my heart still cherishes it's attachment to him. I consider myself as only separated from him for a time; and when I meet him in a happier world I shall tell him, with gratified feelings, 'I have been a tender parent to his orphan child.'

"From Eton, Julia, we together entered upon the profession each of us had chosen; and although we were destined to carry on our feats of arms in different elements, yet have we fought, side by side, the enemies of our country, and bled together. But, alas! alas! after he went to Italy we never met. I was upon the Atlantic when your most amiable father, the dearest friend of my heart, was, in the prime of life, called from this world of sorrow; and unfortunately left you, poor babe! to the care of her who deserved not such a precious charge. I never liked Mrs. St. Clair; but I had no suspicion she would have proved such an unnatural monster to you, or I should have obtained the Lord Chancellor's permission to take you from her. Alas! how I grieve to

think I did not know the child of my la-mented friend was suffering, in patient meekness, every mental misery which dire cruelty and neglect could inflict; for then, as now, I would have taken you to my bosom as my daughter.

"It is not very long, as time would mark it's journal, since the death of Mrs. St. Clair, and all your griefs, were made known to me, my child: and yet I have thought it an age, an antediluvian age; for I had it not in my power, until this moment, to convey my dispatches to England. I have, therefore, been most unhappy, because I could not send any comfort to Frederick De Clifford's afflicted child; though I myself heard, for *my* comfort, that you were in safe, honorable, and benevolent hands. I know many circumstances relative to your life, Julia, yet I wish to hear all from my child herself, when she writes to me: though I have been told much of your sad history by a friend of yours; for, though infinite has been the unkindness you have experienced in your pilgrimage of wo, you have long had a friend, whose very form you know

not; and yet Julia De Clifford has one faithful friend, who has, under Heaven, proved the means of providing for her future fortunes.

"From paternal inheritance, my single life, and from almost incalculable successes in my profession, my wealth is immense. I can, therefore, dispose of the hard earnings of my maritime services, without even the appearance of injustice to my relatives. I have enough to bequeath to them and to my friends too. The name of Frederick De Clifford was in the first will I ever made; and the moment I experienced the inconsolable affliction of hearing of his death, I, with grief of heart, made a new testament, and bequeathed his orphan the sum of ten thousand pounds sterling, the interest to accumulate from the hour the bequest was made for her use. Now, my dear child, it will be more convenient to you, and you will allow much pleasanter for me, that you should receive this as a gift from me, than to be paid it as a legacy by my executors. As the interest has been yours for many years, the accepting the prin-

cipal now cannot lessen my wealth, nor injure any one: so let no scruple arise in your little heart, my child; but take it, and may the Almighty of heaven bless you with it.

"But I shall not have done with you here. Merely giving you a subsistence is not all that your father would, in a similar case, do for my orphan: no; I must be your guardian, protector, father, Julia. I must throw you into that society your birth classes you among—I must make you happy, if I can. I have written to my favorite sister, to introduce you to her: I hope you may soon meet, and that you will love each other. She has a heart in which is most beautifully arrayed every female virtue; and, if you resemble your father, you are good, truly, surely, good: so sympathy must congenialise your regards; and Julia must love Emily, and Emily love Julia.

"Write to me, my child, undisguisedly, and often; not as a task, with awe and painful restraint, but as a child to an indulgent father. Tell me all your wishes without a scruple; tell me all and every thing you

think would make you happy; and never, for a moment, forget, that henceforth you will find a tender parent, a faithful friend in

ASHGROVE.

"*Mediterranean, off Malta,*
March 20, 1801."

It is impossible for the feeble pen of the present historian to portray the feelings which this letter awakened in the susceptible, grateful heart of Julia De Clifford. She threw herself, almost convulsed with agitation, upon the bosom of Mrs. Goodwin, and wept and sobbed, as if in grief unalterable; nor were the eyes of Doctor Sydenham, or Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin, unmoistened by those tears which the approving heart gives, as it's involuntary tribute, to noble, generous deeds.

When the first gust of our heroine's forcibly-awakened gratitude had subsided into calmer feelings, she took, with reverence and a trembling hand, the letter of Lord Ashgrove from Mr. Goodwin; not to read it, as she said, "for that, she never could, no, never at all; nor need she, for every sweet word of it had flown into

her heart; and was there stored up, as precious treasures, never to be lost." But she pressed the letter to her lips, to her heart; burst again into an abundant flow of tears; and precipitately retreated to her own chamber, where, humbly on her knees, thanking the great Source of all this good, imploring blessings for her benefactor, and praying for composure, and a mind to bear prosperity as she ought, she acquired firmness, and, with a sweet and gentle calmness, joined again those valuable beloved friends who had, in her adversity, been kind to her.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE letter of Lord Ashgrove to Lady Delamore, mentioned by her ladyship in the foregoing chapter, being necessary for our readers to be acquainted with, we shall transcribe it for their perusal; at least what followed the commencement of his epistle, which merely answered Lady Delamore's last letters to him.

"And now, my dear Emily, that I have relieved all your fears relative to your dear boy's health and safety and my own, I shall deposit in your affectionate bosom, that secret which you have so often, gently, kindly, tenderly entreated me to impart to your sympathising friendship. The cause of my single life, of the unfading melancholy which robbed my youth of it's natural vivacity, spoiled my maturer years of cheerfulness, and even

now, with the traces of age, has stamped the legible character of sadness upon my brow.

"You knew the dearest friend of my early life—Frederick De Clifford; for I had the cruelty, the rashness, to take him as an inmate to your house. Forgive me, Emily; for my heart has bled in repentance. I ought not to have introduced one of the most captivating of mankind to the society of a neglected wife of nineteen; but I then knew not, for you never told me, that your hand had been given in compliance only with your father's wishes, without one particle of affection for your lord; but dreadfully did that fatal knowlege strike on my heart, when my beloved sister, in an agony of grief, threw herself into my arms, and, hiding her blushing face upon my bosom, softly, but emphatically, 'entreated me to save her peace, by taking my fascinating friend for ever from her sight.' Oh! Emily, he was, indeed, a fascinating friend; and though he loved me fervently, sincerely loved me, he, even he, augmented, unconsciously, the sorrows of my darling

sister, and innocently made for me a life of wretchedness.

"I took De Clifford from Delamore-castle, ere a suspicion had entered his mind of the fatal cause of my hasty departure; and, at my earnest request, he unfortunately—(alas! I may surely say calamitously)—accompanied me to the Duke of Avondale's.

"I had, during my then long station at Naples, formed an intimacy with his grace of Avondale, and his only surviving children, the Countess Montalvan and Lady Adelaide Montrose, whose name I even now cannot trace without a trembling hand. Adelaide was all that the eye could conceive of loveliness; all that the mind could covet of perfection.—I loved her; and even at this moment, my torn, my sorrow-withered heart, is fondly, ardently, devoted to her memory. I told the secret of my heart to Lady Adelaide: never shall I forget the sweetness with which she heard me, or the candor with which she told me, 'neither to despair nor hope;' said, 'her heart was totally her own; and she knew no man whom she had

rather, was judgement to regulate inclination, should win it, than myself; and, from that hour, she treated me with such marked distinction, that my ardent heart was led to hope all that could constitute my happiness.

"I was too much in love for my passion to escape the watchful eye of the Duke of Avondale; indeed, we mutually sought an explanation, and most readily he gave his assent to my marriage with his daughter, should I prove so fortunate as to gain the treasure of her heart. Shortly after, the frigate I commanded was ordered to England; and about the same period, his grace and family purposing a return from the Continent, I entreated them to come with me: they did so; and never, never can be erased from my remembrance the happy days of that most auspicious voyage; for Adelaide listened to my love, and told me (oh! with such sweet resistless artlessness,) 'she was sure she soon should love me quite; for I seemed every hour to gain upon her, like the shores of England.'

"I now considered my happiness as a

certainty: for on our arrival in England Adelaide began to talk of our future union, and was most anxious for an introduction to my Emily; and when I then visited you, I should have imparted to you my expected happiness, only I found you—oh! most unexpectedly, most afflictingly, found you a wretched wife: and I could not, no, I could not, talk of the bliss I had in view, when your gentle bosom was torn with many sorrows; and after my dreadful heart-rending disappointment, the fatal, soul-harrowing termination of all I would not tell you, to increase your griefs with mine.

"De Clifford was a being formed to captivate, both in mind and person; and at this memorable period he was an object of peculiar interest to every feeling heart: he was covered with unfading laurels by his own brilliant and heroic achievements; he was an exile from his unnatural father's house, an alien to his heart and favor.

"Emily, the painful throbbings of my anguished heart tell me I cannot long dwell on what I have to tell you: I must

be brief, to shorten my tortures. De Clifford and Lady Adelaide were kindred souls. They no sooner met than they loved; and all my hopes of happiness were for ever blighted. De Clifford could not tear himself from Avondale-abbey, whilst he believed himself the only prey to this involuntary love; but the moment he found the flame was mutual he fled in horror and dismay, overwhelmed with grief unutterable.

"Mine, Emily, was a difficult task: I followed my poor friend, and had, whilst my own heart was rent with anguish, to lull his agonies, inflicted by the to him terrible idea of destroying my peace; to conquer his self-upbraidings; to reconcile him to himself, and to soothe him, by strong assurances that it was not so *very, very* painful yielding up Lady Adelaide. To the gem of my heart I had to practice the same consolations, the same deceit; for she was almost as much grieved for me as my poor Frederick was. I withdrew myself as Lady Adelaide's suitor; but not all the influence I possessed over the Duke of Avondale could re-

concile him to his daughter's choice, nor win his approbation to her union with De Clifford. — Oh no, sternly, peremptorily, he forbade all intercourse between them; but love proved as arbitrary as his grace. — The ill-fated lovers eloped; were first united at Gretna-Green; then afterwards, in an obscure village, in Cumberland, whore they sought concealment; but at length they were traced to it, by the implacable father's emissaries; who tore, by force, the lovely victim of ferocity, the beauteous Adelaide, from the arms of her distracted husband, and bore her to confinement; where not all De Clifford's almost phrensied researches, aided by my nearly as frantic ones, could trace her to; nor could all the pathetic supplications of her husband, his threats, his arguments, or mine, persuade her inexorable father to disclose the fatal secret, which fate, dreadful, horrible, most horrible fate revealed, with a heart-rending catastrophe. In a fortress belonging to Lord Glenbrook, in the Hebrides, was this beauteous victim confined. That fortress, by dreadful con-

flagration; ——and Adelaide,——Emily, I cannot tell it——

* * * * * *

"Hitherto, Emily, I had considered De Clifford as the most perfect of mankind; and though he had been the innocent cause of all my sufferings, I still admired and approved all his actions, until he, a second time, became a votary at the altar of Hymen, and gave the peerless Adelaide Montrose a successor.

"My heart did not break upon hearing of the direful fate of Adelaide, but lingered thus on, in years of anguish; but I obtained a command in the Atlantic, and hastily fled from England. Yet what was change of clime to me! I could not fly from self; and the mortal wound of happiness was closed up within me. De Clifford, with a breaking heart, and health destroyed, fled too from England, but not from misery: no, no, that he could not. In Italy he found an old acquaintance, the widow of a General St. Clair, and her daughter; the latter, certainly, a very pretty woman, a professed friend of the angel Adelaide's, who long had sighed in

hopelessness for De Clifford. Mrs. St. Clair was artful and wary; she soon saw the once strong mind of my friend was weakened by grief of griefs; and between her French politics and her daughter's charms infatuated the lost De Clifford, and he became the husband of the syren daughter. Greatly I hope no tenderness of the heart led him to this precipitate union; nay, I am sure it did not, could not; for the man who loved and was beloved by Adelaide Montrose could not love another: no, no, it could not, could not be; but I was angry, and offended at the great indignity thus offered to the memory of his Adelaide. 'How could he make a second choice?' was the perpetual murmur of my indignant heart; and I would not answer the few letters I received from him after this hateful marriage. Alas! alas! he died, my Emily, under the sad conviction that he had lost my friendship. Oh! my sister, bitter has been my remorse, if I afflicted him.

"But now to the cause, my Emily, of this late confidence. De Clifford left a

child, a daughter, by this second, and to me obnoxious marriage. His widow did not long survive him; and the unfortunate child fell to the care of the diabolical beldam, Mrs. St. Clair. Poor little Julia De Clifford, Emily, was the object of this most unnatural barbarian's hatred and direful cruelty. My heart still bleeds at the recollection of what this pretty innocent has been made to suffer, and I will not recount to you even one of the savage deeds, for they would grieve you. Suffice it to say, every mental acquirement for poor Julia was sacrificed to showy accomplishments, to bring her up a decoy to attract the young and profligate to this musical d—l's concerts and *conversaziones*; while she embezzled the poor child's little property to assist in her own love of dissipation, and in entertaining the *dilettánte*, whom it was her passion to collect about her; and often, while this terrible woman has been under the influence of her mania for travelling (which was as great as her zest for the fine arts) the poor child has been thrown upon the protection of strangers, in some gloomy sepulchre of the liv-

ing — a dreary monastery, where neglect she always experienced, and too often unkind treatment; and, even more more dreadfully still, my sister has, I fear, that terrible woman, injured the child of poor De Clifford; an injury most direful. This woman — no, no, I insult the sex by classing her amongst them — this monster was — aye, shudder, Emily, for well you may — an avowed atheist; and this poor, pretty babe in her clutches; and, bred amongst ignorant and superstitious priests and nuns, is either a rank Catholic, or, oh! horror of horrors! has no religion at all!

"Do not think I am growing illiberal, Emily; oh! no, far be it from me not to believe thousands of good Catholics have, and will find, snug births in the world to come: but I love my religion, and wish all whom I love should go to heaven by that very plain and easy road, I trust, I am travelling. I have heard that my fears, relative to the future happiness of Julia De Clifford, are groundless; for that she is pious and good as I could wish her: but this information I have derived from an ardent lover, and, therefore,

I am not wholly to rest satisfied with his partial accounts. To you, then, dear Emily, I delegate the task of investigating this important matter for me. If she proves a Catholic, I shall endeavour to be satisfied; but if an atheist, it will make me most unhappy, for I have adopted her for my child; and should hope one day to see her in the realms of endless bliss, with her truly good father.

"It is my earnest wish, Emily, that you should take this child under your own roof, if my wish can be accomplished, without embroiling you in any domestic strife. To obviate one difficulty (I mean in pecuniary arrangements) with your lord's pride; I feed Lord Delamore's son, he feeds Lord Ashgrove's daughter; and so they strike their balance. You, my Emily, will settle all this, and whatsoever establishment you think necessary for my child. I have written to my banker upon the subject, and he will answer every demand for her. As to her own allowance, if you find her a vain frivolous girl (for, with all due deference to her lover's portrait of her, I fear from her neglected mental education

she scarcely can fail of being), and without religion, two hundred per annum will be sufficient; but if she is pious, good, and charitable, let her have double, treble that sum, according to her magnitude of her virtues.

"But, my dear sister, if you cannot, consistent with perfect harmony, take my daughter to your own protection, try your influence with Lady Frances Harcourt, or Mrs. Constantia Fermor.—With the former she would have many great advantages; with the latter she would be nearer you, and I should be happier. But let no consideration for me, I conjure you, lead you into any domestic contest. She is now with excellent, inestimable people; but a tradesman's family, however worthy, is not the society for De Clifford's daughter. I shall subjoin the address of these amiable Goodwins; and you will, if returned to Delamore Castle, forward the inclosed letter to Julia, which I leave open for your perusal. The Goodwins I shall befriend to the utmost extent of my power. I have desired Julia to tell me what would contribute to her happiness; and, with trembling

hope, I trust, amongst her first requests may be a grateful petition for these Goodwins, who are as unfortunate as they are worthy: and to them she is under incalculable obligations.

"Now I have done talking to you about my daughter, I will begin about your son. I have already told you he is safe and well; but as you must soon see glorious mention made of him in the public prints, and as I, knowing your heart, know so well how your maternal feelings will overpower you, think it right to anticipate a little (as my letter must necessarily reach you, before my dispatches to the Admiralty can meet your eyes through the gazette) the tide of exultation, though mingled with the shuddering pangs for dangers past, which await you; by telling you, our gallant volunteer has been engaged in a most heroic, yet dangerous enterprise.

"When I think only of the honor, the interest of my profession, Emily, how I grieve, and how mortified I am that Lord Delamore, who, in no other respect, has evinced much affection for his most amiable son, should have so peremptorily

forbidden St. Orville's entering a profession so congenial to his inclination, so suited to his talents; and who, during his maritime visits to me, has acquired more real knowlege, and has been engaged in more hazardous service, than half the young officers in our navy. Oh! he seems born to be the pride and glory of the British fleet! But, when I remember how dear he is to your affection and to mine, I rejoice that he is not doomed to the hardships, toils, and dangers of a sailor's life.

"You will see, by the papers, the gallant manner in which St. Orville volunteered to accompany Captain Allworth on a secret expedition. Sixteen of my ship's company were to go with him, and every one of the crew turned out to follow him; for so beloved is our boy, and so highly prized for courage, that not a man in my squadron, who would not, I am certain, follow him, even into the crater of Mount Ætna. So anxious, so wild, I may say, were all my crew to share St. Orville's fate, that no one would yield; and by lots only was this matter determined.

"You will see, by Allworth's letters and

mine, the narrative of that glorious expedition. You will learn that, in the heat of action, a most bold and arduous enterprise struck the mind of St. Orville, which he hastened to impart to Allworth; who saw at once the magnitude of that importance it's achievement would yield. He felt convinced that the man who had clearness of judgement, and firmness of mind, in the moment of evincing valor, never surpassed; to form such a project, was only equal to carrying it into effect; and, with a leader they confided in, British seamen would perform what to any other class of men would be impossibilities. St. Orville was dispatched upon this most heroic, important enterprise, and success crowned our boy with immortal laurels: and, Emily, if Allworth's letter, with the account of our boy's glorious achievement, his magnanimity to the vanquished, his humanity to the wounded, do not awaken the paternal spark in the bosom of Lord Delamore, I give him up as a man without a heart.

"I will not work upon your feelings, Emily, by describing mine during the painful interval of St. Orville's absence,

My fervent prayers for his safety attended him, and he returned, oh, joyful! joyful sight! unhurt, in blooming health, and covered with Fame's most honorable praise. Very shortly after I fell ill, very ill; in truth, my Emily, you had, but for your boy and Beville, nearly lost me. Oh! what a tender, watchful, affectionate nurse is St. Orville! Neither night nor day he left my cot; he smoothed my pillow, and it seemed easy to me; he gave me my medicines, and I thought they did me good. But that was delusion: I became worse and worse, and every surgeon in my fleet gave me up; and the intrepid hero, who had fought the enemies of his country with such dauntless valor, who had taught hundreds to fly from the fury of his sword, and to bend to his prowess, was now to be seen vainly struggling with the tears that would burst forth, because a man was expected to die, whose demise would yield to him riches, and emancipate him from the tyranny of an unkind father.

"When all the Æsculapian tribe had given me up as a lost sheep, St. Orville, who had, during my illness, been routing up

the names of all the slip slops Mrs. Beville makes to nourish the sick, in hopes of hitting upon something which I could relish, now informed my own surgeon, the worthy Macdonald, of a cure performed by Mrs. Beville, on a poor man who had been given over by five M. D.'s and as many licentiates, in the same malady which was proving fatal to me. Macdonald scouted the old woman's recipe; but, as the drowning wretch would catch at a straw, prepared it with the most anxious rapidity for me; and, with a smile of contempt at what he was offering me, with a hand of tremulous solicitude, with a vague hope, and tears of despair streaming down his furrowed cheeks, he gave it to me. It cured me, by the dispensation of the Great Physician: but yet I remember with gratitude my earthly one; and Doctor Beville's fee she will find at my banker's, whenever she chooses to call for it.

" But I have not power to describe, although it made a sensible impression upon my heart, the joy of St. Orville, and indeed of all my brave comrades, officers and men: — all, all proved they loved me.

and, oh! my sister, the sufferings I had endured, were sweetly soothed and overpaid, by the gratification of finding I was dear to the honest hearts of my brother tars. When I first appeared upon the quarter-deck, the sudden impulse of affection subdued the memory of subordination; and my seamen, forgetful of all rule, thronged thither round me. But instant reflection (and ere my grateful feelings permitted me to greet them) led them back to their stations, where shouts of joy almost rent the skies; and I then summoned them by divisions to me, to thank them for the kindness and affection they evinced for me.

"As to St. Orville, he is more idolised than ever by my ship's company for saving True Blue (my nick-name); and as for Mrs. Beville, no birth-day belle, no beauty of St. James's, was ever toasted more heartily by a greater number of fine young men; and every Saturday night, as grog and flip kindly circulate to the health of absent friends, the name of Mrs. Beville is scrupulously tacked to that of every wife, friend, and sweetheart; and the conclud-

ing toast is now, with three times three, 'True Blue, Lion, and Mother Bilk Davy;' which, in your reading, would stand, their 'Admiral, Lord St. Orville, and Mrs. Beville.'

"I suppose, my dear Emily, I soon shall have the happiness of clasping you to my affectionate bosom, as they talk of peace; and why, I cannot conceive. Now the army and navy are primed and loaded to the very muzzle, with courage, hope, and perseverance, why make peace until we have done the business effectually, to allow us with full security to sheath, at our own pleasure, the sword of conquest? But hold, I forgot my rule of never entering upon politics with you; for to a beloved sister, I have matters more appropriate to write about than public policy. But you, I know, will give your hearty concurrence to even a patched-up peace; for you will think of the lives that may be spared for the present; and that borne on the olive your son and brother will be restored to you.

"I could write on for ever, to you, Emily; but the longer I delay my dispatches, the

longer I deprive Julia De Clifford of your protection, and St. Orville of the gratitude and applause of his countrymen. Adieu, then, my sister!

&c. &c. &c.

END OF VOL. I.

C. Robinson, Printer, Rolls Buildings, Fetter Lane, London.